

THE POETICAL WORKS OF
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE
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OF
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EDITED BY
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PREFATORY NOTE

THE eighth volume of this edition completes the Works of the poet. As there is no prefatory note to volume seven, the extension of the edition to nine, instead of eight volumes may now be explained.

It was originally intended that the Poetical Works should be completed in seven volumes, and that the eighth should be entirely devoted to the Life of Wordsworth, and a Critical Essay, but it has been found impossible, even by omitting editorial notes and other illustrative matter—as well as the prose fragments and the indexes—to condense what remained of the poems into a single volume that did not greatly exceed the others in size. In these circumstances it seemed best to close the seventh volume with the poems belonging to the year 1834, and to add the prose fragments, two indexes, and a new chronological table of the poems to the eighth.

The chronological list previously given was necessarily incomplete, important sources of information having been discovered since it was published. That which is now published may not be absolutely accurate. There is no such thing as finality in such a matter—as fresh documentary evidence may fix some dates that are uncertain, and correct others that seem reliable—but it is believed that no important error will be found in the present list.

Wordsworth's *Description of the Scenery of the Lakes in the North of England*, and his *Two Letters to the Morning Post* on "The Kendal and Windermere Railway," are included in this volume,—on the same principle that the *Prefaces and Appendices* to his Poems were published in previous ones,—viz, from the close relation in which they stand to the Poetical Works, and the light which they cast upon them. These prose fragments will be further referred to in the *Life* of the poet.

Materials for this *Life* have accumulated, which, if published as they stand would more than fill another volume of equal size to those already issued, and the importance of presenting the *Life* by itself, apart from the Works, will justify the slight extension of this edition beyond the limit originally proposed.

Through the kindness of Mr William Wordsworth, Elphinstone College, Bombay, and Mr Gordon Wordsworth, —grandsons of the poet,—I shall be able to include in the next volume the unpublished can'to of *The Riddle*, entitled "Home at Gasmere." A portrait of the poet will be given in the same volume.

Several Poems now published have not appeared in any previous edition of the Works.

I am indebted to the Bishop of St Andrews for most kindly revising the proof-sheets of the first hundred pages of volume seven, containing the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, and for making some valuable suggestions.

The etching in volume seven is of Alfoxden, in Somersetshire, where Wordsworth lived with his sister from August 1797 to September 1798.

WILLIAM KNIGHT

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WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

1834.

LINES.

SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT FROM THE PENCIL OF P. STONE.

Comp 1834. — Pub. 1835

[This Portrait has hung for many years in our principal sitting-room, and represents J. Q.* as she was when a girl. The picture, though it is somewhat thinly painted, has much merit in tone and general effect. It is chiefly valuable, however, from the sentiment that pervades it. The anecdote of the saying of the monk in sight of Titian's picture was told in this house by Mr. Wilkie, and was, I believe, first communicated to the public in this poem, the former portion of which I was composing at the time. Southey heard the story from Miss Hutchinson, and transferred it to the "Doctor", but it is not easy to explain how my friend Mr. Rogers, in a note subsequently added to his "Italy," was led to speak of the same remarkable words having many years before been spoken in his hearing by a monk or priest in front of a picture of the Last Supper, placed over a Refectory-table in a convent at Padua.]

BEGUILLED into forgetfulness of care
Due to the day's unfinished task, of pen
Or book regardless, and of that fair scene
In Nature's prodigality displayed
Before my window, oftentimes and long
I gaze upon a Portrait whose mild gleam
Of beauty never ceases to enrich
The common light; whose stillness charms the air,
Or seems to charm it, into like repose;
Whose silence, for the pleasure of the ear,
Surpasses sweetest music. There she sits

* See Note A in the Appendix to this volume —Ed.

With emblematic purity attired
 In a white vest, white as her marble neck
 Is, and the pillar of the throat would be
 But for the shadow by the drooping chin
 Cast into that recess—the tender shade,
 The shade and light, both there and everywhere,
 And through the very atmosphere she breathes,
 Broad, clear, and toned harmoniously, with skill
 That might from nature have been learnt in the hour
 When the lone shepherd sees the morning spread
 Upon the mountains Look at her, whoe'er
 Thou be that, kindling with a poet's soul,
 Hast loved the painter's true Promethean craft
 Intensely—from Imagination take
 The treasure,—what mine eyes behold see thou,
 Even though the Atlantic ocean roll between

A silver line, that runs from brow to crown
 And in the middle parts the braided hair,
 Just serves to show how delicate a soil
 The golden harvest grows in; and those eyes,
 Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky
 Whose azure depths their colour emulates,
 Must needs be conversant with upward looks,
 Prayer's voiceless service, but now, seeking nought
 And shunning nought, their own peculiar life
 Of motion they renounce, and with the head
 Partake its inclination towards earth
 In humble grace, and quiet pensiveness
 Caught at the point where it stops short of sadness.

Offspring of soul-bewitching Art, make me
 Thy confidant I say, whence derived that air
 Of calm abstraction? On the ruling thought

Be with some lover far-away, or one
 Crossed by misfortune, or of doubted faith?
 Inapt conjecture! Childhood here, a moon
 Crescent in simple loveliness serene,
 Has but approached the gates of womanhood,
 Not entered them, her heart is yet unperced
 By the blind Archer-god; her fancy free:
 The fount of feeling, if unsought elsewhere,
 Will not be found.

Her right hand, as it lies
 Across the slender wrist of the left arm
 Upon her lap reposing, holds—but mark
 How slackly, for the absent mind permits
 No firmer grasp—a little wild-flower, joined
 As in a posy, with a few pale ears
 Of yellowing corn, the same that overtopped
 And in their common birthplace sheltered it
 Till they were plucked together, a blue flower
 Called by the thrifty husbandman a weed,
 But Ceres, in her garland, might have worn
 That ornament, unblamed. The floweret, held
 In scarcely conscious fingers, was, she knows,
 (Her Father told her so) in youth's gay dawn
 Her Mother's favourite; and the orphan Girl,
 In her own dawn—a dawn less gay and bright,
 Loves it, while there in solitary peace
 She sits, for that departed Mother's sake.
 —Not from a source less sacred is derived
 (Surely I do not err) that pensive air
 Of calm abstraction through the face diffused
 And the whole person.

Words have something told
 More than the pencil can, and verily

More than is needed, but the precious Art
 Forgives their interference—Art divine
 That both creates and fixes, in despite
 Of Death and Time, the marvels it hath wrought.

Strange contrasts have we in this world of ours !
 That posturo, and the look of filial love
 Thinking of past and gone, with what is left
 Dearly united, might be swept away
 From this fair Portrait's fleshly Archetype,
 Even by an innocent fancy's slightest freak
 Banished, nor ever, haply, be restored
 To their lost place, or meet in harmony
 So exquisite, but *here* do they abide,
 Enshrined for ages. Is not then the Art
 Godlike, a humble branch of the divine,
 In visible quest of immortality,
 Stretched forth with trembling hope?—In every realm
 From high Gibraltar to Siberian plains,
 Thousands, in each variety of tongue
 That Europe knows, would echo this appeal,
 One above all, a Monk who waits on God
 In the magnific Convent built of yore
 To sanctify the Escorial palace He—
 Guiding, from cell to cell and room to room,
 A British Painter (eminent for truth
 In character,* and depth of feeling, shown
 By labours that have touched the hearts of kings,
 And are endeared to simple cottagers)—
 Came, in that service, to a glorious work,¹
 Our Lord's Last Supper, beautiful as when first

¹ last.

² Last not undisturbed a glorious work.

*
 The appropriate Picture, fresh from Titian's hand,
 Graced the Refectory : and there, while both
 Stood with eyes fixed upon that masterpiece,
 The hoary Father in the Stranger's ear
 Breathed out these words,—"Here daily do we sit,
 Thanks given to God for daily bread, and here
 Pondering the mischiefs of these restless times,
 And thinking of my Brethren, dead, dispersed,
 Or changed and changing, I not seldom gaze
 Upon this solemn Company unmoved
 By shock of circumstance, or lapse of years,
 Until I cannot but believe that they—
 They are in truth the Substance, we the Shadows"

So spake the mild Jeronymite, his griefs
 Melting away within him like a dream
 Ere he had ceased to gaze, perhaps to speak.
 And I, grown old, but in a happier land,
 Domestic Portrait¹ have to verse consigned
 In thy calm presence those heart-moving words
 Words that can soothe, more than they agitate,
 Whose spirit, like the angel that went down
 Into Bethesda's pool, with healing virtue
 Informs the fountain in the human breast
 Which¹ by the visitation was disturbed.
 ———But why this stealing tear? Companion mute,
 On thee I look, not sorrowing, fare thee well,
 My Song's Inspirer, once again farewell !*

¹ 1847.

That

1835.

* The pile of buildings, composing the palace and convent of San Lorenzo, has, in common usage, lost its proper name in that of the *Escorial*, a village at the foot of the hill upon which the splendid edifice, built by Philip the Second, stands. It need scarcely be added, that Wilkie is the painter alluded to.—W. W., 1835.

THE FOREGOING SUBJECT RESUMED.

Comp. 1824. — Pub. 1835.

AMONG a grave fraternity of Monks,
 For One, but surely not for One alone,
 Triumphs, in that great work, the Painter's skill,
 Humbling the body, to exalt the soul ;
 Yet representing, amid wreck and wrong
 And dissolution and decay, the warm
 And breathing life of flesh, as if already
 Clothed with impassive majesty, and graced
 With no mean earnest of a heritage
 Assigned to it in future worlds. Thou, too,
 With thy memorial flower, meek Portraiture !
 From whose serene companionship I passed
 Pursued by thoughts that haunt me still, thou also---
 Though but a simple object, into light
 Called forth by those affections that endear
 The private hearth, though keeping thy sole seat
 In singleness, and little tried by time,
 Creation, as it were, of yesterday---
 With a congenial function art endued
 For each and all of us, together joined
 In course of nature under a low roof
 By charities and duties that proceed
 Out of the bosom of a wiser vow.
 To a like salutary sense of awe
 Or sacred wonder, growing with the power
 Of meditation that attempts to weigh
 In faithful scales things and their opposites,
 Can thy enduring quiet gently raise
 A household smile and sensitive,---whose love,

Dependent as in part its blessings are
Upon frail ties dissolving or dissolved
On earth, will be revived, we trust, in heaven.*

TO A CHILD.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.¹

Comp 1834. — Pub 1835.

[This quatrain was extempore on observing this image, as I had often done, on the lawn of Rydal Mount. It was first written down in the Album of my God-daughter, Rutha Quillinan.]

SMALL service is true service while it lasts.
Of humblest Friends, bright Creature¹ scorn not one,²
The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun †

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE COUNTESS OF LONSDALE,³ NOV 5, 1834. *

Comp. 1834. — Pub 1835.

[This is a faithful picture of that amiable Lady, as she then was. The youthfulness of figure and demeanour and habits, which she

¹ The original title was 'Written in an Album.'

² Of Friends, however humble, scorn not one 1835

³ 1835. Countess of ——— 1835.

* In the class entitled "Musing," in Mr Southey's Minor Poems, is one upon his own miniature Picture, taken in childhood, and another upon a landscape painted by Gaspar Poussin. It is possible that every word of the above verses, though similar in subject, might have been written had the author been unacquainted with those beautiful effusions of poetic sentiment. But, for his own satisfaction, he must be allowed thus publicly to acknowledge the pleasure those two Poems of his Friend have given him, and the grateful influence they have upon his mind as often as he reads them, or thinks of them. — W. W., 1835.

† Compare the lines, written in 1844, beginning—

"So late, so sweet, so full of sensitive."

retained in almost unprecedented degree, departed a very few years after, and she died without violent disease by gradual decay before she reached the period of old age.]

LADY: a Pen (perhaps with thy regard,
Among the Favoured, favoured not the least)
Left, 'mid the Records of this Book inscribed,
Deliberate traces, registers of thought
And feeling, suited to the place and time
That gave them birth —months passed, and still this hand,
That had not been too timid to imprint
Words which the virtues of thy Lord inspired,
Was yet not bold enough to write of Thee
And why that scrupulous reserve? In sooth
The blameless cause lay in the Theme itself
Flowers are there many that delight to strive
With the sharp wind, and seem to court the shower,
Yet are by nature careless of the sun
Whether he shine on them or not; and some,
*Where'er he moves along the unclouded sky,
Turn a broad front full on his flattering beam—
Others do rather from their notice shrink,
Loving the dewy shade,—a humble band,
Modest and sweet, a progeny of earth,
Congenial with thy mind and character,
High-born Augusta!

Witness Towers, and Groves'
And Thou, wild Stream, that giv'st the honoured name*
Of Lowther to this ancient Line, bear witness¹
From thy most secret haunts; and ye Parterres,

¹ 1837.

Towers, and stately Groves
Bear witness for me; that, too, Mountain stream!

1838.

* The Lowther stream passes the Castle, and joins the Hamont below Brougham Hall, near Penrith. —Ed.

Which She is pleased and proud to call her own,
 Witness how oft upon my noble Friend
 Mute offerings, tribute from an inward sense
 Of admiration and respectful love,
 Have waited—till the affections could no more
 Endure that silence, and broke out in song,
 Snatches of music taken up and dropt
 Like those self-solacing, those under, notes
 Trilled by the redbreast, when autumnal leaves
 Are thin upon the bough. Mine, only mine,
 The pleasure was, and no one heard the praise,
 Checked, in the moment of its issue, checked
 And reprehended, by a fancied blush
 From the pure qualities that called it forth.

Thus Virtue lives debarred from Virtue's meed,
 Thus, Lady, is retiredness a veil
 That, while it only spreads a softening charm
 O'er features looked at by discerning eyes,
 Hides half their beauty from the common gaze;
 And thus, even on the exposed and breezy hill
 Of lofty station, female goodness walks,
 When side by side with lunar gentleness,
 As in a cloister. Yet the grateful Poor
 (Such the immunities of low estate,
 Plain Nature's enviable privilege,
 Her sacred recompence for many wants)
 Open their hearts before Thee, pouring out
 All that they think and feel, with tears of joy,
 And benedictions not unheard in heaven
 And friend in the ear of friend, where speech is free
 To follow truth, is eloquent as they.

Then let the Book receive in these prompt lines
 A just memorial; and thine eyes consent

To read that they who mark thy course behold
 A life declining with the golden light
 Of summer, in the season of self leaves;
 See cheerfulness undamped by stealing Time;
 See studied kindness flow with easy stream.
 Illustrated with inborn courtesy;
 And an habitual disregard of self
 Balanced by vigilance for others' weal.

And shall the Verse not tell of lighter gifts
 With these ennobling attributes conjoined
 And blended, in peculiar harmony,
 By Youth's surviving spirit? What agile grace!
 A nymph-like liberty, in nymph-like form,
 Beheld with wonder; whether floor or path
 Thou tread; or sweep—borne on the managed steed—
 Fleet as the shadows, over down or field,
 Driven by strong winds at play among the clouds

Yet one word more—one farewell word—a wish
 Which came, but it has passed into a prayer—
 That, as thy sun in brightness is declining,
 So—at an hour yet distant for *their* sakes,
 Whose tender love, here faltering on the way,
 Of a diviner love, will be forgiven—
 So may it set in peace, to rise again
 For everlasting glory won by faith

1857.

Thou tread, or on the managed steed art borne, . 1855.

1835.

Two Evening Voluntaries, two Elegies (on the deaths of Charles Lamb and James Hogg), the lines on the Bird of Paradise, and a few sonnets, make up the poems belonging to the year 1835.

Comp. 1835. — Pub. 1835.

[In the month of January, — when Dora and I were walking from Town-end, Grammere, across the Vale, snow being on the ground, she espied, in the thick though leafless hedge, a bird's nest half filled with snow. Out of this comfortless appearance arose this Sonnet, which was, in fact, written without the least reference to any individual object, but merely to prove to myself that I could, if I thought fit, write in a strain that Poets have been fond of. On the 14th of February in the same year, my daughter, in a sportive mood, sent it as a Valentine, under a fictitious name, to her cousin C. W.]

WHY art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant —
Bound to thy service with unceasing care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.
Speak — though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken bird's nest filled with snow
Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine —
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know.

TO THE MOON.

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE,—ON THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND

Comp 1835 ——— Pub 1836

WANDERER ! that stoop'st so low, and com'st so near
 To human life's unsettled atmosphere,
 Who lov'st with Night and Silence to partake,
 So might it seem, the cares of them that wake,
 And, through the cottage-lattice softly peeping,
 Dost shield from harm the humblest of the sleeping,
 What pleasure once encompassed those sweet names
 Which yet in thy behalf the Poet claims,
 An idolising dreamer as of yore !—
 I slight them all, and, on this sea-beat shore
 Sole-sitting, only can to thoughts attend
 That bid me hail thee as the SAILOR'S FRIEND,
 So call thee for heaven's grace through thee made known
 By confidence supplied and mercy shown,
 When not a twinkling star or beacon's light
 Abates the perils of a stormy night;
 And for less obvious benefits, that find
 Their way, with thy pure help, to heart and mind,
 Both for the adventurer starting in life's prime;
 And veteran ranging round from clime to clime,
 Long-baffled hope's slow fever in his veins,
 And wounds and weakness oft his labour's sole remains

The aspiring Mountains and the winding Streams,
 Empress of Night! are gladdened by thy beams,
 A look of thine the wilderness pervades,
 And penetrates the forest's inmost shades,
 Thou, chequering peaceably the minster's gloom,
 Guid'st the pale Mourner to the lost one's tomb,

Canst reach the Prisoner—to his grated cell
 Welcome, though silent and intangible :—
 And lives there one, of all that come and go
 On the great waters toiling to and fro,
 One, who has watched thee at some quiet hour
 Enthroned aloft in undisputed power,
 Or crossed by vapoury streaks and clouds that move
 Catching the lustre they in part reprove—
 Nor sometimes felt a fitness in thy sway
 To call up thoughts that shun the glare of day
 And make the serious happier than the gay ?

Yes, lovely Moon ! if thou so mildly bright
 Dost rouse, yet surely in thy own despite,
 To fiercer mood the phrenzy-stricken brain,
 Let me a compensating faith maintain,
 That there's a sensitive, a tender, part
 Which thou canst touch in every human heart,
 For healing and composure—But, as least
 And mightiest billows ever have confessed
 Thy domination, as the whole vast Sea
 Feels through her lowest depths thy sovereignty,
 So shines that countenance with especial grace
 On them who urge the keel her *plains* to trace
 Furrowing its way right onward The most indelible,
 Cut off from home and country, may have stood—
 Even till long gazing hath bedimmed his eye,
 Or the mute rapture ended in a sigh—
 Touched by accordance of thy placid cheer,
 With some internal lights to memory dear,
 Or fancies stealing forth to soothe the breast
 Tired with its daily share of earth's unrest,—
 Gentle awakenings, visitations meek,

A kindly influence whereof few will speak,
Though it can wet with tears the hardest cheek

And when thy beauty in the shadowy cave
Is hidden, buried in its monthly grave;
Then, while the Sailor, 'mid an open sea
Swept by a favouring wind that leaves thought free,
Paces the deck—no star perhaps in sight,
And nothing save the moving ship's own light
To cheer the long dark hours of vacant night—
Oft with his musings does thy image blend,
In his mind's eye thy crescent horns ascend
And thou art still, O Moon, that SAILOR'S FRIEND !

TO THE MOON

(RYDAL)

Comp 1835 — Pub 1836

QUEEN of the stars !—so gentle, so benign,
That ancient Fable did to thee assign,
When darkness creeping o'er thy silver brow
Warned thee these upper regions to forego,
Alternate empire in the shades below—
A Bard, who, lately near the wide-spread sea
Traversed by gleaming ships, looked up to thee
With grateful thoughts, doth now thy rising hail
From the close confines of a shadowy vale
Glory of night, conspicuous yet serene,
Nor less attractive when by glimpses seen
Through cloudy umbrage,* well might that fair face,
And all those attributes of modest grace,
In days when Fancy wrought unchecked by fear,
Down to the green earth fetch thee from thy sphere,
To sit in leafy woods by fountains clear !

* Compare *The Triad*, Vol. VII. p. 186.—Ed

O still belov'd (for thine, meek Power, are charms
 That fascinate the very Babe in arms
 While he, uplifted towards thee, laughs outright,
 Spreading his little palms in his glad Mother's sight)
 O still belov'd, once worshipped! Time, that frowns
 In his destructive flight on earthly crowns,
 Spares thy mild splendour; still those far-shot beams
 Tremble on dancing waves and rippling streams
 With stainless touch, as chaste as when thy praise
 Was sung by Virgin-choirs in festal lays,
 And through dark trials still dost thou explore
 Thy way for increase punctual as of yore,
 When teeming Matrons—yielding to rude faith
 In mysteries of birth and life and death
 And painful struggle and deliverance—prayed
 Of thee to visit them with lenient aid
 What though the rites be swept away, the fanes
 Extinct that echoed to the votive strains,
 Yet thy mild aspect does not, cannot, cease
 Love to promote and purity and peace,
 And Fancy, unproved, even yet may trace
 Faint types of suffering in thy beamless face

Then, silent Monitress! let us—not blind
 To worlds unthought of till the searching mind
 Of Science laid them open to mankind—
 Told, also, how the voiceless heavens declare
 God's glory, and acknowledging thy share
 In that blest charge; let us—without offence
 To aught of highest, holiest, influence—
 Receive whatever good 'tis given thee to dispense
 May sage and simple, catching with one eye
 The moral intimations of the sky,

Learn from thy course, where'er their own be taken,
 'To look on tempests, and be never shaken,'
 To keep with faithful step the appointed way
 Eclipsing or eclipsed, by night or day,
 And from example of thy monthly range
 Gently to brook decline and fatal change,
 Meek, patient, steadfast, and with loftier scope,
 Than thy revival yields, for gladsome hope !

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF CHARLES
 LAMB *

[Light will be thrown upon the tragic circumstance alluded to in this poem when, after the death of Charles Lamb's Sister, his biographer, Mr Sergeant Talfourd, shall be at liberty to relate particulars which could not, at the time his Memoir was written, be given to the public" Mary Lamb was ten years older than her brother, and has survived him as long a time. Were I to give way to my own feelings, I should dwell not only on her genius and intellectual powers, but upon the delicacy and refinement of manner which she maintained inviolable under most trying circumstances. She was loved and honoured by all her brother's friends, and others, some of them strange characters, whom his philanthropic peculiarities induced him to countenance. The death of C Lamb himself was doubtless hastened by his sorrow for that of Coleridge, to whom he had been attached from the time of their being school fellows at Christ's Hospital. Lamb was a good Latin scholar, and probably would have gone to college upon one of the school foundations but for the impediment in his speech. Had such been his lot, he would most likely have been preserved from the indulgences of social humours and fancies which were often injurious to himself, and causes of severe regret to

* In the edition of 1836, these lines had no title. They were printed privately, however, — before their first appearance, in that edition, — as a small pamphlet of seven pages, without title or heading. A copy will be found in the fifth volume of the collection of pamphlets, forming part of the library bequeathed by the late Mr John Forster to the South Kensington Museum. There are several readings peculiar to this privately-printed edition. — Ed.

his friends, without really benefiting the object of his misapplied kindness]

Comp. 1835 — Pub. 1835.

To a good Man of most dear memory¹
 This Stone is sacred * Here he lies apart
 From the great city where he first drew breath,
 Was reared and taught, and humbly earned his bread,
 To the strict labours of the merchant's desk
 By duty chained Not seldom did those tasks
 Tease, and the thought of time so spent depress,
 His spirit, but the recompence was high,
 Full Independence, Bounty's rightful sire,
 Affection, warm as sunshine, free as air,
 And when the precious hours of leisure came,
 Knowledge and wisdom, gained from converse sweet
 With books, or while he ranged the crowded streets
 With a keen eye, and overflowing heart
 So genius triumphed over seeming wrong,
 And poured out truth in works by thoughtful love
 Inspired—works potent over smiles and tears
 And as round mountain-tops the lightning plays,
 Thus innocently sported, breaking forth
 As from a cloud of some grave sympathy,
 Humour and wild instinctive wit, and all
 The vivid flashes of his spoken words
 From the most gentle creature nursed in fields †

¹ 1835

To the dear memory of a frail good Man

This Stone is sacred.

Privately printed edition

* Lamb was buried in Edmonton Churchyard, in a spot selected by him self.—Ed.

† This way of indicating the name of my lamented friend has been found fault with, perhaps rightly so, but I may say in justification of the double sense of the word, that similar allusions are not uncommon in epitaphs. One of the best in our language in verse, I ever read, was upon a person who bore the name of Palmer; and the course of the thought, through-

Had been derived the name he bore—a name,
 Wherever Christian altars have been raised,
 Hallowed to meekness and to innocence;
 And if in him meekness at times gave way,
 Provoked out of herself by troubles strange,
 Many and strange, that hung about his life,
 Still, at the centre of his being, lodged
 A soul by resignation sanctified:
 And if too often, self-reproached, he felt
 That innocence belongs not to our kind,
 A power that never ceased to abide in him
 Charity, 'mid the multitude of sins¹
 That she can cover, left not his exposed
 To an unforgiving judgment from just Heaven.
 O, he was good, if e'er a good Man lived!

* * * * *

From a reflecting mind and sorrowing heart
 Those simple lines flowed with an earnest wish,
 Though but a doubting hope, that they might serve
 Fitly to guard the precious dust of him
 Whose virtues called them forth. That aim is missed,
 For much that truth most urgently required
 Had from a faltering pen been asked in vain

¹ 1835

And if too often, self-reproach'd, he felt
 That innocence belongs not to our kind
He had a constant friend in Charity;
Like who, among the multitude of sins, &c.

Privately printed edition

out, turned upon the Life of the Departed, considered as a pilgrimage,
 Nor can I think that the objection to the present case will have much force
 with any one who remembers Charles Lamb's beautiful sonnet addressed
 to his own name, and ending—

"No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name!"

—W. W., 1836.

Yet, haply, on the printed page received,
The imperfect record, there, may stand unblamed
As long as verse of mine shall breathe the air
Of memory, or see the light of love.¹

Thou wert a scorner of the fields, my Friend,
But more in show than truth;* and from the fields,
And from the mountains, to thy rural grave
Transported, my soothed spirit hovers o'er
Its green untrodden turf, and blowing flowers,
And taking up a voice shall speak (tho' still
Awed by the theme's peculiar sanctity
Which words less free presumed not even to touch)
Of that fraternal love, whose heaven-lit lamp
From infancy, through manhood, to the last
Of threescore years, and to thy latest hour,
Burnt on with ever-strengthening light, enshrined²
Within thy bosom.

¹ 1835.

From a reflecting mind and sorrowing heart
This tribute flow'd, with hope that it might guard
The dust of him whose virtues call'd it forth,
But 'tis a little space of earth that man,
Stretch'd out in death, is doom'd to occupy,
Still smaller space doth modest custom yield,
On sculptured tomb or tablet, to the claims
Of the deceased, or rights of the bereft
'Tis well, and tho' the record overstepped *
Those narrow bounds, yet on the printed page
Received, there may it stand, I trust, unblamed
As long as verse of mine shall steal from tears
Their bitterness, or live to shed a gleam
Of solace over one detected thought.

In privately printed edition.

² 1835.

Burned, and with ever-strengthening light, enshrined
Privately printed edition

* Lamb's indifference to the country "was a sort of 'mock apparel,' in which it was his humour at times to invest himself."—H. N. Coleridge, Supplement to the *Biographical Literature*, p. 333.—Ed.

'Wonderful' hath been
 The love established between man and man,
 'Passing the love of women;' and between
 Man and his help-mate in fast wedlock joined
 Through God, is raised a spirit and soul of love
 Without whose blissful influence Paradise
 Had been no Paradise; and earth were now
 A waste where creatures bearing human form,
 Direst of savage beasts, would roam in fear,
 Joyless and comfortless Our days glide on,
 And let him grieve who cannot choose but grieve
 That he hath been an Elm without his Vine,
 And her bright dower of clustering charities,
 That, round his trunk and branches, might have clung,
 Enriching and adorning. Unto thee,
 Not so enriched, not so adorned, to thee
 Was given (say rather thou of later birth
 Wert given to her) a Sister—'tis a word
 Timidly uttered, for she *lives*, the meek,
 The self-restraining, and the ever-kind,
 In whom thy reason and intelligent heart
 Found—for all interests, hopes, and tender cares,
 All softening, humanising, hallowing powers,
 Whether withheld, or for her sake unsought—
 More than sufficient recompence!

Her love
 (What weakness prompts the voice to tell it here)
 Was as the love of mothers; and when years,
 Lifting the boy to man's estate, had called
 The long-protected to assume the part
 Of a protector, the first filial tie
 Was undissolved; and, in or out of sight,
 Remained imperishably interwoven
 With life itself. Thus, mid a shifting world,

Did they together testify of time¹
 And season's difference—a double tree
 With two collateral stems spring from one root;
 Such were they—such thro' life they *might* have been
 In union, in partition only such;
 Otherwise wrought the will of the Most High,
 Yet, thro' all visitations and all trials,
 Still they were faithful; like to vessels launched
 From the same beach one ocean to explore²
 With mutual help, and sailing—to their league
 True, as inexorable winds, or bars
 Floating or fixed of polar ice, allow *

But turn we rather, let my spirit turn
 With thine, O silent and invisible Friend!
 To those dear intervals, nor rare nor brief,
 When reunited, and by choice withdrawn
 From miscellaneous converse, ye were taught
 That the remembrance of foregone distress,
 And the worse fear of future ill (which oft
 Doth hang around it, as a sickly child
 Upon its mother) may be both alike
 Disarmed of power to unsettle present good
 So prized, and things inward and outward held
 In such an even balance, that the heart
 Acknowledges God's grace, his mercy feels,
 And in its depth of gratitude is still

¹ 1835.

Together stood they (witnessing of time

Privately printed edition

² 1835.

Still they were faithful, like two goodly ships
 Launch'd from the beach, &c.

Privately printed edition

* Compare the testimony borne to Mary Lamb by Mr Proctor, and by Henry Crabb Robinson.—Ed.

O gift divine of quiet sequestration !
 The hermit, exercised in prayer and praise,
 And feeding daily on the hope of heaven,
 Is happy in his vow; and fondly cleaves
 To life-long singleness, but happier far
 Was to your souls, and, to the thoughts of others,
 A thousand times more beautiful appeared,
 Your *dual* loneliness. The sacred tie
 Is broken; yet why grieve? for Time but holds¹
 His moiety in trust, till Joy shall lead
 To the blest world where parting is unknown

¹ 1836

The sacred tie
 Is broken, to become more sacred still

Privately printed edition

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE DEATH OF JAMES HOGG

Comp 1835 — Pub. 1836

[These verses were written extempore, immediately after reading a notice of the Ettrick Shepherd's death, in the Newcastle paper, to the Editor of which I sent a copy for publication. The persons lamented in these verses were all either of my friends or acquaintances. In Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, an account is given of my first meeting with him in 1803. How the Ettrick Shepherd and I became known to each other has already been mentioned in these notes. He was undoubtedly a man of original genius, but of coarse manners and low and offensive opinions. Of Coleridge and Lamb I need not speak here. Crabbe I have met in London at Mr Rogers's, but more frequently and favourably at Mr Hoare's upon Hampstead Heath. Every spring he used to pay that family a visit of some length, and was upon terms of intimate friendship with Mrs Hoare, and still more with her daughter-in-law, who has a large collection of his letters addressed to herself. After the Poet's decease, application was made to her to give up these letters to his biographer, that they, or at least part of them, might be given to the public. She hesitated to comply, and asked my opinion on the subject. "By no means," was my answer, grounded not upon any objection there might be to publishing

a selection from these letters, but from an aversion I have always felt to meet idle curiosity by calling back the recently departed to become the object of trivial and familiar gossip. Crabbe obviously for the most part preferred the company of women to that of men, for this among other reasons, that he did not like to be put upon the stretch in general conversation accordingly in miscellaneous society his *talk* was so much below what might have been expected from a man so deservedly celebrated, that to me it seemed trifling. It must upon other occasions have been of a different character, as I found in our rambles together on Hampstead Heath, and not so much from a readiness to communicate his knowledge of life and manners as of natural history in all its branches. His mind was inquisitive, and he seems to have taken refuge from the remembrance of the distresses he had gone through, in these studies and the employments to which they led. Moreover, such contemplations might tend profitably to counterbalance the painful truths which he had collected from his intercourse with mankind. Had I been more intimate with him, I should have ventured to touch upon his office as a minister of the Gospel, and how far his heart and soul were in it so as to make him a zealous and diligent labourer in poetry, though he wrote much as we all know, he assuredly was not so. I happened once to speak of pains as necessary to produce merit of a certain kind which I highly valued his observation was—"It is not worth while" You are quite right, thought I, if the labour encroaches upon the time due to teach truth as a steward of the mysteries of God if there be cause to fear *that*, write less but, if poetry is to be produced at all, make what you do produce as good as you can. Mr Rogers once told me that he expressed his regret to Crabbe that he wrote in his later works so much less correctly than in his earlier "Yes," replied he, "but then I had a reputation to make, now I can afford to relax." Whether it was from a modest estimate of his own qualifications, or from causes less creditable, his motives for writing verse and his hopes and aims were not so high as is to be desired. After being silent for more than twenty years, he again applied himself to poetry, upon the spur of applause he received from the periodical publications of the day, as he himself tells us in one of his prefaces. Is it not to be lamented that a man who was so conversant with permanent truth, and whose writings are so valuable an acquisition to our country's literature, should have required an impulse from such a quarter? Mrs Hemans was unfortunately as a poetess in being obliged by circumstances to write for money, and that so frequently and so much, that she was compelled to look out for subjects wherever she could find them, and to write as expeditiously as possible. As a woman, she was to a considerable degree a spent child of the world. She had been early in life distinguished for talent, and poems of hers were published while she was a girl. She had also been handsome in her youth, but her education had been most

unfortunate. She was totally ignorant of housewifery, and could as easily have managed the spear of Minerva as her needle. It was from observing these deficiencies, that, one day while she was under my roof, I *purposely* directed her attention to household economy, and told her I had purchased *Scules* which I intended to present to a young lady as a wedding present, pointed out then utility (for her especial benefit) and said that no ménage ought to be without them. Mrs Hemans, not in the least suspecting my drift, reported this saying, in a letter to a friend at the time, as a proof of my simplicity. Being disposed to make large allowances for the faults of her education and the circumstances in which she was placed, I felt most kindly disposed towards her, and took her part upon all occasions, and I was not a little affected by learning that after she withdrew to Ireland, a long and severe sickness raised her spirit as it depressed her body. Thus I heard from her most intimate friends, and there is striking evidence of it in a poem written and published not long before her death. These notices of Mrs Hemans would be very unsatisfactory to her intimate friends, as indeed they are to myself, not so much for what is said, but what for brevity's sake is left unsaid. Let it suffice to add, there was much sympathy between us, and, if opportunity had been allowed me to see more of her, I should have loved and valued her accordingly, as it is, I remember her with true affection for her amiable qualities, and, above all, for her delicate and irreproachable conduct during her long separation from an unfeeling husband, whom she had been led to marry from the romantic notions of inexperienced youth. Upon this husband I never heard her cast the least reproach, nor did I ever hear her even name him, though she did not wholly forbear to touch upon her domestic position; but never so that any fault could be found with her manner of adverting to it.]

WHEN first, descending from the moorlands,
I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Barick Shepherd was my guide*.

When last along its banks I wandered,
Through groves that had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
My steps the Border-minstrel led.

* Compare *Yarrow visited* (September 1814), (Vol. VI. p. 41) —Ed.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,*
Mid mouldering ruins low he lies, †
And death upon the braes of Yarrow,
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes ‡

‘ Nor has the roiling year twice measured,
From sign to sign, its stedfast course,
Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source, §

The apt One, of the godlike forehead, ||
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth ¶

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land !

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,
“ Who next will drop and disappear ? ”

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,
Like London with its own black wreath,
On which with thee, O Crabbe ! forth-looking,
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath

* Compare *“The Minstrel”* reprinted (1831), (Vol. VII p. 268). — Ed.

† Scott died at Abbotsford, on the 21st September 1832, and was buried in Dryburgh Abbey. — Ed.

‡ Hogg died at Altrive, on the 21st November 1835. — Ed.

§ Coleridge died at Highgate, on the 25th July 1834. — Ed.

|| Compare the *Stanzas* written in my pocket copy of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence* (Vol. II., p. 305). —

¶ “Profound his forehead was, though not severe” — Ed.

¶ Lamb died in London, on the 27th December 1834. — Ed.

As if but yesterday departed,
 Thou too art gone before,* but why,
 O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,
 Should frail survivors heave a sigh?

Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,
 Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep,
 For Her who, ere her summer faded,
 Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

No more of old romantic sorrows,
 For slaughtered Youth or love-lost Maid!
 With sharper grief as Yarrow smitten,
 And Ettrick mourns with her their Poet dead

UPON SEEING A COLOURED DRAWING OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE IN AN ALBUM

Comp 1835. — Pub 1836

[I cannot forbear to record that the last seven lines of this Poem were composed in bed during the night of the day on which my sister Sara Hutchinson died about 6 p.m., and it was the thought of her innocent and beautiful life that, through faith, prompted the words—

"On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight,
 No tempest from his breath"

The reader will find two poems on pictures of this bird among my Poems. I will here observe that in a far greater number of instances than have been mentioned in these notes one poem has, as in this case, grown out of another; either because I felt the subject had been inadequately treated, or that the thoughts and images suggested in course of composition have been such as I found interfered with the unity indispensable to every work of art, however humble in character.]

Who rashly strove thy Image to portray?
 Thou buoyant minion of the tropic air;
 How could he think of the live creature—gay
 With a dimmy of colours, drest

* George Crabbe died at Trowbridge, Wiltshire, on the 3d of February 1832.—Ed.

In all her brightness, from the dancing crest
 Far as the last gleam of the filmy train
 Extended and extending to sustain
 The motions that it graces—and forbear
 To drop his pencil! Flowers of every clime
 Depicted on these pages smile at time;
 And gorgeous insects, copied with nice care
 Are here, and likenesses of many a shell
 Tossed ashore by restless waves,
 Or in the diver's grasp fetched up from caves
 Where sea-nymphs might be proud to dwell
 But whose rash hand (again I ask) could dare,
 'Mid casual tokens and promiscuous shows,
 To circumscribe this Shape in fixed repose,
 Could imitate for indolent survey,
 Perhaps for touch profane,
 Plumes that might catch, but cannot keep, a stain,
 And, with cloud-streaks lightest and loftiest, share
 The sun's first greeting, his last farewell ray?

Resplendent Wanderer! followed with glad eyes
 Where'er her course, mysterious Bird!
 To whom, by wondering Fancy stirred,
 Eastern Islanders have given
 A holy name—the Bud of Heaven!
 And even a title higher still,
 The Bird of God!* whose blessed will
 She seems performing as she flies
 Over the earth and through the skies
 In never-wearyed search of Paradise—
 Region that crowns her beauty with the name
 She bears for us—for us how blest,

* Compare Robert Browning's poem on Queneau's picture of *The Guardian Angel at Paris*—

"Thou bird of God"

—Ed

How happy at all seasons, could like aim
 Uphold our Spirits urged to kindred flight
 On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight,
 No tempest from his breath, their promised rest
 Seeking with indefatigable quest
 Above a world that deems itself most wise
 When most enslaved by gross realities !

Comp. 1835. — Pub 1835

DESPOENDING Father ' mark this altered bough,*
 So beautiful of late, with sunshine warmed,
 Or moist with dews, what more unsightly now,
 Its blossoms shrivelled, and its fruit, if formed,
 Invisible? yet Spring her genial brow
 Knits not o'er that discolouring and decay
 As false to expectation Nor fret thou
 At like unlovely process in the May
 Of human life a Stripling's graces blow,
 Tade and are shed, that from their timely fall
 (Misdeem it not a cankerous change) may grow
 Rich mellow bearings, that for thanks shall call
 In all men, sinful is it to be slow
 To hope—in Parents, sinful above all.

Comp 1835 — 1835

[Suggested on the road between Preston and Lancaster where it first gives a view of the Lake country, and composed on the same day, on the roof of the coach.]

Four fiery steeds, impatient of the rein
 Whirled us o'er sunless ground beneath a sky

* Compare the Excursion (Vol. V. p. 130), and the Sonnet beginning—
 "Surprised by joy, impatient as the wind,"

(Vol. VI. p. 71.)—Ed.

As void of sunshine, when, from that wide plain,
 Clear tops of far-off mountains we descry,
 Like a Sierra of cerulean Spain,
 All light and lustre. Did no heart reply?
 Yes, there was One,—for One, asunder fly
 The thousand links of that ethereal chain,
 And green vales open out, with grove and field,
 And the fair front of many a happy Home,
 Such tempting spots as into vision come
 While Soldiers, weary of the arms they wield
 And sick at heart¹ of stateful Christendom,
 Gaze on the moon by parting clouds revealed.

TO — —

Comp 1835 — — Pub 1835

[The fate of this poor Dove, as described, was told to me at Brinsop Court, by the young lady to whom I have given the name of Lesbia.]

[Miss not the occasion, by the forelock take
 That subtle Power, the never-halting Time,
 Lest a mere moment's putting off should make
 Mischance almost as heavy as a crime.]

'WAIT, prithee, wait!' thus answer Lesbia* threw
 Forth to her Dove, and took no further heed,
 Her eye was busy, while her fingers flew
 Across the harp, with soul-engrossing speed,
 But from that bondage when her thoughts were freed
 She rose, and toward the close-shut casement drew,

¹ 1837.

While Soldiers, of the weapons that they wield
 Weary, and sick

1835.

* Miss Loveday Walker, daughter of the Rector of Brinsop. — See the Fenwick note to the next sonnet. — Ed.

Whence the poor unregarded Favourite, true
 To old affections, had been heard to plead
 With flapping wing for entrance What a shriek
 Forced from that voice so lately tuned to a strain
 Of harmony '—a shriek of terror, pain,
 And self-reproach ' for, from aloft, a Kite
 Pounced,—and the Dove, which from its ruthless beak
 She could not rescue, perished in her sight '

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AT PISHOP STONE Herefordshire

Found 1815 — Pubd 1835

[My attention to these antiquities was directed by Mr. Walker, son to the Russian Endomanian Philosopher, who has been lately discovered within a few yards of the front door of Bishopstone, and appeared from the site (in full view of several cottages upon which there had formerly been Roman encampments) and it might have been the villa of the commander of the British forces, such was Mr. Walker's conjecture.]

While poing Antiquarians search the ground
 Uptuned with curious pains, the Lord of Soil
 Takes fire — The men that have been reaping
 Romans for travel gilt, for business gown'd
 And some recline on couches, myrtle crown'd,
 In festal glee why not? For fresh and clean,
 As if its hues were of the passing year
 Dawns this time-buried pavement From that mound
 Hoards may come forth of Trajans, Maxims
 Shrunk into coins with all their warlike toil
 Or a fierce impress issues with its foal
 Of tenderness—the Wolf, whose suckling Twins
 The unlettered ploughboy pities when he turns
 The casual treasure from the furrow'd soil

ST CATHERINE OF LEDBURY.

Comp 1835 ————— Pub 1835.

[Written on a journey from Brinsop Court, Herefordshire]

What a human touch (as monkish books attest)
 Nor was applied nor could be, Leathery bells
 Broke forth in concert flung adown the dells,
 And upward high as Malvern's cloudy crest,*
 Sweet tones, and caught by a noble Lady blest
 To rapture— Mabel listened at the side
 On her loved mistress soon the music died,
 And Cressida said, Here I set up my rest
 Warm and undreaming, the Wanderer long had sought
 A home—thou by a miracle of sound
 Must be rescued—she heard it now or felt
 The deep, deep joy of a confiding thought,
 And hence, calmly Anchorless, she dwelt
 Till she was changed for heaven that happy ground

Pub. 1935

Her father was named Carlton, she, along with a sister, was brought up in the neighbourhood of Ambleside. The epitaph, a part of it at least, in the church of Basinggrove, where she resided after her marriage.

His faithful Husband guided Mary came
 From nearest kindred, Vernon's her new name;
 She came, though meek of soul, in seemly pride
 Of brightness and hope, a youthful Bride
 To dread reverse if aught, be so, which proves
 That God will chasten whom he dearly loves.

From nearest kindred, * * * * *

1895.

* The Liberty bells are easily audible on the Malvern hills.—Ed.

Faith bore her up through pains in mercy given,
 And troubles that were each a step to Heaven
 Two Babes were laid in earth before she died,
 A third now slumbers at the Mother's side
 Its Sister-twin survives, whose smiles afford
 A trembling solace to her widowed Lord

Reader! if to thy bosom cling the pain
 Of recent sorrow combated in vain,
 Or if thy cherished grief have failed to thwart
 Time still intent on his insidious part,
 Lulling the mourner's best good thoughts asleep
 Pilfering regrets we would, but cannot, keep,
 Bear with him,—judge *Him* gently who makes known
 His bitter loss by this memorial Stone,
 And pray that in his faithful breast the grace
 Of resignation find a hallowed place

Comp 1835 — Pub 1845

SAID Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud,
 Falsehood and Treachery, in close council met,
 Deep under ground, in Pluto's cabinet,
 "The frost of England's pride will soon be thawed,
 "Hooded the open brow that overawed
 "Our schemes, the faith and honour, never yet
 "By us with hope encountered, be upset;—
 "For once I burst my bands, and cry, applaud!"
 Then whispered she, "The Bill is carrying out!"
 They heard, and, starting up, the Brood of Night
 Clapped hands, and shook with glee their matted locks,
 All Powers and Places that abhor the light
 Joined in the transport, echoed back their shout,

* See the note to the banquet entitled *Protest against the Ballot*, written in 1838. George Grote was the person satirized. "Since that time," adds Mr

Comp. 1835. — Pub. 1835

" PEOPLE ! your chains are severing link by link ;
 Soon shall the Rich be levelled down—the Poor
 Meet them half-way." Vain boast ! for These, the more
 They thus would rise, must low and lower sink.
 Till, by repentance stung, they fear to think,
 While all lie prostrate, save the tyrant few
 Bent in quick turns each other to undo,
 And mix the poison, they themselves must drink.
 Mistrust thyself, vain Country ! cease to cry,
 " Knowledge will save me from the threatened woe"
 For, if than other rash ones more thou know,
 Yet on presumptuous wing as far would fly
 Above thy knowledge as they dared to go,
 Thou wilt provoke a heavier penalty.

1836.

So far as can be ascertained, only one sonnet was written in 1836

• NOVEMBER 1836.

Comp. 1836. — Pub. 1837.

EVEN so for me a Vision sanctified
 The sway of Death ; long ere mine eyes had seen
 Thy countenance—the still rapture of thy mien—
 When thou, dear Sister !^{*} wert become Death's Bride ;
 No trace of pain or languor could abide
 That change—age on thy brow was smoothed—thy cold

Reed, in a note to his American edition, " Mr Grote's political notoriety, as an advocate of the ballot, has been merged in the high reputation he has acquired as probably the most eminent modern historian of ancient Greece."
 —Ed.

^{*} See Note B in the Appendix to this volume.—Ed.

Wan cheek at once was privileged to unfold
 A loveliness to living youth denied.
 Oh ! if within me hope should e'er decline,
 The lamp of faith, lost Friend ! too faintly burn
 Then may that heaven-revealing smile of thine,
 The bright assurance, visibly return :
 And let my spirit in that power divine
 Rejoice, as, through that power, it ceased to mourn

1837.

The poems belonging to the year 1837 include the Memorials of a
 Tour in Italy, with Henry Crabb Robinson in that year, and one or
 two additional sonnets.

Pub. 1837.

Six months to six years added he remained
 Upon this sinful earth, by sin unstained.
 O blessed Lord ! whose mercy then removed
 A Child whom every eye that looked on loved ;
 Support us, teach us calmly to resign
 What we possessed, and now is wholly thine !*

* This refers to the poet, son Thomas, who died Dec. 1, 1812. He was
 buried in Greenwich churchyard beside his sister Catherine ; and Words-
 worth placed these lines upon his tombstone. They may have been written
 much earlier than 1836, perhaps in 1812, but it is impossible to ascertain
 the date, and they were not published till 1837. — Ed.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY.

1837.

Comp. 1837. — Pub 1842.

[During my whole life I had felt a strong desire to visit Rome and the other celebrated cities and regions of Italy, but did not think myself justified in incurring the necessary expense till I received from Mr Moxon, the publisher of a large edition of my poems, a sum sufficient to enable me to gratify my wish without encroaching upon what I considered due to my family. My excellent friend H O Robinson readily consented to accompany me, and in March 1837, we set off from London, to which we returned in August, earlier than my companion wished or I should myself have desired had I been, like him, a bachelor. These Memorials of that tour touch upon but a very few of the places and objects that interested me, and, in what they do advert to, are for the most part much slighter than I could wish. More particularly do I regret that there is no notice in them of the South of France, nor of the Roman antiquities abounding in that district, especially of the Pont de Degard, which, together with its situation, impressed me full as much as any remains of Roman architecture to be found in Italy. Then there was Vaucluse, with its Fountain, its Petrarch, its rocks of all seasons, its small plots of lawn in their first vernal freshness, and the blossoms of the peach and other trees embellishing the scene on every side. The beauty of the stream also called forcibly for the expression of sympathy from one who, from his childhood, had studied the brooks and torrents of his native mountains. Between two and three hours did I run about climbing the steep and rugged crags from whose base the water of Vaucluse breaks forth. "Has Laura's Lover," often said I to myself, "ever sat down upon this stone, or has his foot ever pressed that turf?" Some, especially of the female sex, would have felt sure of it. my answer was (impute it to my years) "I fear, not." Is it, not in fact obvious that many of his love verses must have flowed, I do not say from a wish to display his own talent, but from a habit of exercising his intellect in that way rather than from an impulse of his heart? It is otherwise with his Lyric poems, and particularly with the one upon the degradation of his country: there he pours out his reproaches, lamentations, and aspirations like an ardent and sincere patriot. But enough: it is time to turn to my own effusions such as they are.]

TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON*

Companion, thy whose bright Spirit cheered,
 In whose experience trusting day by day
 Treasures I gained with zeal that neither feared
 The toils nor felt the crosses of the way,
 These records take; and happy should I be
 Were but the Gift a meet Return to thee
 For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,
 And prompt self-sacrifice to which I owe
 Far more than any heart but mine can know.

W WORDSWORTH.

RBDAL MOUNT, Feb. 14th. 1842.

The Tour of which the following Poems are very inadequate remembrances, was shortened by report, too well founded, of the prevalence of Cholera at Naples. To make some amends for what was reluctantly left unseen in the South of Italy, we visited the Tuscan Sanctuaries among the Apennines, and the principal Italian Lakes among the Alps. Neither of these lakes, nor of Venice, is there any notice in these Poems, chiefly because I have touched upon them elsewhere. See in particular, "Descriptive Sketches," "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent in 1820," and a Sonnet upon the extinction of the Venetian Republic.

1820.

1842.

MUSINGS NEAR AQUAPENDENTE.

April, 1837.

(* Not the less

That his eyes were kindled at those dear words

That spoke of birds and minstrels.

His Sir Walter Scott's eye, lit in the kindle at them, for the lines, "Eldes forgotten" and the two that follow, were adapted from a poem of mine which nearly forty years ago was at one time read to him, and he never forgot them.

* For Mr. Robinson's History of this Tour, see note B in the Appendix to this volume.—Ed.

"Old Helvellyn's brow
Where once together in his day of strength,
We stood rejoicing."

Sir Humphrey Davy was with us at the time. We had ascended from Paterdale, and I could not but admire the vigour with which Scott scrambled along that horn of the mountain called "Striding Edge." Our progress was necessarily slow, and was beguiled by Scott's telling many stories and amusing anecdotes, as was his custom. Sir H. Davy would have probably been better pleased if other topics had occasionally been interspersed, and some discussion entered upon: at all events he did not remain with us long at the top of the mountain, but left us to find our way down its steep side together into the Vale of Grasmere, where, at my cottage, Miss Scott was to meet us at dinner.

"With faint smile

He said, 'When I am there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow.'

See among these notes the one on "Yarrow revisited."

"A few short steps (painful they were) apart
From Tasso's *Concubine*, and retired grave

This, though introduced here, I did not know till it was told me at Rome by Miss Mackenzie of Beauforth, a lady whose friendly attentions during my residence at Rome I have gratefully acknowledged with expressions of sincere regret that she is no more. Miss M. told me that she accompanied Sir Walter to the Janiculum Mount, and, after showing him the grave of Tasso in the church upon the top, and a mural monument there erected to his memory, they left the church and stood together on the brow of the hill overlooking the City of Rome; his daughter Anne was with them, and she, naturally desirous for the sake of Miss Mackenzie especially, to have some expression of pleasure from her father, half reproached him for showing nothing of that kind either by his looks or voice: "How can I," replied he, "having only one leg to stand upon, and that in extreme pain!" so that the prophecy was more than fulfilled.

"After waves rough and deep"

We took boat near the lighthouse at the point of the right horn of the bay which makes a sort of natural port for Genoa; but the wind was high, and the waves long and rough, so that I did not feel quite secure.

pensed by the view of the city, splendid as it was, for the danger apparently incurred. The boatmen (I had only one) encouraged me saying we were quite safe, but I was not a little glad when we gained the shore, though Shelley and Byron—one of them at least, who seemed to have courted agitation from any quarter—would have probably rejoiced in such a situation: more than once I believe were they both in extreme danger even on the lake of Geneva. Every man, however, has his fears of some kind or other; and no doubt they had theirs of all men whom I have ever known. Coleridge had the most of passive courage in bodily peril, but no one was so easily cowed when moral firmness was required in miscellaneous conversation or in the daily intercourse of social life.

"How lovely robed in forenoon light and shade,
Each numm'ring to each, didst thou appear,
Savona."

There is not a single bay along this beautiful coast that might not raise in a traveller a wish to take up his abode there each as it succeeds seems more inviting than the other; but the desolated convent on the cliff in the bay to Savona struck my fancy most, and had I, for the sake of my own health or that of a dear friend, or any other cause, been desirous of a residence abroad, I should have let my thoughts loose upon a scheme of turning some part of this building into a habitation provided as far as might be with English comforts. There is close by it a row or avenue, I forget which, of tall cypresses I could not forbear saying to myself—"What a sweet family walk, or one for lonely musings, would be found under the shade!" but there, probably, the trees remained little noticed and seldom enjoyed.

"This flowering broom's dear neighbourhood."

The broom is a great ornament through the months of March and April to the slopes and hills of the Apennines, in the wild parts of which it flows in the utmost profusion, and of course successively at different elevations as the season advances. It surpasses ours in beauty and fragrance.* But speaking from my own limited observations only, I cannot assure the taste of several of their wild spring flowers, the primulas in particular, which I saw not unfrequently but thinly scattered and insignificant compared to ours.

* Wordsworth himself, his nephew tells us, had no sense of smell (*Memoirs*, II. 222).—Ed.

The note at the end of this poem, upon the Oxford movement, was entrusted to my friend, Mr. Frederick Faber.* I told him what I wished to be said, and begged that, as he was intimately acquainted with several of the Leaders of it, he would express my thoughts in the way least likely to be taken amiss by them. Much of the work they are undertaking was grievously wanted, and God grant their endeavours may continue to prosper as they have done.]

Ye Apennines! with all your fertile vales
 Deeply embosomed, and your winding shores
 Of either sea, an Islander by birth,
 A Mountaineer by habit, would recount
 Your praise, in meet accordance with your claims
 Bestowed by Nature, or from man's great deeds
 Inherited—presumptuous thought—it fled
 Like vapour, like a towering cloud, dissolved.
 Not, therefore, shall my mind give way to sadness;—
 You snow-white torrent-fall, plumb down it drops
 Yet ever hangs or seems to hang in air,
 Lulling the leisure of that high perched town,
 AQUAPENDENTE, in her lofty site
 Its neighbour and its namesake—town, and flood.
 Foath flashing out of its own gloomy chasm
 Bright sunbeams—the fresh verdure of this lawn
 Strewn with grey rocks, and on the horizon's verge,
 O'er intervenient waste, through glimmering haze,
 Unquestionably keened, that cone-shaped hill
 With fractured summit,† no indifferent sight
 To travel—on such comforts as are thine,
 Bloak‡—volant it escaped with joy—
 These are before me; and the varied scene
 May well suffice, till noon-tide's sultry heat

* Afterwards Father Faber, priest of the Oratory of St Philip Neri
 —Ed.

† Monte Amiata.—Ed.

‡ On the old high road from Siena to Rome.—Ed.

Relax, to fix and satisfy the mind^{*}
 Passive yet pleased What! with this Broom in flower
 Close at my side! She bids me fly to greet
 Her sisters, soon like her to be attired
 With golden blossoms opening at the feet
 Of my own Fairfield^{*} The glad greeting given,
 Given with a voice and by a look returned
 Of old companionship, Time counts not minutes
 Ere, from accustomed paths familiar fields,
 The local clouds but as we aloft,
 Transported over that cloud-wooming hill,
 Seat Sandal, a sand-sifter of the clouds,[†]
 With dream-like smoothness, to Helvellyn's top,
 There to alight upon crisp moss, and ring
 Obtaining amplest boon, at every step,
 O' visual sovereignty—hills multitudinous,
 (Not Apennine can boast of fairer) hills
 Pride of two nations, wood and lake and plains,
 And prospect right below of deep coves shaped[‡]
 By skeleton arms, that, from the mountain's trunk
 Extended, clasp the winds, with mutual moan
 Struggling for liberty, while undismayed
 The shepherd struggles with them Onward thence
 And downward by the skirt of Greenside tell,||

* The mountain between Rydal Head and Helvellyn -- Ed

† Seat Sandal is the mountain between Tongue Ghyll and Chasedale Tarn on the south and east, and the Dunmail Raist road on the west Ed,

‡ Compare *The Eclipse of the Sun* in "Memoirs of a Tour in the Continent in 1820" (Vol VI p 256) — Ed

§ Koppelcove, Nethermost cove, and the cove in which Red Tarn is bounded by the "skeleton arms" of Standing Edge and Swirel Tice Compare--

"It was a cove, a huge recess

That keeps till June December's snow

Edwards Vol III p 37 Ed

|| Descending to Ulswater from Helvellyn Grange Fell and Mires are passed — Ed

And by Glenridding-streets,* and low Glencougl,†
 Places forsaken now, though' loving still
 The muses, as they loved them in the days
 Of the old minstrels and the border bards —
 But here am I fast bound, and let it pass,
 The simple rapture — who that travels far
 To feed his mind with watchful eyes could share
 Or wish to share it? — One there surely was,
 'The Wizard of the North,' with anxious hope
 Brought to this genial climate where disease
 Preyed upon body and mind — he got the best
 Had his sunk eye kindled at the cedar wood
 That spake of bards and minstrels — and he put it
 Had flown with mine to old Helvellyn's brow
 Where once together in his day of strength,
 We stood rejoicing, as if death were free
 From sorrow like the sky above our heads

Years followed years, and when, upon the eve
 Of his last voyage from Tweed side, there lay career
 Or by another's sympathy was left,
 To this bright land Hope was for him no friend,
 Knowledge no help, Imagination shapen
 No promise — Still, in more than cat-deep seats,
 Survives for me, and cannot but survive
 The tone of voice which wedded borrowed words
 To sadness not then own, when with faint smile
 Forced by intent to take from speech its edge,

But

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* The Glenridding crosses the bold rocks on the left as you descend Helvellyn to the lake. — Ed.

† Glencougl is an outshoot of the Patterdale valley between Glenridding and Goldbarrow. — Ed.

— etc. — etc. — etc. — etc. — etc.

He said, "When I am there, although 'tis fair,
 'Twill be another Yarrow" * Prophecy
 More than fulfilled, as gay Campania's shores
 Soon witnessed, and the city of seven hills,
 Her sparkling fountains, and her mouldering tombs,
 And more than all, that Emmeus † which showed
 Her splendours, seen, not felt, the while he stood
 A few short steps (painful they were) apart
 From Tasso's Convent-haven, and retired grave. ‡

Peace to their Spirits! why should Poesy
 Yield to the lure of vain regret, and hover
 In gloom on wings with confidence outspread
 To move in sunshine?—Utter thanks, my Soul!
 Tempered with awe, and sweetened by compassion
 For them who in the shades of sorrow dwell
 That I—so near the term to human life
 Appointed by man's common heritage, §
 Frail as the frailest, one withal (if that
 Deserve a thought) but little known to fame—
 And free to rove where Nature's loveliest looks,
 Art's noblest relics, history's rich bequests,
 Failed to reanimate and but feebly cheered
 The whole world's Darling—free to rove at will
 O'er high and low, and if requiring rest,
 Rest from enjoyment only.

* These words were quoted to me from "Yarrow Unvisited," by Sir Walter Scott, when I visited him at Abbotsford, a day or two before his departure for Italy: and the affecting condition in which he was when he looked upon Rome from the Janiculus Mount, was reported to me by a lady who had the honour of conducting him thither.—W. W. 1842.—See also the Fenwick note to this poem.—Ed.

† The Janiculus Mount.—Ed.

‡ See the Fenwick note prefixed to this poem.—Ed.

§ He was then sixty-seven years of age.—Ed.

Thanks poured forth
 For what thus far hath blessed my wanderings, thanks
 Fervent but humble as the lips can breathe
 Where gladness seems a duty—let me guard
 Those seeds of expectation which the fruit
 Already gathered in this favoured land
 Enfolds within its core The faith be mine,
 That He who guides and governs all, approves
 When gratitude, though disciplined to look
 Beyond these transient spheres, doth wear a crown
 Of earthly hope put on with trembling hand,
 Nor is least pleased, we trust, when golden beams,
 Reflected through the mists of age, from hours
 Of innocent delight, remote or recent,
 Shoot but a little way—'tis all they can—
 Into the doubtful future Who would keep
 Power must resolve to cleave to it through life,
 Else it deserts him, surely as he lives.
 Saints would not grieve nor guardian angels frown
 It one—while tossed, as was my lot to be,
 In a frail bark urged by two slender oars
 Over waves rough and deep,* that, when they broke
 Dashed their white foam against the palace walls
 Of Genoa the superb—should there be led
 To meditate upon his own appointed tasks,
 However humble in themselves, with thoughts
 Raised and sustained by memory of Him
 Who oftentimes within those narrow bounds
 Rocked on the surge, there tried his spirit's strength
 And grasp of purpose, long ere sailed his ship
 To lay a new world open.

Nor less prized
 Be those impressions which incline the heart

* See the Fenwick note.—Ed.

To mild, to lowly, and to seeming weak,
 Bend that way her desires. The dew, the storm—
 The dew whose moisture fell in gentle drops
 On the small hyssop destined to become,
 By Hebrew ordinance devoutly kept,
 A purifying instrument—the storm
 That shook on Lebanon the cedar's top,
 And as it shook, enabling the blind roots
 Further to force their way, endowed its trunk
 With magnitude and strength fit to uphold
 The glorious temple—did alike proceed
 From the same gracious will, were both an offspring
 Of bounty infinite

Between Powers that aim
 Higher to lift their lofty heads, impelled
 By no profane ambition, Powers that thrive
 By conflict, and their opposites, that trust
 In lowliness—a mid-way tract there lies
 Of thoughtful sentiment for every mind
 Pregnant with good. Young, Middle-aged, and Old,
 From century on to century, must have known
 The emotion—nay, more fitly were it said—
 The blest tranquillity that sunk so deep
 Into my spirit, when I paced enclosed
 In Pisa's Campo Santo,* the smooth floor
 Of its Arcades paved with sepulchral slabs,†
 And through each window's open fret-work looked

* The Campo Santo, or *Banlo degli Spiriti*, founded by Archbishop Ubaldo (1188-1200).—Ed.

† "There are forty three air arches, resting on forty four pilasters. In the interior there is a spacious hall, the open round-arched windows of which, with their beautiful tracery, first and in number, look out upon a green quadrangle. The walls are covered with frescoes by the Tuscan School of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, below which is a collection of Roman, Etruscan, and mediæval sculptures. The tombstones of persons interred here form the pavement." (Decker's *Northern Italy*, p. 324.)—Ed.

O'er the blank Area of sacred earth
 Fetched from Mount Calvary,* or haply delved
 In precincts nearer to the Saviour's tomb,
 By hands of men, humble as brave, who fought
 For its deliverance—a capacious field
 That to descendants of the dead it holds,
 And to all living mute memento breathes,
 More touching far than aught which on the walls
 Is pictured, or their epitaphs can speak,
 Of the changed City's long-departed power,
 Glory, and wealth, which, perilous as they are,
 Here did not kill, but nourished, Piety.
 And, high above that length of clostral roof,
 Peering in air and backed by azure sky,
 To kindred contemplations ministers
 The Baptistory's dome,† and that which swells
 From the Cathedral pile;‡ and with the twain
 Conjoined in prospect mutable or fixed
 (As hurry on in eagerness the feet,
 Or pause) the summit of the Leaning-tower §
 Nor¹ less remuneration waits on him
 Who having left the Cemetery stands
 In the Tower's shadow, of decline and fall
 Admonished not without some sense of fear,

1846

No 6

1842.

* Whello conveyed hither fifty-three ship-loads of earth from Mount Calvary, in the Holy Land, in order that the dead might repose in holy ground.—Ed.

† The Baptistory in Pisa was begun in 1153 by Diotisalvi, and completed in 1278. It is a circular structure, covered by a conical dome, 100 feet high.—Ed.

‡ The Cathedral of Pisa is a basilica, built in 1063, in the Tuscan style, and has an elliptical dome.—Ed.

§ The Campanile, or Clock-Tower, rises in eight storeys to the height of 179 feet, and (from its oblique position) is known as the Leaning-Tower.—Ed.

Fear that soon vanishes before the sight
 Of splendor unextinguished, pomp unseathed,
 And beauty unimpaired. Grand in itself,
 And for itself, the assemblage, grand and fair
 To view, and for the mind's consenting eye.
 A type of age in man, upon its front
 Bearing the world-acknowledged evidence
 Of past exploits, nor fondly after more
 Struggling against the stream of destiny,
 But with its peaceful majesty content.
 —Oh what a spectacle at every turn
 The Place unfolds, from pavement skinned with moss,
 Or grass-grown spaces, where the heaviest foot
 Provokes no echoes, but must softly tread,
 Where Solitude with Silence paired stops short
 Of Desolation, and to Rum's scythe
 Decay submits not.

But where'er my steps
 Shall wander, chiefly let me cull with care
 Those images of genial beauty, oft
 Too lovely to be pensive in themselves
 But by reflections made so, which do best
 And fittest serve to crown with fragrant wreaths
 Life's cup when almost filled with years, like mine.
 —How lovely robed in forenoon light and shade,
 Each ministering to each, didst thou appear
 Savona,* Queen of territory fair
 As ought that marvellous coast thro' all its length
 Yields to the Stranger's eye. Remembrance holds
 As a selected treasure thy name still
 That, while it were for melancholy rest

* See the Appendix note to this poem. Savona is a town on the Gulf of Genoa, capital of the Maritime Department under Napoleon. — Ep.

A shattered Convent, yet rose proud to have
 Clinging to its steep sides a thousand herbs
 And shrubs, whose pleasant looks gave proof how kind
 The breath of air can be where earth had else
 Seemed churlish. And behold, both far and near,
 Garden and field all decked with orange bloom,
 And peach and citron, in Spring's mildest breeze
 Expanding; and, along the smooth shore curved
 Into a natural port, a tideless sea,
 To that mild breeze with motion and with voice
 Softly responsive; and, attuned to all
 Those vernal charms of sight and sound, appeared
 Smooth space of turf which from the guardian fort
 Sloped seaward, turf whose tender April green,
 In coolest climes too fugitive, might even here
 Plead with the sovereign Sun for longer stay
 Than his unmitigated beams allow,
 Nor plead in vain, if beauty could preserve,
 From mortal change, aught that is born on earth
 Or doth on time depend.

While on the brink
 Of that high Convent-crested cliff I stood,
 Modest Savona! over all did brood
 A pure poetic Spirit—as the breeze,
 Mild—as the verdure, fresh—the sunshine, bright—
 Thy gentle Chiabrega! *—not a stone,
 Mural or level with the trodden floor,
 In Church or Chapel, if my curious quest
 Missed not the truth, retains a single name
 Of young or old, warrior, or saint, or sage,

* The theatre in Savona is dedicated to Chiabrega, who was a native of the place.—Ed.

To whose dear memories his sepulchral verse *
 Paid simple tribute, such as might have flowed
 From the clear spring of a plain English heart,
 Say rather, one in native fellowship
 With all who want not skill to couple grief
 With praise, as genuine admiration prompts.
 The grief, the praise, are severed from their dust,
 Yet in his page the records of that worth
 Survive, uninjured :—glory then to words,
 Honour, to word-preserving Arts, and hail
 Ye kindred local influences that still,
 If Hope's familiar whispers merit faith,
 Await my steps when they the breezy height
 Shall range of philosophic Tusculum †
 Or Sabine vales ‡ explored inspire a wish
 To meet the shade of Horace by the side
 Of his Bandusian fount §—or I invoke
 His presence to point out the spot where once
 He sat, and eulogized with earnest pen
 Peace, leisure, freedom, moderate desires ;
 And all the immunities of rural life
 Extolled, behind Vacuna's crumbling fane ||
 Or let me loiter soothed with what is given

* If any English reader should be desirous of knowing how far I am justified in thus describing the epitaphs of Chiabreri, he will find translated specimens of them in this Volume, under the head of "Epitaphs and Elegiac Poems."—W. W. 1842.

† Tusculum was the birthplace of the elder Cato, and the residence of Cicero.—Ed.

‡ "Satia bestus unctis Sabina."—*Odes*, l. 13.—Ed.

§ See *Hor.* *Odes*, iii. 13.—Ed.

|| See *Hor.* *Sat.*, i. 10.—Ed.

Vacuna was a Sabine divinity. The best authority near Horace's Villa, (Sponser's *Flora*, *Ant. Hist.*, iii. 22. 47.) A traveller in Italy writes: "Following a path along the brink of the torrent Dugana, we passed a dressing-stone, on which once stood Vacuna's shrine." See also Ovid, *Fast.* vi. 507.—Ed.

Nor asking more, on that delicious Bay,*
 Parthenope's Domain—Virgilian haunt,
 Illustrated with never-dying verse,†
 And, by the Poet's laurel-shaded tomb,‡
 Age after age to Pilgrims from all lands
 Endeared.

And who—if not a man as cold
 In heart as dull in brain—while pacing ground
 Chosen by Rome's legendary Bards, high minds,
 Out of her early struggles well inspired
 To localize heroic acts—could look
 Upon the spots with undelighted eye,
 Though even to their last syllable the Lays
 And very names of those who gave them birth
 Have perished?—Verily, to her utmost depth,
 Imagination feels what Reason fears not
 To recognize, the lasting virtue lodged
 In those bold fictions that, by deeds assigned
 To the Valerian, Fabian, Curian Race,
 And others like in fame, created Powers
 With attributes from History derived.

* The Bay of Naples. Neapolis (the new city) received its ancient name of Parthenope from one of the Sirens, whose body was said to have been washed ashore in that bay. Sil 12, 33.—Ed.

† See *Georgics*, iv. 564.—Ed.

‡ Virgil died at Brundisium, but his remains were carried to his favourite residence, Naples, and were buried by the side of the road leading to Puteoli—the Via Puteolana. His tomb is still pointed out near Posilipo, close to the sea, and about half way from Naples to Puteoli, the *Scuola di Virgilio*.

"The monument, now called the Tomb of Virgil, is not on the road which passes through the tunnel of Posilipo; but if the Via Puteolana ascended the hill of Posilipo, as it may have done, the situation of the monument would agree very well with the description of Donatus."—(George Long, in *Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography*.)

The inscription said to have been placed on the tomb was as follows:—

Mantus me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc

Parthenope. Cecili pascua, furs, dilectus. —Ed.

By Poesy irradiate, and yet graced,
Through marvellous faculty of skill,
With something more propitious to high aims
Than either poet within her separate sphere,
Can off with justice claim.

And not disdaining
Union with those primeval energies
To virtue consecrate, stoop ye from your height,
Christian Traditions! at my Spirit's call
Descend, and, on the brow of ancient Rome
As she survives in ruin, manifest
Your glories mingled with the brightest hues
Of her memorial halo, fading, fading,
But never to be extinct while Earth endures.
O come, if undishonoured by the prayer,
From all her Sanctuaries!—Open for my feet
Ye Catacombs, give to mine eyes a glimpse
Of the Devout, as, 'mid your glooms convened
For safety, they of yore enclasped the Cross*
On knees that ceased from trembling, or intoned
Their orisons with voices half-suppressed,
But sometimes heard, or fancied to be heard,
Even at this hour.

And then Mamertine prison
Into instant receptance from whose depth

* The catacombs were subterranean chambers and passages, usually cut out of the solid rock, and used as places of burial, or of refuge. The early Christians made use of the catacombs in the Appian way for worship, as well as for burials.—*ibid.*

† The Carceri Mamertinae, one of the most ancient Roman structures, containing the Prison of Liberty, an "Inferno Tor" underneath the Capitoline wall. It still retains some of its original form, the majority of the church of St. Peter in Vincoli being built on the site of the wall of Severus. It was originally a wall for the Prison of Liberty, and afterwards a prison, in which the Emperor Nero was kept, and Caligula's soldiers were punished. There are two chambers in the prison, one beneath the other, the lower most containing the entrance door to the prison, which lies nearly to the surface. For a full description of it see the next note.—*ibid.*

Issues, revealed in no presumptuous vision,
 Albert lifting human to divine.
 A Saint, the Church's Rock, the mystic Keys
 Grasped in his hand, and in "with upright sword"
 Prefiguring his own impending doom,
 The Apostle of the Gentiles, both prepared
 To suffer pains with heathen scorn and hate
 Inflicted;—blessed Men, for so to Heaven
 They follow their dear Lord!

These flows—nor winds,
 Nor stagnates, nor precipitates his course.
 But many a benefit borne upon his breast
 For human-kind sinks out of sight, is gone.
 No one knows how; nor seldom is put forth
 An angry arm that snatches good away,
 Never perhaps to reappear. The Stream
 Has to our generation brought and brings
 Innumerable gains; yet we, who now
 Walk in the light of day, perchance full surely
 To a chilled age, most pitifully shut-out
 From that which is and actuates, by forms,
 Abstractions, and by lifeless fact to fact
 Minutely linked, with diligence uninspired,
 Unrectified, unguided, unsustained,
 By godlike might. To this fate is doomed
 Science, wide-spread and spreading still as the
 Hex-conquest, in the world of sense made known.
 So with the internal mind it fares; and so
 With morals, trusting in contempt or fear
 Of vital principle's controlling law
 To her pushing gains Expediency, and so

According to the legend, St. Peter, who was imprisoned in the Carcer
 Mamertinus under Nero, passed this spring to Rome miraculously in order to
 baptize his fellow-prisoners. Hence the building is called *S. Pietro in Carcere*.—No

Suffers religious faith Elate with view
 Of what is won, we overlook or scorn
 The best that should keep pace with it, and must,
 Else more and more the general mind will droop,
 Even as if bent on perishing. There lives
 No faculty within us which the Soul
 Can spare, and humblest earthly Weal demands,
 For dignity not placed beyond her reach,
 Zealous co-operation of all means
 Given or acquired, to raise us from the mire,
 And liberate our hearts from low pursuits
 By gross Utilities enslaved we need
 More of ennobling impulse from the past,
 If to the future aught of good must come
 Sounder and therefore holier than the ends
 Which, in the giddiness of self-applause,
 We covet as supreme. O grant the crown
 That Wisdom wears, or take his treacherous staff
 From Knowledge — If the Muse, whom I have served
 This day, be mistress of a single pearl
 Fit to be placed in that pure diadem,
 Then, not in vain, under these chesnut boughs
 Reclined, shall I have yielded up my soul
 To transports from the secondary founts
 Flowing of time and place, and paid to both
 Due homage: nor shall fruitlessly have striven,
 By love of beauty moved, to enshrine in verse
 Accordant meditations, which in times
 Vexed and disordered, as our own, may shed
 Influence, at least among a scattered few,
 To soberness of mind and peace of heart.

* Compare "Dependency-Corrected," *Maxims*, Book IV. (Vol. V. p. 189.)

"Within the soul a faculty abides," &c.

2—Ho.

Friendly, as here to my repose hath been
 This flowering broom's dear neighbourhood;* the light
 And murmur issuing from yon pendent flood;
 And all the varied landscape. Let us now
 Rise, and to-morrow greet magnificent Rome,†

II.

THE PINE OF MONTE MARIO AT ROME.

[SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT told me, that, when he first visited Italy, pine-trees of this species abounded, but that on his return thither, which was more than thirty years after, they had disappeared from many places where he had been accustomed to admire them, and had become rare all over the country, especially in and about Rome. Several Roman villas have within these few years passed into the hands of foreigners, who, I observed with pleasure, have taken care to plant this tree, which in course of years will become a great ornament to the city and to the general landscape. May I venture to add here, that having ascended the Monte Mario, I could not resist the embracing the trunk of this interesting monument of my departed

* See the Fenwick note — Ed.

† It would be ungenerous not to advert to the religious movement that, since the composition of these verses in 1837, has made itself felt, more or less strongly, throughout the English Church, — a movement that takes, for its first principle, a devout deference to the voice of Christian antiquity. It is not my office to pass judgment on questions of theological detail, but my own repugnance, to the spirit and system of Romanism has been so repeatedly and, I trust, feelingly expressed, that I shall not be suspected of a leaning that way, if I do not join in the grave charge, tho' own out, perhaps in the heat of controversy, against the learned and pious men to whose labours I allude. I speak apart from controversy; but, with strong faith in the moral temper which would elevate the present by doing reverence to the past, I would draw cheerful auguries for the English Church from this movement, as likely to restore among us a tone of piety more earnest and real than that produced by the mere formalities of the understanding, refusing, in a degree which I cannot but lament, that its own temper and judgment shall be controlled by those of antiquity. — W. W., 1842.

‡ The Monte Mario is to the north-west of Rome, beyond the Janiculus and the Vatican. The view from the summit embraces Rome, the Campagna, and the sea. It is capped by the villa Maffei, in which the magnificent solitary pine-tree of this sonnet still stands, amidst its cypress plantations. — Ed.

friend's feelings for the beauties of nature, and the power of that art which he loved so much, and in the practice of which he was so distinguished.

I saw far off the dark top of a Pine,
 Look like a cloud—a slender stem the tie
 That bound it to its native earth—poised high
 Mid evening fumes, along the horizon line,
 Striving in peace each other to outshine
 But when I learned the Tree was living there,
 Saved from the sordid axe by Beaumont's care
 Oh, what a gush of tenderness was mine!
 The rescued Pine-tree, with its sky so bright
 And cloud-like beauty, rich in thoughts of home,
 Death-parted friends, and days too swift in flight,
 Supplanted the whole majesty of Rome
 (Then first apparent from the Pincian Height) †
 Crowned with St. Peter's everlasting Dome. †

III.

AT ROME.

Rome is at first sight a sad snare to imagination and to those pleasures belonging to old times with which some exertions of that power will always mingle: nothing perhaps brings this truth home to the feelings more than the city of Rome, not so much in respect to

It was Mr. Thos. the architect, who informed us of the pine-tree being the gift of St. George Beaumont.—R. C. Robinson. [See Memoirs of W. M. Vol. II. p. 339.]

† From the *Monte Pincio*, *collis pinciana*, where were the gardens of Lucullus, there is a remarkable view of modern Rome.—Ed.

William Temple, in 1687, on his arrival at Rome, saw from Monte Pincio the Pine-tree as described in this sonnet, and with expressing admiration of the beauty of its appearance, I was told by an acquaintance of my fellow-traveller who happened to join us at the moment, that a price had been paid for it by the late Sir C. Beaumont, upon condition that the tree should remain as it then was, without the least alteration of setting it down.—W. W.

the impression made at the moment when it is first seen and looked at as a whole, for then the imagination may be invigorated and the mind's eye quickened; but when particular spots or objects are sought out, disappointment is I believe inevitable. Ability to recover from this disappointment will exist in proportion to knowledge, and the power of the mind to reconstruct out of fragments and parts, and to make details in the present subservient to more adequate comprehension of the past.]

Is this, ye Gods, the Capitoline Hill?

Yon petty Steep in truth the fearful Rock,

Tarpeian named of yore,* and keeping still

That name, a local Phantom proud to mock

The Traveller's expectation?—Could our Will

Destroy the ideal Power within, 'twere done

Thro' what men see and touch—slaves wandering on,

Impelled by thirst of all but Heaven-taught skill,

Full oft, our wish obtained, deeply we sigh;

Yet not unrecompensed are they who learn,

From that depression raised, to mount on high

With stronger wing, more clearly to discern

Eternal things; and, if need be, defy

Changes, with a brow not insolent though stern

IV.

AT ROME.—REGRETS.—IN ALLUSION TO NIEBUHR AND OTHER MODERN HISTORIANS

Those old credulities, to nature dear,

Shall they no longer bloom upon the stock

Of History, stript naked as a rock

Mid a dry desert?—What is it we hear?

*The Tarpeian rock, from which those condemned to death were hurled, is now prohibited, as it used to be, the ground having been much raised by successive heaps of ruin.—Ed.

The glory of Infant Rome must disappear,*
 Her morning splendours vanish, and their place
 Know them no more. If Truth, who veiled her face
 With those bright beams yet hid it not, must steer
 Henceforth a humbler course perplexed and slow,
 One solace yet remains for us who came
 Into this world in days when story lacked
 Severer research, that in our hearts we know
 How, for exciting youth's heroic flame,
 Assent is power, belief the soul of fact.

V.

CONTINUED

COMPLACENT Fictions were they, yet the same
 Involved a history of no doubtful sense,
 History that proves by inward evidence
 From what a precious source of truth it came
 Ne'er could the boldest Eulogist have dared
 Such deeds to paint, such characters to frame,
 But for coeval sympathy prepared.
 To greet with instant faith their loftiest claim
 None but a noble people could have loved
 Flattery in Ancient Rome's pure-minded style.
 Not in like sort the Runic Scald was moved,
 He nursed mid savage passions that defile
 Humanify, sang feats that well might call
 For the blood-thirsty mead of Odin's riotous Hall.

* Niebuhr, in his *Lectures on Roman History* (1826-29), was one of the first to point out the legendary character of much of the earlier history, and its "historical impossibility." He explained the way in which much of it had originated in family and national vanity, &c. — Ed.

VI

PLEA FOR THE HISTORIAN

FORBEAR to deem the Chronicler unwise,
 Ungentle, or untouched by seemly ruth,
 Who, gathering up all that Time's envious tooth
 Has spared of sound and grave realities,
 Firmly rejects those dazzling flatteries,
 Dear as they are to unsuspecting Youth,
 That might have drawn down Clio from the skies
 To vindicate the majesty of truth.
 Such was her office while she walked with men,
 A Muse, who, not unmindful of her Sire
 All-ruling Jove, whate'er the theme might be
 Revered her Mother, sage Mnemosyne,
 And taught her faithful servants how the lyre
 Should animate, but not mislead, the pen.[†]

¹ 1846

Her rights to claim, and vindicate the truth
 Her faithful Servants while she walked with men
 Were they who,

1842

² 1845

their

1842

³ 1846

And, at the Muse's will, invoked the lyre
 To

1842

* Clio, daughter of Zeus and Mnemosyne, the first-born of the Muses, presided over history. It was her office, to record the actions of illustrious heroes. —Ed.

Quem virum—lyre

—aures celebrare Clio?

—W.W., 1842.

VII.

AT ROME.

[I HAVE a private interest in this Sonnet, for I doubt whether it would ever have been written but for the lively picture given me by Anna Ricketts of what she had witnessed of the indignation and sorrow expressed by some Italian noblemen of their acquaintance upon the surrender, which circumstances had obliged them to make, of the best portion of their family mansions to strangers.]

THEY—who have seen the noble Roman's scorn
Break forth at thought of laying down his head,
When the blank day is over, garreted
In his ancestral palace, where, from morn
To night, the desecrated floors are worn
By feet of purse-proud strangers; they—who have read
In one meek smile, beneath a peasant's shod,
How patiently the weight of wrong is borne;
They—who have heard some learned Patriot treat^t
Of freedom, with mind grasping the whole theme
From ancient Rome, downwards through that bright dream
Of Commonwealths, each city a starlike seat
Of rival glory; they—fallen Italy—
Nor must, nor will, nor can, despair of Thee!

VIII.

NEAR ROME, IN SIGHT OF ST PETER'S

LONG has the dew been dried on tree and lawn;
O'er man and beast a not unwelcome boon
Is shed the languor of approaching noon;
To shady rest withdrawing or withdrawn
Aute are all creatures, as this couchant lawn,

They—who have heard thy lettered pages treat

Save insect-swarms that hum in air aloft,
 Save that the Cock is crowing, a shrill note,
 Startling and shrill as that which roused the dawn.
 —Heard in that hour, or when, as now, the nerve
 Shrinks from the note! as from a mis-timed thing,
 Oft for a holy warning may it serve,
 Charged with remembrance of *his* sudden sting,
 His bitter tears, whose name the Papal Chair
 And yon resplendent Church are proud to bear.

IX.

AT ALBANO.*

[THIS SONNET is founded on simple fact, and was written to enlarge, if possible, the views of those who can see nothing but evil in the intercessious countenance by the Church of Rome. That they are in many respects lamentably pernicious must be acknowledged, but on the other hand, they who reflect, while they see and observe, cannot but be struck with instances which will prove that it is a great error to condemn in all cases such mediation as purely idolatrous. This remark bears with especial force upon addresses to the Virgin.]

DAYS passed—and Monte Calvo would not clear
 His head from mist; and, as the wind sobbed through
 Albano's dripping Ilex avenue,†
 My dull forebodings in a Peasant's ear
 Found casual vent. She said, "Be of good cheer.
 Our yesterday's procession did not sue

1846

voles

1842

* Albano, 10 miles south-east of Rome, is a small town and episcopal residence, a favourite retirement resort of Roman citizens. It is on the site of the ruins of the Villa of Pompey. Monte Carlo (the Monte Calvo of this sonnet) is the ancient Mons Lavinia, 3127 feet high. At its summit a convent of Franciscans. Monte occupies the site of the ancient temple of Jupiter. — *Ed.*

† The box grave of the Villa Doria is one of the most marked features of Albano. — *Ed.*

In vain, the sky will change to sunny blue,
 Thanks to our Lady's grace." I smiled to hear,
 But not in scorn — the Matron's Faith may lack
 The heavenly sanction needed to ensue
 Fulfilment, but, we trust, her upward track¹
 Stops not at this low point, nor wants the lure
 Of flowers the Virgin without fear may own,
 For by her Son's blest hand the seed was sown

X

NEAR Anio's stream,* I spied a gentle Dove
 Perched on an olive branch, and heard her cooing
 'Mid new-born blossoms that soft airs were wooing,
 While all things present told of joy and love.
 But restless Fancy left that olive grove
 To hail the exploratory Bird renewing
 Hope for the few, who, at the world's undoing,
 On the great flood were spared* to live and move
 O bounteous Heaven! signs true as dove and bough
 Brought to the ark are coming evermore,
 Given though we seek them not, but, while we plough,²
 This sea of life without a visible shore,
 Do neither promise ask nor grace unlore
 In what alone is ours, the living Now.³

1 1844

Its own fulfilment, but her upward track

1842

2 1845

Even though men seek them not, but, while they plough,

1843

3 1845

the vouchsafed Now.

1841

* The Anio joins the Tiber, north of Rome, flowing from the north-east past Tivoli.—Ed.

XL

FROM THE ALBAN HILLS, LOOKING TOWARDS
ROME.

FORGIVE, illustrious Country! these deep sighs,
 Heaved less for thy bright plains and hills bestrown
 With monuments decayed or overthrown,
 For all that tottering stands or prostrate lies,
 Than for like scenes in moral vision shown,
 Rum perceived for keener sympathies,
 Faith crushed, yet proud of weeds, her gaudy crown;
 Virtues laid low, and mouldering energies
 Yet why prolong this mournful strain?—Fallen Power,
 Thy fortunes, twice exalted,* might provoke
 Verse to glad notes prophetic of the hour
 When thou, uprisen, shalt break thy double yoke,
 And enter, with prompt aid from the Most High,
 On the third stage of thy great destiny †

XII

NEAR THE LAKE OF THRASYMENE

WHEN here with Carthage Rome to conflict came,†
 An earthquake, mingling with the battle's shock,

* The ancient Classic period, and that of the Renaissance.—Ed.
 † This period seems to have been already entered. Compare Mrs
 Browning's "Poems before Congress," *passim*.—Ed.
 ‡ The Carthaginian general Hannibal defeated the Roman Consul C
 Flaminius, near the *lacus Trasimenus*, B.C. 217, with a loss of 15,000 men
 (See Livy, xlii. 4., &c. &c.).—Ed.

Checked not its rage; * unfelt the ground did rock,
 Sword dropped not, javelin kept its deadly aim —
 Now all is sun-bright peace. Of that day's shame,
 Or glory, not a vestige seems to endure,
 Save in this Rill that took from blood the name†
 Which yet it bears, sweet Stream ' as crystal pure
 So may all trace and sign of deeds atone
 From the true guidance of humanity,
 Thro' Time and Nature's influence, purify
 Their spirit; or, unless they for reproof
 Or warning serve, thus let them all, on ground
 That gave them being, vanish to a sound.

XIII

NEAR THE SAME LAKE.

For action born, existing to be tried,
 Powers manifold we have that intervene
 To stir the heart that would too closely screen
 Her peace from images to pain allied.
 What wonder if at midnight, by the side
 Of Sangunetto or broad Thrasymene,†
 The clang of arms is heard, and phantoms glide,
 Unhappy ghosts in troops by moonlight seen;

* Compare *Hamlet*, a *Historical Drama*, by Professor John Nichol, Act II. st. 6. p. 107.

Here shall shepherd-tell
 To passing travellers, when we are there,
 How, by the side of broad Thrasymene,
 We fought and won, and, with the earthquake shook
 The walls of Rome.

† Sangunetto. — W. W. 1832.

† Lake Thrasymene is the largest of the Umbrian lakes, being ten miles in length and three in breadth. — Ed.

And singly thine, O vanquished Chief! * whose corpse,
Unburied, lay hid under heaps of slain :

But who is He?—the Conqueror. Would he force
His way to Rome? Ah, no,—round hill and plain.
Wandering, he haunts, at fancy's strong command,
This spot—his shadowy death-cup in his hand.†

XIV.

THE CUCKOO AT LAVERNA.†

MAR 25TH 1837

[Among a thousand delightful feelings connected in my mind with the voice of the cuckoo, there is a personal one which is rather melancholy. I was first convinced that age had rather dulled my hearing, by not being able to catch the sound at the same distance as the younger companions of my walks; and of this failure I had a proof

* C. Flaminius.—Ed.

† After the battle of Lake Trasymene, Hannibal did not push on to Rome, but turned through the Apennines to Apulia, just as subsequently after the battle of Cannæ he remained inactive.—Ed.

‡ Laverna is a corruption of *Alverna* (now called *Alverna*). It is about five or six hours' walk from Camaldoli, on a height of the Apennines, not far from the sources of the Arno. To reach it, "the southern height of the Monte Vatterone is ascended as far as the chapel of St. Romuald; then a descent is made to Moggiara, beyond which the path turns to the left, traversing a long and fatiguing succession of gorges and slopes; the path at the base of the mountain is therefore preferable. The market town of Sock in the valley of the Arghiano is first reached, then the profound valley of the Consaline; beyond it rises a blunted cone, on which the path ascends in windings to a stony plain with marshy meadows. Above this rises the abrupt sandstone mass of the *Vernio*, to the height of 850 feet. On its S. W. slope, one-third of the way up, and 2200 feet above the sea level, is seen a wall with small windows, the oldest part of the monastery, built in 1213 by St. Francis of Assisi. The church dates from 1284. . . . One of the grandest points is the *Penna della Vernio* (4706 feet), the ridge of the *Vernio*, also known as *Apennino*, the 'rugged rock between the sources of the Tiber and Arno,' as it is called by Dante (*Paradiso* ii. 100). . . . Near the monastery are the *Laghi Sacri*, a number of grottoes and rock-hewn chambers in which St. Francis once lived"—(See Baedeker's *Northern Italy*, p. 425).

The Monte *Alverna*, or Monte della *Vernio* is situated on the border of Tuscany, near the sources of the Tiber and Arno, not far from the Castle

upon the occasion that suggested these verses I did not hear the sound till Mr Robinson had twice or thrice directed my attention to it.]

LIST—'twas the Cuckoo—O with what delight
 Heard I that voice! and catch it now, though faint,*
 Far off and faint, and melting into air,
 Yet not to be mistaken Hark again!
 Those louder cries gave notice that the Bird,
 Although invisible as Echo's self †
 Is wheeling hitherward Thanks, happy Creature,
 For thus unthought-of greeting!

While allured
 From vale to hill, from hill to vale led on,
 We have pursued, through various lands, a long
 And pleasant course, flower after flower has blown,
 Embellishing the ground that gave them birth
 With aspects novel to my sight, but still
 Most fair, most welcome, when they drank the dew
 In a sweet fellowship with kinds beloved,
 For old remembrance sake And oft—where Spring
 Display'd her richest blossoms among files
 Of orange-trees bedecked with glowing fruit
 Ripe for the hand, or under a thick shade
 Of Ilex, or, if better suited, to the hour
 The lightsome Olive's twinkling canopy—‡
 Oft have I heard the Nightingale and Thrush
 Blending as in a common English grove
 Their love-songs; but, where'er my feet might roam,

of Clusina, where Orlando lived"—(Mrs Oliphant's *Francis of Assisi*, chap xvi., p. 248.)

See also Herzog's *Real-Encyclopædie für Protestantische Theologie und Kirche*, Vol. IV., p. 665.—Ed.

* Compare *To the Cuckoo* (Vol. III. p. 2).—Ed.

† Compare—

"No bird but an invisible thing."

—(Vol. III. p. 2).—Ed.

‡ From the difference in the colour of each side of the leaf, a grove of olives when *wind-tossed* is pre-eminently a "twinkling canopy."—Ed.

Whate'er assemblages of new and old,
 Strange and familiar, might beguile the way,
 A gratulation from that vagrant Voice
 Was wanting—and most happily till now

For see, Laverna! mark the far-famed Pile,
 High on the brink of that precipitous rock,*
 Implanted like a Fortress, as in truth
 It is, a Christian Fortress, garrisoned
 In faith and hope, and dutiful obedience,
 By a few Monks, a stern society,
 Dead to the world and scorning earth-born joys
 Nay—though the hopes that drew, the fears that drove,
 St Francis, far from Man's resort to abide
 Among these sterile heights of Apennine,†
 Bound him, nor, since he raised you House, have ceased
 To bind his spiritual Progeny, with rules
 Stringent as flesh can tolerate and live,‡
 His milder Genus (thanks to the good God

* See note ‡, p. 63.—Ed.

† St Francis of Assisi, founder of the order of Friars Minor, after establishing numerous monasteries in Italy, Spain, and France, resigned his office and retired to this, one of the highest of the Apennine heights. See note ‡, p. 63. He was canonized in 1230. Henry Crabbe Robinson tells us, "It was at Laverna that he (W. W.) led me to expect that he had found a subject on which he could write, and that was the love which birds bore to St Francis. He repeated to me a short time afterwards a *confiance*, which I do not recollect amongst those he has written on St Francis in this poem. On the journey, one night only I heard him in bed composing verses, and on the following day I offered to be his amanuensis but I was not patient enough, I fear, and he did not employ me a second time. He made enquiries for St Francis's biography, as if he would dub him his Leibniziger (body saint), as Goethe (saying that every one must have one) declared St Philip Neri to be his." See *Memoirs* of Wordsworth, Vol. II., p. 331.—Ed.

‡ The characteristic feature of the Franciscan order was its vow of Poverty, and Francis desired that it should be taken in the most rigorous sense, viz., that no individual member of the fraternity, nor the fraternity itself, should be allowed to possess any property whatsoever, even in things necessary to human use.—Ed.

That made us) over those severe restraints
 Of mind, that dread heart-freezing discipline,
 Doth sometimes here predominate, and works
 By unsought means for gracious purposes,
 For earth through heaven, for heaven, by changeful earth
 Illustrated, and mutually endeared

Rapt though He were above the power of sense,
 Familiarly, yet out of the cleansed heart
 Of that once sinful Being overflowed
 On sun, moon, stars, the nether elements
 And every shape of creature they sustain,
 Divine affections, and with beast and bird
 (Stilled from afar—such marvel story tells—
 By casual outbreak of his passionate words,
 And from their own pursuits in field or grove
 Drawn to his side by look or act of love
 Humane, and virtue of his innocent life)
 He went to hold companionship so free,
 So pure, so fraught with knowledge and delight,
 As to be likened in his Follower's minds
 To that which our first Parents, ere the fall
 From their high state darkened the Earth with fear,
 Held with all kinds in Eden's blissful bowers

Then question not that, 'mid the austere Band,
 Who breathe the air he breathed, tread where he trod,
 Some true Partakers of his loving spirit
 Do still survive,* and, with those gentle hearts
 Consorted, Others, in the power, the faith,
 Of a baptised imagination, prompt

* The members of the Franciscan order were the Storks of Christendom. The order has been powerful, and of great service to the Roman Church — alike in literature, and in practical action and enterprise. — Ed

To catch from Nature's humblest monitors
Whate'er they bring of impulses sublime.

Thus sensitive must be the Monk, though pale
With fasts, with vigils worn, depressed by years,
Whom in a sunny glade I chanced to see
Upon a pine-tree's storm-uprooted trunk,
Seated alone, with forehead skyward raised,
Hands clasped above the crucifix he wore
Appended to his bosom, and lips closed
By the joint pressure of his musing mood
And habit of his vow That ancient Man—
Nor haply less the Brother whom I marked,
As we approached the Convent gate, aloft
Looking far forth from his aerial cell,
A young Ascetic—Poet, Hero, Sage,
He might have been, Lover belike he was,—
If they received into a conscious ear
The notes whose first faint greeting startled me,
Whose sedulous iteration thrilled with joy
My heart—may have been moved like me to think,
Ah! not like me who walk in the world's ways,
On the great Prophet, styled *the Voice of Qûe*
Crying amid the wilderness, and given,
Now that their snows must melt, their herbs and flowers
Revive, their obstinate winter pass away,
That awful name to Thee, thee, simple Cuckoo,
Wandering in solitude, and evermore
Foretelling and proclaiming, ere thou leave
This thy last haunt beneath Italian skies
To carry thy glad tidings over heights
Still loftier, and to chimes more near the Pole

Voice of the Desert, fare-thee-well, sweet Bird!
 If that substantial title please thee more,
 Farewell!—but go thy way, no need hast thou
 Of a good wish sent after thee, from bower
 To bower as green, from sky to sky as clear,
 Thee gentle breezes waft—or airs that meet
 Thy course and sport around thee softly fan—
 Till Night, descending upon hill and vale,
 Grants to thy mission a brief term of silence,
 And folds thy pinions up in blest repose.

XV

AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI *

GRIEVE for the Man who hither came bereft,
 And seeking consolation from above,
 Nor grieve the less that skill to him was left
 To paint this picture of his lady-love

* This famous sanctuary was the original establishment of Santi Romualdo (or Romwald, as our ancestors saxonised the name) in the 11th century, the ground (camp) being given by a Count Malde. The Camaldolensi, however, have spread wide as a branch of Benedictines, and may therefore be classed among the gentlemen of the monastic orders. The society comprehends two orders, monks and hermits; symbolised by their arms, two doves drinking out of the same cup. The monastery in which the monks here reside is beautifully situated, but a large unattractive edifice, not unlike a factory. The hermitage is placed in a loftier and wilder region of the forest. It comprehends between 20 and 30 distinct residences, each including for its single hermit an inclosed piece of ground and three very small apartments. There are days of indulgence when the hermit may quit his cell, and when old age arrives, he descends from the mountain and takes his abode among the monks.

My companion had, in the year 1831, fallen in with the monk, the subject of these two sonnets, who showed him his abode among the hermits. It is from him that I received the following particulars. He was then about 40 years of age, but his appearance was that of an older man. He had been a painter by profession, but on taking orders changed his name from Santi to Raffaello, perhaps with an unconscious reference to

Can she, a blessed saint, the work approve ?
 And O, good Brethren of the cow, a thing
 So fair, to which with peril he must cling,
 Destroy in pity, or with care remove.
 That bloom—those eyes—can they assist to bind
 Thoughts that would stray from Heaven ? The dream
 must cease
 To be, by Faith, not sight, his soul must live,
 Else will the enamoured Monk too surely find
 How wide a space can part from inward peace
 The most profound repose his cell can give

XVI

CONTINUED.

THE world forsaken, all its busy cares
 And stirring interests shunned with desperate flight,
 All trust abandoned in the healing might
 Of virtuous action ; all that courage dares,
 Labour accomplishes, or patience bears—
 These helps rejected, they, whose minds perceive

well to the great Sanzio d'Urbino as to the archangel. He assured my friend that he had been 12 years in the hermitage and had never known melancholy or ennui. In the little recess for study and prayer, there was a small collection of books. "I read only," said he, "books of asceticism and mystical theology." On being asked the names of the most famous mystics, he enumerated *Sacramelli*, *San Giovanni della Croce*, *St. Dionysius the Areopagite* (supposing the work which bears his name to be really his), and with peculiar emphasis *Ricardo di San Vittori*. The works of *Saint Theresa* are also in high repute among ascetics. These names may interest some of my readers.

We heard that *Raffaello* was then living in the convent, my friend sought in vain to renew his acquaintance with him. It was probably a day of seclusion. The reader will perceive that these sonnets were supposed to be written when he was a young man.—W. W., 1842.

The monastery of Camaldoli is on the highest point of the hills near Naples (1476 feet), and commands one of the finest views in Italy.—Ed

How subtly works man's weakness, sighs may heave
 For such a One beset with cloistral snares.
 Father of Mercy! rectify his view,
 If with his vows this object ill agree;
 Shed over it thy grace, and thus subdue¹
 Imperious passion in a heart set free —
 That earthly love may to herself be true,
 Give him a soul that cleaveth unto thee.

XVII.

AT THE EREMITES OR UPPER CONVENT OF
CAMALDOLI.

WHAT aim had they, the Pair of Monks, in size *
 Enormous, dragged, while side by side they saled
 By panting steers up to this convent gate?
 How, with empurpled cheeks and pained eyes,
 Dare they confront the lean austerities
 Of Brethren, who, here fixed, on Jesu wait
 In sackcloth, and God's anger deprecate
 Through all that humbles flesh and mortifies?
 Strange contrast! — verily the world of dreams,
 Where iningle, as for mockery combined,

¹ 1845.

and so subdue

1843

* In justice to the Benedictines of Camaldoli, by whom strangers are so hospitably entertained, I feel obliged to notice, that I saw among them no other figures at all resembling, in size and complexion, the two Monks described in this Sonnet. What was their office, or the motive which brought them to this place of mortification, which they could not have approached without being carried in this or some other way, a feeling of delicacy prevented me from inquiring. An account has before been given of the hermitage they were about to enter. It was visited by us towards the end of the month of May; yet snow was lying thick under the pine-trees, within a few yards of the gate. — W. W., 1843.

Things in their very essences at strife,
Shows not a sight incongruous as the extremes
That everywhere, before the thoughtful mind,
Meet on the solid ground of waking life *

XVIII

AT VALLOMBROSA †

[I must confess, though of course I did not acknowledge it in the few lines I wrote in the Stranger's book kept at the convent, that I was somewhat disappointed at Vallombrosa. I had expected, as the name implies, a deep and narrow valley overshadowed by enclosing hills, but the spot where the convent stands is in fact not a valley at all, but a cove or crescent open to an extensive prospect. In the book before mentioned, I read the notice in the English language that if anyone would ascend the steep ground above the convent, and wander over it, he would be abundantly rewarded by magnificent views. I had not time to act upon this recommendation, and only went with my young guide to a point, nearly on a level with the site of the convent, that overlooks the Vale of Arno for some leagues. To please great and good men has ever been deemed one of the worthiest employments of poetry, but the objects of admiration vary so much with time and circumstances, and the noblest of mankind have been found, when intimately known, to be of characters so imperfect, that no eulogist can

* See Note, pp 68-9 - Ed

† The name of Milton is pleasantly connected with Vallombrosa in many ways. The pride with which the monk, without any previous question from me, pointed out his residence, I shall not readily forget. It may be proper here to defend the Poet from a charge which has been brought against him, in respect to the passage in "Paradise Lost" where this place is mentioned. It is said, that he has erred in speaking of the trees there being deciduous, whereas they are, in fact, pines. The faultfinders are themselves mistaken, the *natural* woods of the region of Vallombrosa are deciduous, and spread to a great extent; those near the convent are, indeed, mostly pines; but they are *avenues* of trees *planted* within a few steps of each other, and thus composing large tracts of wood; plots of which are periodically cut down. * The appearance of those narrow avenues upon steep slopes open to the sky, on account of the height which the trees attain by being *forced* to grow upwards, is often very impressive. My guide, a boy of about fourteen years old, pointed this out to me in several places — W. W., 1842

find a subject which he will venture upon with the animation necessary to create sympathy, unless he confines himself to a particular art or he takes something of a one-sided view of the person he is disposed to celebrate. This is a melancholy truth, and affords a strong reason for the poetic mind being chiefly exercised in works of fiction; the poet can then follow wherever the spirit of admiration leads him, unchecked by such suggestions as will be too apt to cross his way if all that he is prompted to utter is to be tested by fact. Something in this spirit I have written in the note attached to the Sonnet on the King of Sweden; and many will think that in this poem and elsewhere I have spoken of the author of "Paradise Lost" in a strain of panegyric scarcely justifiable by the tenor of some of his opinions, whether theological or political, and by the temper he carried into public affairs, in which, unfortunately for his genius, he was so much concerned.]

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd embower — PARADISE LOST *

"VALLOMBROSA—I longed in thy shadiest wood
To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor!" †
Fond wish that was granted at last, and the Flood,
That lulled me asleep, bids me listen once more
Its murmur how soft! as it falls down the steep,
Near that Cell—yon sequestered Retreat high in air—‡
Where our Milton was wont lonely vigils to keep
For converse with God, sought through study and prayer

The Monks still repeat the tradition with pride,
And its truth who shall doubt? for his Spirit is here. §

* Compare *Paradise Lost*, Book I., l. 302. Vallombrosa—the shady valley—is 18 miles distant from Florence.—Ed.

† See for the two first lines, "Stanzas composed in the Simplon Pass"—W. W.—(See Vol. VI., p. 235.)—Ed.

‡ The monastery of Vallombrosa was founded about 1050, by S. Giovanni Gualberto. It was suppressed in 1809, and is now converted into the R. Istituto Forestale, or forest school. The 'cell,' the 'sequestered retreat' referred to by Wordsworth, is doubtless *Il Paradiso*, or *La Cella*, a small hermitage 236 feet above the monastery, which is itself 2,030 feet above the sea.—Ed.

§ Compare Milton's letter to Benedetto Bonaiuti of Florence, written during his stay in the city, Sept. 16, 1633.—Ed.

In the cloud-piercing rocks doth her grandeur abide,
 In the pines pointing heavenward her beauty austere;
 In the flower-besprent meadows his genius we trace
 Turned to humbler delights, in which youth might confide,
 That would yield him fit help while prefiguring that Place
 Where, if Sin had not entered, Love never had died
 When with life lengthened out came a desolate time,
 And darkness and danger had compassed him round,
 With a thought he would¹ flee to these haunts of his prime
 And here once again a kind shelter be found
 And let me believe that when nightly the Muse
 Did² waft him to Sion, the glorified hill,*
 Here also, on some favoured height, he³ would choose
 To wander, and drink inspiration at will

Vallombrosa! of thee I first heard in the page
 Of that holiest of Bards, and the name for my mind
 Had a musical charm, which the winter of age
 And the changes it brings had no power to unbind
 And now, ye Miltonian shades! under you
 I repose nor am forced from sweet fancy to part,
 While your leaves I behold and the brooks they will strew,
 And the realised vision is clasped to my heart.

¹ 1848

might

1842

² 1847

Would

1842

³ 1846

, they

1842

* Compare *Paradise Lost*, III, 9—

but chief

Thou Sion, and the founts Brooks beneath

That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,

Nightly I visit,

—R.

Even so, and unblamed, we rejoice as we may
 In Forms that must perish, frail objects of sense ;
 Unblamed— if the Soul be intent on the day
 When the Being of Beings shall summon her hence.
 For he and he only with wisdom is blest
 Who, gathering true pleasures wherever they grow,
 Looks up in all places, for joy or for rest,
 To the Fountain whence Time and Eternity flow

XIX

AT FLORENCE.

[Upon what evidence the belief rests that this stone was a favourite seat of Dante, I do not know ; but a man would little consult his own interest as a traveller, if he should busy himself with doubts as to the fact. The readiness with which traditions of this character are received, and the fidelity with which they are preserved from generation to generation, are an evidence of feelings honourable to our nature. I remember how, during one of my rambles in the course of a college vacation, I was pleased on being shown a seat near a kind of rocky cell at the source of the river, on which it was said that Congreve wrote his "Old Bachelor." One can scarcely live on any performance less in harmony with the scene, but it was a local tribute paid to intellect by those who had not troubled themselves to estimate the moral worth of that author's comedies, and why should they? He was a man distinguished in his day ; and the sequestered neighbourhood in which he often resided was perhaps as proud of him as Florence of her Dante : it is the same feeling, though proceeding from persons one cannot bring together in this way without offering some apology to the Shade of the great Visionary.]

Under the shadow of a stately Pile,
 The dome of Florence, pensive and alone,
 Nor giving heed to aught that passed the while,
 I stood, and gazed upon a marble stone,
 The laurell'd Dante's favourite seat * A throne,

* The *Sedia di Dante* is built into the wall of the house, No. 29 Casa del Canonico, close to the Duomo. — Ed.

In just esteem, it rivals; though no style
 Be there of decoration to beguile—
 The mind, depressed by thought of greatness flown
 As a true man, who long hath served the lyre,
 I gazed, with earnestness, and dared no more.
 But in his breast the mighty Poet bore
 A Patriot's heart, warm with undying fire.
 Bold with the thought, in reverence I sat down,
 And, for a moment, filled that empty Throne.

XX

BEFORE THE PICTURE OF THE BAPTIST, BY
RAPHAEL, IN THE GALLERY AT FLORENCE*

[It was very hot weather during the week we stayed at Florence, and, never having been there before, I went through much hard service, and am not therefore ashamed to confess I fell asleep before this picture and sitting with my back towards the Venus de Medicis. Buonaparte—in answer to one who had spoken of his being in a sound sleep up to the moment when one of his great battles was to be fought, as a proof of the calmness of his mind and command over anxious thoughts—said frankly, that he slept because from bodily exhaustion he could not help it. In like manner it is noticed that criminals on the night previous to their execution seldom awake before they are called, a proof that the body is the master of us far more than we need be willing to allow. Should this note by any possible chance be seen by any of my countrymen who might have been in the gallery at the time (and several persons were there) and witnessed such an indecorum, I hope he will give up the opinion which he might naturally have formed to my prejudice.]

The Baptist might have been ordain'd to cry
 North from the towers of that huge Pile, wherein

* This Sonnet refers to the picture of the young St John the Baptist, now in the Tribuna, Florence, designed about the same time as the Madonna di San Sisto, for Cardinal Cotonna, who is said to have presented it to his doctor, Jacopo de' Cerpi. It has been much admired, and often copied; but it is inferior, both in drawing and in colouring, to the great works of Raphael. How much of it was actually from his hand is uncertain, and the Baptist is painted rather like a Beardless than a Saint—Ed.

His Father served Jehovah; but how win
 Due audience, how for aught but scorn defy
 The obstinate pride and wanton revelry
 Of the Jerusalem below, her sin
 And folly, if they with united din
 Drown not at once mandate and prophecy?
 Therefore the Voice spake from the Desert, thence
 To Her, as to her opposite in peace,
 Silence, and holiness, and innocence,
 To Her and to all Lands its warning sent,
 Crying with earnestness that might not cease,
 "Make straight a highway for the Lord—repent!"

XXI

AT FLORENCE—FROM MICHAEL ANGELO

[However at first these two sonnets from Michael Angelo may seem in their spirit somewhat inconsistent with each other, I have not scrupled to place them side by side as characteristic of their great author, and others with whom he lived. I feel, nevertheless, a wish to know at what periods of his life they were respectively composed.* The latter, as it

* The second of the two sonnets translated by Wordsworth is No. lxxxi. in Signor Cesare Guasti's edition of Michael Angelo (1863)

AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

Scaro d'un' importuna

It was evidently written in old age. The following is Mr. John Addington Symonds's translation of the same sonnet:

Freed from a burden sore and grievous band,
 Dear Lord, and from this wearying world untied,
 Like a frail bark I turn me to Thy side,
 As from a fierce storm to a tranquil land.
 Thy thorns, Thy nails, and either bleeding hand,
 With Thy mild gentle piteous face, prevail
 Promise of help and mercies multiplied,
 And hope that yet my soul's wounds may stand.
 Let not Thy holy eyes be lost to see
 My evil part, Thy chastened ears to hear,
 And stretch the arm of judgment to my crime,
 Let Thy blood only love and succour me.

expresses, was written in his advanced years, when it was natural that the Platonism that pervades the one should give way to the christian feeling that inspired the other between both there is more than poetic affinity }

RAPT above earth by power of one fair face,
 Hers in whose sway alone my heart delights,
 I mingle with the blest on those pure heights
 Where Man, yet mortal, rarely finds a place
 With Him who made the Work that Work accords
 So well, that by its help and through his grace
 I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds and words,
 Claspng her beauty in my soul's embrace
 Thus, if from two fair eyes mine cannot turn,
 I feel how in their presence doth abide
 Light which to God is both the way and guide,
 And, kindling at their lustre, if I burn,
 My noble fire emits the joyful ray
 That through the realms of glory shines for aye

XXII.

AT FLORENCE—FROM M. ANGELO

ETERNAL Lord ! eased of a cumbrous load,
 And loosened from the world, I turn to Thee ;
 Shun, like a shattered bark, the storm, and flee
 To thy protection for a safe abode
 The crown of thorns, hands pierced upon the tree,
 The meek, benign, and lacerated face,
 To a sincere repentance promise grace,

Yielding more perfect pardon, better cheer,
 As older still I grow with lengthening time

The Sonnets of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti and Tommaso Campanella,
 by John Addington Symonds, p. 110

Compare Wordsworth's translation of other three sonnets by Michael
 Angelo (Vol. IV., p. 37-39).—Ed.

To the sad soul give hope of pardon free
 With justice mark not Thou, O Light divine,
 My fault, nor hear it with thy sacred ear,
 Neither put forth that way thy arm severe;
 Wash with thy blood my sins; thereto incline
 More readily the more my years require
 Help, and forgiveness speedy and entire

XXIII

AMONG THE RUINS OF A CONVENT IN THE
APENNINES

[The political revolutions of our time have multiplied, on the Continent, objects that unavoidably call forth reflection, such as are expressed in these verses, but the Ruins of those convents are too recent to exhibit, in anything like an equal degree, the beauty with which time and nature have invested the remains of our Convents and Abbeys. These verses, it will be observed, take up the beauty long before it is matured, as one cannot but wish it may be among some of the desolations of Italy, France, and Germany.]

YE Trees † whose slender roots entwine
 Altars that pretty neglects
 Whose infant arms enclasp the shrine
 Which no devotion now respects,
 If not a straggler from the herd
 Here ruminates, nor shrouded bird,
 Chanting her low-voiced hymn, take pride
 In aught that ye would grace or hide—
 How sadly is your love misplaced,
 Fair Trees, your bounty run to waste!

Ye, too, † wild Flowers † that no one heeds,
 And ye—fall often spurned as weed!—

In beauty clothed, or breathing sweetness
 From fractured arch and mouldering wall —
 Do but more touchingly recal
 Man's headstrong violence and Time's fleetness,
 Making¹ the precincts ye adorn
 Appear to sight still more forlorn

XXIV

IN LOMBARDY

See where his drille¹ way that Old Man wins
 Beneath a load of Mulberry leaves¹—most hard
 Appointed his lot, to the small Worm's compared,
 For soon his toil with early day begins
 Acknowledging no task-master, at will
 (As if her Libom and her ease were twins)
She seems to work at pleasure to be still;—
 And softly sleeps within the thread she spins.
 So fate they—the Man serving as her Slave.
 Fit to see their fates do each to each conform
 Both pass into new being,—but the Worm,
 Transfigured sinks into a hopeless grave,
His volant Spirit with¹ trusts, ascend
 To bliss unbounded glory without end.

1845

And make

1845

XXV

AFTER LEAVING ITALY

[I had proof in several instances that the Carbonari, if I may still call them so, and their favourites, were opening their eyes to the necessity of patience, and are intent upon acquiring knowledge actively but quietly as they can. May they have resolution to continue in this

course! for it is the only one by which they can truly benefit their country. We left Italy by the way which is called the "Nuova Strada de Allmagna," to the east of the high passes of the Alps, which take you at once from Italy into Switzerland. This road leads across several smaller heights, and winds down different vales in succession, so that it was only by the accidental sound of a few German words that I was aware we had quitted Italy; and hence the unwelcome shock alluded to in the two or three last lines of the latter sonnet]

FAIR Land! Thee all men greet with joy, how few,
Whose souls take pride in freedom, virtue, fame,
Part from thee without pity dyed in shame.
I could not—while from Venice we withdrew,
Led on till an Alpine strait confined our view*
Within its depths, and to the shore we came
Of Lago Morto, dreary sight and name,
Which o'er sad thoughts a sadder colouring threw
Italia! on the surface of thy spirit,
(Too aptly emblem'd by that torpid lake)
Shall a few partial breezes only creep?—
Be its depths quickened, what thou dost inherit
Of the world's hopes, dare to fulfil; awake,
Mother of Heroes, from thy death-like sleep!

XXVI

CONTINUED.

As indignation mastered grief, my tongue
Spoke bitter words, words that did ill agree
With those rich stores of Nature's imagery,
And divine Art, that fast to memory cling—
Thy gifts, magnificent Region, ever young
In the sun's eye and in his sister's sight

* They left Venice by the Nuova strada de Allmagna, resting at Loggione, Silhan, Spittal (in Carinthia), and thence on to Salzburg.—Ed.

How beautiful! how worthy to be sung
 In strains of rapture, or subdued delight!
 I feign not, witness that unwelcome shock
 That followed the first sound of German speech,
 Caught the far-winding barrier Alps among.
 In that announcement, greeting seemed to mock*
 Parting, the casual word had power to reach
 My heart, and filled that heart with conflict strong.

AT BOLOGNA, IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE
 INSURRECTIONS, 1837 †

Comp 1837. — Pub 1842.

I.

All why deceive ourselves! by no mere fit
 Of sudden passion roused shall men attain
 True freedom where for ages they have lain
 Bound in a dark abominable pit,
 With life's best sinews more and more unknit
 Here, there, a banded few who loathe the chain
 May rise to break it: effort worse than vain
 For thee, O great Italian nation, split
 Into those jarring factions.—Let thy scope
 Be one fixed mind for all; thy rights approve
 To thy own conscience gradually renewed,
 Learn to make Time the father of wise Hope,
 Then trust thy cause to the arm of Fortitude,
 The light of Knowledge, and the warmth of Love.

* See the *Kenwick* note to the last sonnet. —Ed.

† The three sonnets, *At Bologna, in remembrance of the late Insurrections, 1837*, are printed as a sequel to the Italian Tour of that year. Wordsworth placed them amongst his "Sonnets dedicated to Liberty and Order." —Ed.

CONTINUED.

Comp. 1837. — Pub. 1842.

II.

HARD task ' exclaim the undisciplined, to lean
 On Patience coupled with such slow endeavour
 That long-lived servitude must last for ever.
 Perish the grovelling few, who, priest between
 Wrongs and the terror of redress, would wean
 Millions from glorious arms. Our chains to sever
 Let us break forth in tempest now, or never '—
 What, is there then no space for golden mean
 And gradual progress?—Twilight leads to day,
 And, even within the burning zones of earth
 The hastiest sunrise yields a temperate ray,
 The softest breeze to fairest flowers gives birth.
 Think not that Prudence dwells in dark abodes,
 She scans the future with the eye of gods

CONCLUDED.

Comp. 1837. — Pub. 1842.

III.

As leaves are to the tree whence they grow
 And wither, every human generation
 Is to the Being of a mighty nation,
 Locked in our world's embrace through weal and woe
 Thought that should teach the zealot to forego
 Rash schemes, to abjure all selfish agitation,
 And seek through noiseless pains and moderation
 The unblemished good they only can bestow.
 Alas! with most who weigh futurity

Against time present, passion holds the scales .
 Hence equal ignorance of both prevails
 And nations sink ; or, struggling to be free,
 Are doomed to flounder on, like wounded whales
 Tossed on the bosom of a stormy sea

Comp 1837 — Pub 1837

WHAT if our numbers barely could defy
 The arithmetic of babes, must foreign hordes,
 Slaves, vile as ever were befooled by words,
 Striking through English breasts the anarchy
 Of Terror, bear us to the ground, and tie
 Our hands behind our backs with felon cords ?
 Yields every thing to discipline of swords ?
 Is man as good as man, none low, none high ?—
 Nor discipline nor valour can withstand
 The shock, nor quell the inevitable rout,
 When in some great extremity breaks out
 A people, on their own beloved Land
 Risen, like one man, to combat in the sight
 Of a just God for liberty and right.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.*

Comp 1837 — Pub. 1842

[These verses were thrown off extempore upon leaving Mrs Luff's house at Fox Ghyll one evening. The good woman is not disposed to look at the bright side of things, and there happened to be present certain ladies who had reached the point of life where youth is ended, and who seemed to contend with each other in expressing their dislike of the country and climate. One of them had been heard to say she could not endure a country where there was "neither sunshine nor cavaliers."]

* These verses originally appeared in *The Tribute*, a volume edited by Lord Northampton in 1837, for the benefit of the widow and family of the Rev. Edward Smedley. The volume contains a poem by Southey on Brough Bella which was not republished.—Ed.

Lo! where the Moon along the sky
 Sails with her happy destiny,¹
 Oft is she hid from mortal eye
 Or dimly seen,
 But when the clouds asunder fly
 How bright her men!²

Far different we—a froward race,³
 Thousands though rich in Fortune's grace
 With cherished sullenness of pace
 Their way pursue,
 Ingrates who wear a smileless face
 The whole year through

If kindred humours e'er would make⁴
 My spirit droop for drooping's sake,
 From Fancy following in thy wake,
 Bright ship of heaven!
 A counter impulse let me take
 And be forgiven.*

¹ 1842.

The moon that sails along the sky
 Moves with a happy destiny.

1837.

The following—which was the second stanza in
 the edition of 1837,—was omitted in 1842.

Not flagging when the winds all sleep,
 Not hurried onward, when they sweep
 The bosom of th' ethereal deep,
 Not turned aside,
 She knows an even course to keep,
 Whate'er betide.

² 1842.

Perverse are we—a froward race;

³ 1842.

If kindred humour e'er should make

1838.

* Compare the poem *To the Daisy* (1803), beginning
 "Bright flower! whose home is everywhere"

1838.

In 1838 Wordsworth wrote eleven Sonnets. These were published for the first time in the volume of collected Sonnets, several being inserted out of their intended place, while the book was passing through the press.

The "Protest against the Ballot," which appeared in 1838, was never republished

TO THE PLANET VENUS.

Upon its approximation (as an Evening Star) to the Earth, Jan 1838

Comp 1838 — Pub 1838.

WHAT strong allurement draws, what spirit guides,
Thee, Vesper! brightening still, as if the nearer
Thou com'st to man's abode the spot grew dearer
Night after night? True is it Nature hides
Her treasures less and less — Man now presides
In power, where once he trembled in his weakness,
Science¹ advances with gigantic strides;
But are we aught enriched in love and meekness? *
Aught dost thou see, bright Star! of pure and wise
More than in humbler times graced human story,
That makes our hearts more apt to sympathise
With Heaven, our souls more fit for future glory,
When earth shall vanish from our closing eyes,
Ere we lie down in our last dormitory?

¹ 1845

Knowledge

1838

* Compare Tennyson's

"Let science prove we are, and then
What matter science unto men," &c.

—Ed.

Comp. 1838. — Pub. 1838.

HARK! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, undeprest,
 By twilight premature of cloud and rain;
 Nor does that roaring wind deaden his strain
 Who carols thinking of his Love and nest,
 And seems, as more incited, still more blest.
 Thanks; thou hast snapped a fire-side Prisoner's chain,
 Exulting Warbler! eased a fretted brain,
 And in a moment charmed my cares to rest
 Yes, I will forth, bold Bird! and front the blast
 That we may sing together, if thou wilt,
 So loud, so clear, my Partner through life's day,
 Mute in her nest love-chosen, if not love-built
 Like thine, shall gladden, as in seasons past,
 Thrilled by loose snatches of the social Lay.

RUDAL MOUST, 1838.

Comp. 1838. — Pub. 1838.

'Tis He whose yester-evening's high disdain
 Beat back the roaring storm—but how subdued
 His day-break note, a sad vicissitude!
 Does the hour's drowsy weight his glee restrain?
 Or, like the nightingale, her joyous vein
 Pleased to renounce, does this dear Thrush attune
 His voice to suit the temper of yon Moon
 Doubly depressed, setting, and in her wane?
 Rise, tardy Sun! and let the Songster prove
 (The balance trembling between night and morn
 No longer) with what ecstasy upborne
 He can pour forth his spirit. In heaven above,
 And earth below, they best can serve true gladness
 Who meet most feelingly the calls of sadness.

COMPOSED AT RYDAL ON MAY MORNING, 1838.

Comp 1838 — Pub 1838.

[This and the following sonnet were composed on what we call the "Far Terrace" at Rydal Mount, where I have murmured out many thousands of verses.]

If with old love of you, dear Hills ! I share,
 New love of many a rival image brought
 From far, forgive the wanderings of my thought.
 Nor art thou wronged, sweet May ! when I compare
 Thy present birth-morn with thy last,* so fair,
 So rich to me in favours. For my lot
 Then was, within the famed Egerian Grot
 To sit and muse, fanned by its dewy air
 Mingling with thy soft breath ! That morning too,
 Warblers I heard their joy unbooming
 Amid the sunny, shadowy, Coliseum ; †
 Heard them, unchecked by aught of saddening hue,¹
 For victories there won by flower-crowned Spring,
 Chant in full choir their innocent Te Deum.

COMPOSED ON A MAY MORNING, 1838.

Comp. 1838. — Pub. 1838.

LIFE with you Lambs, like day, is just begun,
 Yet Nature seems to them a heavenly guide.
 Does joy approach ? they meet the coming tide ;
 And sullenness avoid, as now they shun

¹ 1846

of sombre hue,

1868

* On May morning, 1837, Wordsworth was in Rome with Henry Crabbe Robinson. — Ed.

† The Flavian Amphitheatre, begun by Vespasian, A.D. 72, and continued by his son Titus, one of the noblest structures in Rome, now ruin. — Ed.

Pale twilight's lingering glooms,—and in the sun
 Couch near their dams, with quiet satisfied ;
 Or gambol—each with his shadow at his side,
 Varying its shape wherever he may run.
 As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy dew
 All turn, and court the shining and the green,
 Where herbs look up, and opening flowers are seen,
 Why to God's goodness cannot We be true,
 'And so, His gifts and promises between,
 Feed to the last on pleasures ever new ?

Comp 1838 — Pub 1838.

[The sad condition of poor Mrs Southey* put me upon writing this:
 It has afforded comfort to many persons whose friends have been
 similarly affected.]

Oh what a Wreck ! how changed in men and speech !
 Yet—though dread Powers, that work in mystery, spin
 Entanglings of the brain, though shadows stretch
 O'er the chilled heart—reflect, far, far within
 Hers is a holy Being, freed from Sin
 She is not what she seems, a forlorn wretch,
 But delegated Spirits comfort fetch.
 To Her from heights that Reason may not win.
 Like Children, She is privileged to hold
 Divine communion,† both do live and move,
 What'er to shallow Faith their ways unfold,
 Inly illumined by Heaven's pitying love ;
 Love pitying innocence not long to last,
 In them—in Her our sins and sorrows past.

1845.

for

1846.

* Mrs Southey died Nov. 18, 1837. She had long been an invalid. See *Southey's Life and Correspondence*, Vol. VI., p. 347.—*Eds.*

† Compare a remark of Wordsworth's that he never saw those with mind untinged, but he thought of the words, "Life hid in God."—*Eds.*

A PLEA FOR AUTHORS, MAY 1838

FAILING impartial measure to dispense
 To every suitor, Equity is lame,
 And social Justice, stript of reverence
 For natural rights, a mockery and a shame,
 Law but a servile dupe of false pretence,
 If, guarding grossest things from common claim,
 Now and for ever, She, to works that can't
 From mind and spirit, grudge a short-lived fence,
 "What! lengthened privilege, a lineal tie
 For *Books!*" Yes, heartless Ones, or be it proved
 That 'tis a fault in Us to have lived and loved
 Like others, with like temporal hopes to die,
 No public harm that Genius from her course
 Be turned, and streams of truth dried up, even at their source!

A POET TO HIS GRANDCHILD.

(Sequel to the foregoing)

"Son of my buried Son; while thus thy hand
 "Is clasping mine, it saddens me to think
 "How Want may press thee down, and with thee sunk
 "Thy children left unfit, through vain demand
 "Of culture, even to feel or understand
 "My simplest Lay that to their memory
 "May cling;—hard fate! which haply need not be
 "Did Justice mould the statutes of the Land.
 "A Book time-cherished and an honoured name
 "Are high rewards; but bound they nature's claim
 "Or Reasons? No—hopes spun in timid line
 "From out the bosom of a modest home
 "Extend through unambitious years to come,
 "My careless Little one, for thee and thine!"*

May 23rd.

* The author of an animated article, printed in the *Law Magazine*, in

Comp. 1838. — Pub 1838.

Blest Statesman He, whose Mind's unselfish will
 Leaves him¹ at ease among grand thoughts: whose eye
 Sees that, apart from magnanimity,
 Wisdom exists not; nor the humbler skill
 Of Prudence, disentangling good and ill
 With patient care What tho' assaults run high,
 They daunt not him who holds his ministry,
 Resolute, at all hazards, to fulfil
 Its duties,—prompt to move, but firm to wait,—
 Knowing, things rashly sought are rarely found
 That, for the functions of an ancient State—
 Strong by her charters, free because unbound,
 Servant of Providence, not slave of Fate—
 Perilous is sweeping change, all chance unsound *

PROTEST AGAINST THE BALLOT †

Comp. 1838 — Pub 1838.

Forth rushed from Envy spring and Self-conceit,
 A Power misnamed the SPIRIT of REFORM,

1838.

her

1838

favour of the principle of Serjeant Talfourd's Copyright Bill, precedes me in the public expression of this feeling; which had been forced too often upon my own mind, by remembering how few descendants of men, eminent in literature, are even known to exist.—W. W., 1838.

The sonnet is not addressed to any grandson of the Poet's.—Ed.

* All change is perilous, and all chance unsound."

—Spenser.—W. W., 1838.

† In his notice to the volume of Collected Sonnets (1836), Wordsworth writes—"Protest against the Ballot." Having in this notice alluded only in general terms to the mischief which, in my opinion, the Ballot would bring along with it, without especially branding its immoral and antisocial tendency (for which no political advantages, were they a thousand times

And through the astonished Island swept in storm,
 Threatening to lay all orders at her feet—
 That crossed her way. Now stoops she to entreat
 Licence to hide at intervals her head
 Where she may work, safe, undisquieted,
 In a close Box, covert for Justice meet
 St George of England! keep a watchful eye
 Fixed on the Sutor; frustrate her request—
 Stifle her hope; for, if the State comply,
 From such Pandoran gift may come a Pest
 Worse than the Dragon that bowed low his crest,
 Pierced by thy spear in glorious victory

VALEDICTORY SONNET

Closing the Volume of Sonnets published in 1838

Comp. 1838. — Pub. 1838.

SERVING no haughty Muse, my hands have here
 Disposed some cultured Flowerets (drawn from spots
 Where they bloomed singly, or in scattered knots),
 Each kind in several beds of one parterre,
 Both to allure the casual Lotterer,
 And that, so placed, my Nurslings may requite
 Studious regard with opportune delight,
 Nor be unthanked, unless I fondly err.
 But metaphor dismissed, and thanks apart,

greater than those presumed upon, could be a compensation), I have been impelled to subjoin a reprobation of it upon that score. In no part of my writings have I mentioned the name of any contemporary, that of Buonaparte only excepted, but for the purpose of eulogy, and therefore, as in the concluding verse of what follows, there is a deviation from this rule (for the blank will be easily filled up) I have excluded the sonnet from the body of the collection, and placed it here as a public record of my detestation, both as a man and a citizen, of the proposed conference."

Then follows the sonnet beginning

"Said Treachery to Cowardice and Fraud"

(See p. 82.)—Ed

Reader, farewell! My last words let them be—
 If in this book Fancy and Truth agree;
 If simple Nature trained by careful Art
 Through It have won a passage to thy heart;
 Grant me thy love, I crave no other fee!

1839.

The fourteen sonnets "Upon the Punishment of Death" were originally published in the *Quarterly Review* (in December 1841), in an article on the "Sonnets of William Wordsworth" by Henry (now Sir Henry) Taylor, the author of *Philip van Artevelde*, and other poems. Towards the close of this article, after reviewing the volume of sonnets published in 1838, Sir Henry adds, "There is a short series written twenty years ago, which we have been favoured with permission to present to the public for the first time. It was suggested by the recent discussions in Parliament and elsewhere on the subject of the 'Punishment of Death'." When republishing this and other critical Essays on Poetry, in the collected edition of his works in 1878, Sir Henry omitted the paragraphs relating to these particular sonnets.

SONNETS UPON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.*

IN SERIES.

Comp. 1839, — Pub. 1841

I.

SUGGESTED BY THE VIEW OF LANCASTER CASTLE
 (ON THE ROAD FROM THE SOUTH.)

THIS Spot—at once unfolding sight so fair
 Of sea and land, with yon grey towers that still
 Rise up as if to lord it over air—

* In the session of 1836, a report by the Commissioners on Criminal Law—of which the second part was on this subject (the Punishment of Death)—was laid before Parliament. In the ensuing session this

Might soothe in human breasts the sense of ill,
 Or charm it out of memory ; yea, might fill
 The heart with joy and gratitude to God
 For all his bounties upon man bestowed :
 Why bears it then the name of " Weeping Hill ? " *
 Thousands, as toward yon old Lancastrian Towers,
 A prison's crown, along this way they past
 For lingering durance or quick death with shame,
 From this bare eminence thereon have cast
 Their first look—blinded as tears fell in showers
 Shed on their chains, and hence that doleful name

II †

TENDERLY do we feel by Nature's law
 For worst offenders. though the heart will heave
 With indignation, deeply moved we grieve,
 In after thought, for Him who stood in awe
 Neither of God nor man, and only saw,

was followed by papers presented to Parliament by her Majesty's command, and consisting of a correspondence between the Commissioners, Lord John Russell, and Lord Denman. Upon the foundation afforded by these documents, the bills of the 17th July 1837—(7th Gai. IV. and 1st Vict cap 84 to 89 and 91)—were brought in and passed. These acts removed the punishment of death from about 200 offences, and left it applicable to high treason,—murder and attempts at murder—rape—arson with danger to life—and to piracies, burglaries, and robberies, when aggravated by cruelty and violence." (Sir Henry Taylor, *Quarterly Review*, Dec. 1841, p. 39.) Some members of the House of Commons—Mr Fitzroy Kelly, Mr Ewart, and others—desired a further limitation of the punishment of death to the crimes of murder and treason only, and the question of the entire abolition of capital punishment being virtually before the country, Wordsworth dealt with it in the following series of sonnets.—Ed.

* The name given to the spot from which criminals on their way to the Castle of Lancaster first see it.—Ed.

† "The first sonnet prepares the reader to sympathise with the sufferings of the culprits. The next cautions him as to the limits within which his sympathies are to be restrained." (Sir H. Taylor).—Ed.

Lost wretch, a horrible device enthroned
 On prond temptations, till the victim groaned
 Under the steel his hand had dared to draw.
 But O, restrain compassion, if its course,
 As oft befalls, prevent or turn aside *
 Judgments and aims and acts whose higher source
 Is sympathy with the unforewarned, who died †
 Blameless—with them that shuddered o'er his grave,
 And all who from the law firm safety crave.

III.

THE Roman Consul doomed his sons to die
 Who had betrayed their country † The stern word
 Afforded (may it through all time afford)
 A theme for praise and admiration high.
 Upon the surface of humanity
 He rested not; its depths his mind explored;
 He felt, but his parental bosom's lord
 Was Duty,—Duty calmed his agony
 And some, we know, when they by wilful act
 A single human life have wrongly taken,
 Pass sentence on themselves, confess the fact,
 And, to atone for it, with soul unshaken
 Kneel at the feet of Justice, and, for faith
 Broken with all mankind, solicit death.

† 1842.

that died

1832.

* "In the third and fourth sonnets the reader is prepared to regard as low and effeminate the views which would estimate life and death as the most important of all sublimity conditions." (Sir H. Taylor.)—Ed.

† Lucius Junius Brutus, who condemned his sons to die for the part they took in the conspiracy to restore the Tarquins. (See *Liberty*, Book II.)—Ed.

IV.

Is *Death*, when evil against good has fought
 With such fell mastery that a man may dare
 By deeds the blackest purpose to lay bare—
 Is *Death*, for one to that condition brought,
 For him, or any one, the thing that ought
 To be *most* dreaded? Lawgivers, beware;
 Lest, capital pains remitting till ye spare
 The murderer, ye, by sanction to that thought
 Seemingly given, debase the general mind;
 Tempt the vague will tried standards to disown,
 Nor only palpable restraints unbind
 But upon Honour's head disturb the crown.
 Whose absolute rule permits not to withstand
 In the weak love of life his least command

V.

Nor to the object specially designed,
 Howe'er momentous in itself it be,
 Good to promote or curb depravity,
 Is the wise Legislator's view confined.
 His Spirit, when most severe, is oft most kind,
 As all Authority in earth depends
 On Love and Fear, their several powers he blends.
 Copying with awe the one Paternal mind.
 Uncaught by processes in show humane,
 He feels how far the act would derogate
 From even the humblest functions of the State,
 If she, self-shorn of Majesty, ordain
 That never more shall hang upon her breath
 The last alternative of Life or Death

VI

Ye brood of conscience—Spectres! that frequent
 The bad Man's restless walk, and haunt his bed—
 Fiends in your aspect, yet beneficent
 In act, as hovering Angels when they spread
 Their wings to guard the unconscious Innocent—
 Slow be the Statutes of the land to share
 A laxity that could not but impair
 Your power to punish crime, and so prevent
 And ye, Beliefs! coiled serpent-like about
 The adage on all tongues, "Murder will out,"
 How shall your ancient warnings work for good
 In the full might they hitherto have shown,
 If for deliberate shedder of man's blood
 Survive not Judgment that requires his own?

VII.

BEFORE the world had passed her time of youth
 While polity and discipline were weak,
 The precept eye for eye, and tooth for tooth,
 Came forth—a light, though but as of day-break,
 Strong as could then be borne. A Master meek
 Proscribed the spirit fostered by that rule,
 Patience *his* law, long-suffering *his* school,
 And love the end, which all through peace must seek.
 But lamentably do they err who strain
 His mandates, given rash impulse to controul

* "The sixth commandment adverts to the effects of the law in preventing the crime of murder, not merely by fear, but by horror, by investing the crime itself with the colouring of dark and terrible imaginations." (Sir H. Taylor.)—Ed.

And keep vindictive thirstings from the soul,
So far that, if consistent in their scheme,
They must forbid the State to inflict a pain,
Making of social order a mere dream

VIII *

FIT retribution, by the moral code
Determined, lies beyond the State's embrace,
Yet, as she may, for each peculiar case
She plants well-measured terrors in the road
Of wrongful acts Downward it is and broad,
And, the main fear once doomed to banishment,
Far oftener then, bad ushering worse event,
Blood would be spilt that in his dark abode
Crime might lie better hid. And, should the change
Take from the horror due to a foul deed,
Pursuit and evidence so far must fail,
And, guilt escaping, passion then might plead
In angry spirits for her old free range,
And the "wild justice of revenge" prevail

IX.

THOUGH to give timely warning and deter
Is one great aim of penalty, extend
Thy mental vision further and ascend
Far higher, else full surely shalt thou err¹
What is a State? The wise behold in her

1845.

thou shalt err.

1842.

* "In the eighth sonnet the doctrine which would strive to measure out the punishments awarded by the law in proportion to the degrees of moral turpitude is disavowed." (Sir H. Taylor.)—Ed.

A creature born of time, that keeps one eye
 Fixed on the statutes of Eternity;
 To which her judgments reverently defer.
 Speaking through Law's dispassionate voice, the State
 Endues her conscience with external life
 And being, to preclude or quell the strife
 Of individual will, to elevate
 The grovelling mind, the erring to recal,
 And fortify the moral sense of all

X.

OUR bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine
 Of an immortal spirit, is a gift
 So sacred, so informed with light divine,
 That no tribunal, though most wise to sift
 Deed and intent, should turn the Being adrift
 Into that world where penitential tear
 May not avail, nor prayer have for God's ear
 A voice—that world whose veil no hand can lift
 For earthly sight. "Eternity and Time."
 They urge, "have interwoven claims and rights
 Not to be jeopardised through foulest crime.
 The sentence rule by mercy's heaven-born lights."
 Even so; but measuring not by finite sense
 Infinite Power, perfect Intelligence.

XI.

AH, think how one compelled for life to abide
 Locked in a dungeon needs must set the heart

* "In the eleventh and twelfth centuries the alternatives of secondary punishment—solitary imprisonment, and transportation—were adverted to." (Sir H. Taylor.)—Ed.

Out of his own humanity, and part
 With every hope that mutual cares provide;
 And, should a less unnatural doom confide,
 In life-long exile on a savage coast,
 Soon the relapsing penitent may boast
 Of yet more heinous guilt, with fiercer pride.
 Hence thoughtful Mercy, Mercy sage and pure,
 Sanctions the forfeiture that Law demands,
 Leaving the final issue in *His* hands
 Whose goodness knows no change, whose love is sure,
 Who sees, foresees, who cannot judge amiss,
 And waits at will the contrite soul to bliss.

XII.

SEE the Condemned alone within his cell
 And prostrate at some moment when remorse
 Stings to the quick, and, with resistless force,
 Assaults the pride she strove in vain to quell.
 Then mark him, him who could so long rebel,
 The crime confessed, a kneeling Penitent
 Before the Altar, where the Sacrament
 Softens his heart, till from his eyes outwell
 Tears of salvation. Welcome death! while Heaven
 Does in this change exceedingly rejoice,
 While yet the solemn heed the State hath given
 Helps him to meet the last Tribunal's voice
 In faith, which fresh offences, were he cast
 On old temptations, might for ever blast.

XIII.*

CONCLUSION.

YES, though He well may tremble at the sound
 Of his own voice, who from the judgment-seat
 Sends the pale Convict to his last retreat
 In death; though Listeners shudder all around,
 They know the dread requital's source profound;
 Nor is, they feel, its wisdom obsolete—
 (Would that it were!) the sacrifice unmeet
 For Christian Earth. But hopeful signs abound;
 The social rights of man breathe purer air,
 Religion deepens her preventive care,
 Then, moved by needless fear of past abuse,
 Strike not from Law's firm hand that awful rod,
 But leave it thence to drop for lack of use:
 Oh, speed the blessed hour, Almighty God!

XIV.

APOLOGY.

THE formal World relaxes her cold chain
 For One who speaks in numbers; ample scope
 His utterance finds; and, conscious of the gain,
 Imagination works with bolder hope
 The cause of grateful reason to sustain;
 And, serving Truth, the heart more strongly beats
 Against all barriers which his labour meets
 In lofty place, or humble Life's domain.

* "In the nineteenth century we anticipate that a time may come when the punishment of death will be needed no longer; but he wishes that the disuse of it should grow out of the absence of the need, not be imposed by legislation." (Sir H. Taylor)—*Ed.*

Enough,—before us lay a painful road,
 And guidance have I sought in dutious love
 From Wisdom's heavenly Father. * Hence hath flowed
 Patience, with trust that, whatso'er the way
 Each takes in this high matter, all may move
 Cheered with the prospect of a brighter day.

1840.

Only four poems, viz., *Poor Robin*, and three sonnets—two referring to Miss Gillies, and one to Haydon's portrait of the Duke of Wellington—belong to 1840.

ON A PORTRAIT OF L. F., PAINTED BY
 MARGARET GILLIES *

We gaze—nor grieve to think that we must die
 But that the precious love this friend hath sown
 Within our hearts, the love whose flower hath blown
 Bright as if heaven were ever in its eye,
 Will pass so soon from human memory,
 And not by strangers to our blood alone,
 But by our best descendants be unknown,
 Unthought of—this may surely claim a sigh
 Yet, blessed Art, we yield not to dejection,
 Thou against Time so feelingly dost strive:
 Where'er, preserved in this most true reflection,
 An image of her soul is kept alive,
 Some lingering fragrance of the pure affection,
 Whose flower with us will vanish, must survive.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Rydal Mount, *Nine Year's Day*, 1840.

* See the note to the next sonnet.—Ed.

TO I. F.*

The star which comes at close of day to shine
 More heavenly bright than when it leads the morn,
 Is friendship's emblem,¹ whether the forlorn
 She visiteth, or, shedding light benign
 Through shades that solemnize Life's calm decline,
 Doth make the happy happier. This have we
 Learnt, Isabel, from thy society,
 Which now we too unwillingly resign
 Though for brief absence. But farewell! the page
 Glimmers before my sight through thankful tears,
 Such as start forth, not seldom, to approve
 Our truth, when we, old yet unchill'd by age,
 Call thee, though known but for a few fleet years,
 The heart-affianced sister of our love!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, Feb. 1840.

Bright is the star which comes at eve to shine
 More heavenly bright than when it leads the morn,
 And such is Friendship, whether the forlorn, &c. 1840.

POOR ROBIN.†

Comp. 1840. — Pub. 1842.

[I often ask myself what will become of Rydal Mount after our day
 Will the old walls and steps remain in front of the house and about

* This and the preceding sonnet was addressed to Miss Penwick, to whom we indirectly owe the introduction "Penwick's Novel." Were it not that the date is very minutely given, I would believe that they belong to 1841, as Miss Gillies tells me she resided at Rydal Mount during that year, when she painted Mrs. Wordsworth's portrait. (See pp. 106 and 107.) — Ed.

† The small wild Cerastium known by that name. — W. W., 1842.

the grounds, or will they be swept away with all the beautiful mosses and ferns and wild geraniums and other flowers which their rude construction suffered and encouraged to grow among them?— This little wild flower—"Poor Robin"—is here constantly courting my attention, and exciting what may be called a domestic interest with the varying aspects of its stalks and leaves and flowers.† Strangely do the tastes of men differ according to their employment and habits of life. "What a nice well would that be," said a labouring man to me one day, "if all that rubbish was cleared off." The "*rubbish*" was some of the most beautiful mosses and lichens and ferns and other wild growths that could possibly be seen. Defend us from the tyranny of trimness and neatness showing itself in this way! Chatterton says of freedom—"Upon her head wild weeds were spread," and depend upon it if "the marvellous boy" had undertaken to give Flora a garden, he would have preferred what we are apt to call weeds to garden flowers. True taste has an eye for both. Weeds have been called flowers out of place. I fear the place most people would assign to them is too limited. Let them come near to our abodes, as surely they may, without impropriety or disorder.]

Now when the primrose makes a splendid show,
And lilies face the March-winds in full blow,
And humbler growths as moved with one desire
Put on, to welcome spring, their best attire,
Poor Robin is yet flowerless; but how gay
With his red stalks upon this sunny day!
And, as his tufts¹ of leaves he spreads, content
With a hard bed and scanty nourishment,
Mixed with the green, some shine not lacking power
To rival summer's brightest scarlet flower,
And flowers they well might seem to passers-by
If looked at only with a careless eye;

1846

tuft

1847

* These things remain comparatively unaltered. Rydal Mount has suffered little in picturesqueness; while the house and grounds have gained in many ways from the inevitable changes of time.—Ed.

† Compare what is said of it in the *Memoirs* of the Poet, written in 1850. Vol. I. p. 20.—Ed.

Flowers—or a richer produce (did it suit
 The season) sprinklings of ripe strawberry fruit
 But while a thousand pleasures come unsought,
 Why fix upon his wealth or want¹ a thought ?
 Is the string touched in prelude to a lay
 Of pretty fancies that would round him play
 When all the world acknowledged elfin sway ?
 Or does it suit our humour to commend
 Poor Robin as a sure and crafty friend,
 Whose practice teaches, spite of names to show
 Bright colours whether they deceive or no ?—
 Nay, we would simply praise the fine good will
 With which, though slighted, he, on naked hill
 Or in warm valley, seeks his part to fill,
 Cheerful alike if bare of flowers as now,
 Or when his tiny gems shall deck his brow
 Yet more, we wish that men by men despised,
 And such as lift their foreheads overprized,
 Should sometimes think, where'er they chance to spy
 This child of Nature's own humility,
 What recompense is kept in store or left
 For all that seem neglected or bereft,
 With what nice care equivalents are given,
 How just, how bountiful, the hand of Heaven

March 1840

ON A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON
UPON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO, BY HAYDON *

Comp Aug. 31, 1840 — Pub 1842

[This was composed while I was ascending Helvellyn in company with my daughter and her husband. She was on horseback, and rode to the top of the hill without once dismounting, a feat which it was scarcely possible to perform except during a season of dry weather, and a guide, with whom we fell in on the mountain, told us he believed it had never been accomplished before by any one.]

By Art's bold privilege Warrior and War-horse stand
On ground yet strewn with their last battle's wreck,
Let the Steed glory while his Master's hand
Lies fixed for ages on his conscious neck,
But by the Chieftain's look, though at his side
Hangs that day's treasured sword, how firm a cheek
Is given to triumph and all human pride!
Yon trophied Mound shrinks to a shadowy speck
In his calm presence! Him the mighty deed
Elates not, brought far nearer the grave's rest,
As shows that time-worn face, for he such seed
Has shown as yields, we trust, the fruit of fame

* Haydon worked at this picture of Wellington from June to November, 1839 (See his Autobiography, vol III p 108 131) He writes under date, Sept 4, 1840 — "Hard at work. I heard from dear Wordsworth, with a glorious sonnet on the Duke and Copenhagen.* It is very fine, and I began a new journal directly, and put in the sonnet. God bless him!" The following is part of Wordsworth's letter —

"MY DEAR HAYDON,—We are all charmed with your etching. It is both poetically and pictorially conceived, and finely executed. I should have written immediately to thank you for it, and for your letter and the enclosed one, which is interesting, but I wished to gratify you by writing a sonnet. I now send it, but with an earnest request that it may not be put into circulation for some little time, as it is warm from the brain, and may require, in consequence, some little retouching. It has this, at least, remarkable attached to it, which will add to its value in your eyes, that it was actually composed while I was climbing Helvellyn last Monday"—ED

* Wellington's war horse — ED

In Heaven,¹ hence no one blushes for thy name,
 Conqueror, 'mid some sad thoughts, divinely blest¹

1841.

Only two sonnets are known to belong to the year 1841

TO A PAINTER

Comp 1841 — Pub 1842

[The picture which gave occasion to this and the following sonnet was from the pencil of Miss M Gillies, who resided for several weeks under our roof at Rydal Mount]

ALL praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed,*
 But 'tis a fruitless task to paint for me,
 Who, yielding not to changes Time has made,
 By the habitual light of memory see
 Eyes unbedimmed, see bloom that cannot fade,
 And smiles that from their birth-place ne'er shall flee
 Into the land where ghosts and phantoms be,
 And, seeing this, own nothing in its stead

1842

Since the mighty deed
 Him years have brought far nearer the grave's rest,
 He shows that face time-worn But he such seed
 Has sowed that bears, we trust, the fruit of fame
 In Heaven

Copy sent to Haydon

* Miss Gillies visited Rydal Mount in 1841, at the invitation of the Wordsworths, to make a miniature portrait of the poet on ivory, which had been commissioned by Mr Moon, the publisher, for the purpose of engraving. An engraving of this portrait was published on the 6th of August 1841. The original is now in America. Miss Gillies tells me that the Wordsworths were so pleased with what she had done for Mr Moon that they wished a replica for themselves, with Mrs Wordsworth added. She painted this, and a copy of it, subsequently taken for Miss Quillinan, is still in her possession at Loughrigg Holme. It is to the portrait of Miss Wordsworth that this sonnet and the next refer — Ed

Couldst thou go back into far-distant years,
 Or share with me, fond thought ! that inward eye,*
 Then, and then only, Painter ' could thy Art
 The visual powers of Nature satisfy,
 Which hold, whatc'er to common sight appears,
 Their sovereign empire in a faithful heart

ON THE SAME SUBJECT

Comp 1841 — Pub 1842

THOUGH I beheld at first with blank surprise
 This Work, I now have gazed on it so long
 I see its truth with unreluctant eyes,
 O, my Belovèd ! I have done thee wrong,
 Conscious of blessedness, but, whence it sprung,
 Ever too heedless, 'as I now perceive
 Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,
 And the old day was welcome as the young,
 As welcome, and as beautiful—in sooth
 More beautiful, as being a thing more holy
 Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth
 Of all thy goodness, never melancholy,
 To thy large heart and humble mind, that cast
 Into one vision, future, present, past †

* Compare the lines in *The Daffodils* (Vol III p 6) —

“They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude”

The fact that these two lines had been added by Mrs Wordsworth (see note to the poem, p 8) was doubtless remembered by the poet, when he wrote this sonnet suggested by her portrait —Ed

† Compare—

“O dearer far than light and life are dear” (1824)

“Let other bards of angels sing” (1824)

“Such age how beautiful ! O Lady bright” (1827)

“What heavenly smiles ! O Lady mine” (1845)

1842

Comp. Jan. 23, 1842. — Pub 1842.

The poems of 1842 include *The Floating Island*, *The Norman Boy*, *The Post's Dream*, *Airy Force Valley*, the lines *To the Clouds*, and a number of miscellaneous sonnets.

When Severn's sweeping flood had overthrown
 St Mary's Church, the preacher then would cry :—
 "Thus, Christian people, God his might hath shown,
 That ye to him your love may testify ;
 Haste, and rebuild the pile."—But not a stone
 Resumed its place. Age after age, went by,
 And Heaven still lack'd its due, though piety
 In secret did, we trust, her loss bemoan.
 But now her Spirit hath put forth its claim
 In Power, and Poesy would lend her voice ;
 Let the new Church be worthy of its aim,
 That in its beauty Cardiff may rejoice !
 Oh ! in the past if cause there was for shame,
 Let not our times halt in their better choice

BROOK MOUNT, 23d Jan. 1842.

In 1842 a bazaar was held in Cardiff Castle to aid in the erection of a Church on the site of one which had been washed away by a flood in the river Severn and a consequent influx of waters into the estuary of the Bristol Channel two hundred years before. It was thought that if some poems were written on the subject and published in an elaborate form, they would aid the object in view. Wordsworth and Mr James Montgomery were applied to. Both of them complied with the request, the former sending a poem, and the latter a sonnet. Two other poems were written by friends of the same, and the four were brought out in a highly embellished style. They seem to have answered the object for which they were written. —

Comp. March 8th, 1842. — Pub. 1842.

[Suggested by a conversation with Miss Fenwick, who along with her sister had, during their childhood, found much delight in such gatherings for the purposes here alluded to.]

INTENT on gathering wool from hedge and brake
 You busy Little-ones rejoice that soon
 A poor old Dame will bless them for the boon :
 Great is their glee while flake they add to flake
 With rival earnestness ; far other strife
 Than will hereafter move them, if they make
 Pastime their idol, give their day of life
 To pleasure snatched for reckless pleasure's sake.
 Can pomp and show allay one heart-born grief ?
 Pains which the World inflicts can she requite ?
 Not for an interval however brief ;
 The silent thoughts that search for steadfast light,
 Love from her depths,¹ and Duty in her night,
 And Faith—these only yield secure relief.

March 8th, 1842.

¹ 1842

Love from on high.

1842

PRELUDE

REFERRING TO THE VOLUME ENTITLED "POEMS CHIEFLY OF EARLY
 AND LATE YEARS."

Comp. March 26, 1842. — Pub. 1842.

[These verses were begun while I was on a visit to my son John at
 Brighton, and were finished at Bristol. As the contents of the volume,
 to which they are now prefixed, will be assigned to their respective
 classes when my poems shall be collected in one volume, I should be
 at a loss where with propriety to place this prelude, being too
 restricted in its bearing to serve for a preface for the whole. The

lines towards the conclusion allude to the discontents, then fomented through the country by the agitators of the Anti-Corn-Law League the particular causes of such troubles are transitory, but disposition to excite and liability to be excited are nevertheless permanent, and therefore proper objects for the poet's regard.]

In desultory walk through orchard grounds,
 On some deep chestnut grove, oft have I paused
 The while a Thrush, urged rather than restrained
 By gusts of vernal storm, attuned his song
 To his own genial instincts; and was heard
 (Though not without some plaintive tones between)
 To utter, above showers of blossom swept
 From tossing boughs, the promise of a calm,
 Which the unsheltered traveller might receive
 With thankful spirit. The descant, and the wind
 That seemed to play with it in love or scorn,
 Encouraged and endeared the strain of words
 That haply flowed from me, by fits of silence
 Impelled to livelier pace. But now, my Book!
 Charged with those lays, and others of like mood,
 Or loftier pitch if higher rose the theme,
 Go, single—yet aspiring to be joined
 With thy Fore-runners that through many a year
 Have faithfully prepared each other's way—
 Go forth upon a mission best fulfilled
 When and wherever, in this changeful world,
 Power hath been given to please for higher ends
 Than pleasure only; gladdening to prepare
 For wholesome sadness, troubling to refine,
 Calming to raise; and, by a sapient Art
 Diffused through all the mysteries of our Being,
 Softening the falls and pains that have not ceased
 To cast their shadows on our mother Earth
 Since the primeval dawn. Such is the grace
 Which, though unasked for, fails not to descend

With heavenly inspiration; such the aim
 That Reason dictates; and, as even the wick
 Has virtue in it, why should hope to me
 Be wanting that sometimes, where fancied ills
 Harass the mind and strip from off the bowers
 Of private life their natural pleasantness,
 A Voice—devoted to the love whose seeds
 Are sown in every human breast, to beauty
 Lodged within compass of the humblest sight,
 To cheerful intercourse with wood and field,
 And sympathy with man's substantial griefs—
 Will not be heard in vain? And in those days
 When unforeseen distress spreads far and wide
 Among a People mournfully cast down,
 Or into anger roused by venal words
 In recklessness flung out to overturn
 The judgment, and divert the general heart
 From mutual good—some strain of thine, my Book!
 Caught at propitious intervals, may win
 Listeners who not unwillingly admit
 Kindly emotion tending to console
 And reconcile; and both with young and old
 Exalt the sense of thoughtful gratitude
 For benefits that still survive, by faith
 In progress, under laws divine, maintained.
 RYDAL MOUNT, March 26, 1842.

TO A REDBREAST—(IN SICKNESS)

Feb. 1842.

[Almost the only verses by our lamented sister Sara Hutchinson.]

Stay, little cheerful Robin! stay,
 And at my casement sing,
 Though it should prove a farewell lay
 And this our parting spring.

FLOATING ISLAND.

Though I, alas! may ne'er enjoy
 The promise in thy song,
 A charm, *that* thought can not destroy,
 Doth to thy strain belong.

Methinks that in my dying hour
 Thy song would still be dear,
 And with a more than earthly power
 My passing Spirit cheer.

Then, little Bird, this boon confer,
 Come, and my requiem sing,
 Nor fail to be the harbinger
 Of everlasting Spring.

S H

FLOATING ISLAND.

Pub 1842.

These lines are by the Author of the Address to the Wind, &c., published heretofore along with my Poems. The above to a Railbreast are by a deceased female Relative. (W. W., 1842.)

[My poor sister takes a pleasure in repeating these verses, which she composed not long before the beginning of her sad illness.]

HARMONIOUS Powers with Nature work
 On sky, earth, river, lake, and sea;
 Sunshine and cloud, whirlwind and breeze,
 All in one dutious task agree.

Once did I see a ship at earth
 (By throbbing waves long undermined)
 Loosed from its hold; now, no one knew
 But all might see it float, obedient to the wind;

Might see it, from the mossy shore
Dissevered, float upon the Lake,
Float with its crest of trees adorned
On which the warbling birds their pastime take

Food, shelter, safety, there they find,
There berries ripen; flowerets bloom;
There insects live their lives, and die;
A peopled world it is, in size a tiny room.

And thus through many seasons' space
This little Island may survive;
But Nature, though we mark her not,
Will take away, may cease to give.

Perchance when you are wandering forth
Upon some vacant sunny day,
Without an object, hope, or fear,
Thither your eyes may turn—the Isle is passed away,

Buried beneath the glittering Lake,
Its place no longer to be found;
Yet the lost fragments shall remain
To fertilize some other ground.

D. W.

There is one of these floating islands in Loch Lomond in Argyll, another in Loch Dochart in Perthshire, and another in Loch Treig in Inverness. Their origin is probably due to a mass of peat being detached from the shore, and floated out into the lake. A mass of vegetable matter, however, has sometimes risen from the bottom of the water, and assumed for a time all the appearance of an island. This has been probably due to an accumulation of gas, within or under the detached portion, produced by the decay of vegetation in extremely hot weather.

Senthey, in an unpublished letter to Sir George Beaumont (10th July,

1824), thus describes the Island at Derwentwater. "You will have seen by the papers that the Floating Island has made its appearance. It sank again last week, when some heavy rains had raised the lake four feet. By good fortune Professor Sedgewick happened to be in Keswick, and examined it in time. Where he probed, at a thin layer of mud lies upon a bed of peat, which is six feet thick, and this rests upon a stratum of fine white clay—the same I believe which Miss Barker found in Borrowdale when building her wainky house. Where the gas is generated remains yet to be discovered, but when the peat is filled with this gas, it separates from the clay and becomes buoyant. There must have been a considerable convulsion when this took place, for a rent was made in the bottom of the lake, several feet in depth and not less than fifty yards long, on each side of which the bottom rose and floated. It was a pretty sight to see the small fry exploring this new made strait and darting at the bubbles which rose as the Professor was probing the bank. The discharge of air was considerable here, when a pole was thrust down. But at some distance where the rent did not extend, the bottom had been heaved up in a slight convexity, sloping equally in an inclined plain all round: and there, when the pole was introduced, a rush like a jet followed, as it was withdrawn. The thing is the more curious, because as yet no example of it is known to have been observed in any other place."

Another of these detached islands used to float about in Eathwate Water, and was carried from side to side of the pool at the north end of the lake—the same pool which the swans, described in *The Prelude*, used to frequent. This island had a few bushes on it, but it became stranded some time ago. One of the old natives of Hawkeshead described the process of trying to float it off again, by tying ropes to the bushes on its surface,—an experiment which was unsuccessful. Compare the reference to the Floating or "Buoyant" Island of Derwentwater, and to the "mossy islet" of Eathwate, in Wordsworth's *Guide through the District of the Lakes*.—Ed.

Feb. 1844.

The Crescent-moon, the Star of Love,
Glorious of evening, as ye there are seen
With but a span of sky between—
Speaks one of you, my doubts remove,
Which is the attendant Page and which the Queen?

Pub. 1862.

[I was impelled to write this Sonnet by the disgusting frequency with which the word *artificial*, imported with other impertinences from the Germans, is employed by writers of the present day: for *artificial* let them substitute *artificial*, and the poetry written on this system, both at home and abroad, will be for the most part much better characterised.]

A POET!—He hath put his heart to school,
Nor dares to move unpropp'd upon the staff
Which Art hath lodged within his hand—must laugh
By precept only, and shed tears by rule.
Thy Art be Nature! the live current quaff,
And let the gravelier sip his stagnant pool,
In fear that else, when Critics grave and cool
Have killed him, Scorn should write his epitaph.*
How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold?
Because the lovely little flower is free
Down to its root, and in that freedom, bold;
And so the grandeur of the Forest-tree
Comes not by casting in a formal mould,
But from his own divine vitality.

Pub. 1842.

[Hundreds of times have I seen, hanging about and above the vale of Rydal, clouds that might have given birth to this sonnet, which was thrown off on the impulse of the moment one evening when I was returning from the favourite walk of ours, along the Rotha, under Loughrigg.]

The most alluring clouds that mount the sky
Owe to a troubled element their forms,
Their lines to sunset. If with raptur'd eye
We watch their splendours, shall we covet storms,

* Compare *The Poet's Sonnet* (Vol. II. p. 56).—Ed.

And wish the Lord of day his slow decline
 Would hasten, that such pomp may float on high ?
 Behold, already they forget to shine,
 Dissolve—and leave to him who gazed a sigh.
 Not loth to thank each moment for its boon
 Of pure delight, come whencee'er it may,
 Peace let us seek,—to steadfast things attune
 Calm expectations: leaving to the gay
 And volatile their love of transient bowers,
 The house that cannot pass away be ours.*

Pub 1842

[This Sonnet is recommended to the perusal of those who consider that the evils under which we groan are to be removed or palliated by measures unguided by moral and religious principles.]

Feel for the wrongs to universal ken
 Daily exposed, woe that unshrouded lies,
 And seek the Sufferer in his darkest den,
 Whether conducted to the spot by sighs
 And moanings, or he dwells (as if the wren
 Taught him concealment) hidden from all eyes
 In silence and the awful modesties
 Of sorrow,—feel for all, as brother Men:
 Rest not in hope want's icy chain to thaw
 By casual boons and formal charities;
 Learn to be just, just through impartial law;
 Far as ye may, elect and equalise;
 And, what ye cannot reach by statute, draw
 Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice!

1842
 Feel for the Poor,—but not to still your quaking
 By formal charity or gifts of alms;

1842.

IN ALLUSION TO VARIOUS RECENT HISTORIES
AND NOTICES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

* Pub. 1842.

PORTENTOUS change when History can appear
As the cool Advocate of foul devices;
Reckless audacity extol, and jeer
At consciences perplexed with scruples nice;
They who bewail not, must abhor, the sneer
Born of Conceit, Power's blind Idolater;
Or haply sprung from vaunting Cowardice
Betrayed by mockery of holy fear.
Hath it not long been said the wrath of Man
Works not the righteousness of God? Oh bend,
Bend, ye Perverse! to judgments from on High,
Laws that lay under Heaven's perpetual ban
All principles of action that transcend
The sacred limits of humanity

CONTINUED

Pub. 1842.

Who ponders National events shall find
An awful balancing of loss and gain,
Joy based on sorrow, good with ill combined,
And proud deliverance issuing out of pain,
And direful throes; as if the All-ruling Mind,
With whose perfection it consists to ordain
Volcanic burst, earthquake, and hurricane,
Dealt in like sort with feeble human kind
By laws immutable. But woe for him
Who thus deceived shall lend an eager hand

To social havoc Is not Conscience ours;
 And Truth, whose eye guile only can make dim;
 And Will, whose office, by divine command,
 Is to control and check disordered Powers?

CONCLUDED.

Feb. 1842.

Lost Favourer England! be not thou misled
 By monstrous theories of alien growth,
 Lest alien frenzy seize thee, waxing wroth,
 Self-smitten till thy garments seek dyed red
 With thy own blood, which tears in torrents shed
 Fail to wash out, tears flowing ere thy troth
 Be plighted, not to ease but sullen sloth,
 Or woe despair—the ghost of false hope fled
 Into a shameful grave. Among thy youth
 My Country! if such warning be held dear,
 Then, shall a Veteran's heart be thrilled with joy,
 One who would gather from eternal truth,
 For time and season, rules that work to cheer—
 Not scourge, to save the People—not destroy.

Feb. 1842.

Man of the Western World, in Fate's dark book
 Whence these opprobrious leaves of dire portent?
 Think ye your British Ancestors forsake
 Their native Land, for outrage proud and
 From unnumbered peaks the white snow
 To give in their descendants' fear and
 And wider than the nations' turmoil,
 To mutual tyranny a dastard look?

Nay, said a voice soft as the south wind's breath,
 Dive through the stormy surface of the flood
 To the great current flowing underneath;
 Explore the countless springs of silent good;
 So shall the truth be better understood,
 And thy grieved Spirit brighten strong in faith.*

Feb. 1842.

Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance,
 One upward hand, as if she needed rest
 From rapture, lying softly on her breast!
 Nor wants her eyeball an ethereal glance;
 But not the less—nay more—that countenance,
 While thus illumined, tells of painful strife
 For a sick heart, made weary of this life
 By love, long crossed with adverse circumstance

* These lines were written several years ago, when reports prevailed of cruelties committed in many parts of America, by men making a law of their own passions. A far more formidable, as being a more deliberate mischief, has appeared among these States, which have lately broken faith with the public creditor in a manner so infamous. I cannot, however, but look at both evils under a similar relation to inherent good, and hope that the time is not distant when our brethren of the West will wipe off this stain from their name and nation.

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

I am happy to add that this anticipation is already partly realized; and that the reproach addressed to the Pennsylvanians in the next sonnet, is no longer applicable to them. I trust that those other States to which it may yet apply will soon follow the example now set them by Philadelphia, and redeem their credit with the world. — W. W. 1860.

This editorial note to the *Lo! where* is at the end of the fifth volume of the edition, which was completed only a short time before the Poet's death. It remains probably the last sentence composed by him for the press. It was originally added in consequence of a suggestion from me, that the sonnet addressed to *Dr. Pennycuik* was no longer just—a fact which is mentioned to show that the fine sense of truth and justice which distinguishes his writings was active to the last. (Note to Professor Reed's American Edition of 1861.) — E.

—Would She were now as when she hoped to pass
 At God's appointed hour to them who tread
 Heaven's sapphire pavement; yet breathed well content,
 Well pleased, her foot should print earth's common grass,
 Lived thankful for day's light, for daily bread,
 For health, and time in obvious duty spent.

THE NORMAN BOY.

Pub. 1842.

[The subject of this poem was sent me by Mrs Ogle, to whom I was personally unknown, with a hope on her part that I might be induced to relate the incident in verse; and I do not regret that I took the trouble, for not improbably the fact is illustrative of the boy's early piety, and may concur with my other little pieces on children to produce profitable reflection among my youthful readers. This is said, however, with an absolute conviction that children will derive most benefit from books which are not unworthy the perusal of persons of any age. I protest with all my heart against those productions, so abundant in the present day, in which the doings of children are dwelt upon as if they were incapable of being interested in anything else. On this subject I have dwelt at length in the poem on the growth of my own mind.]

High on a broad unfertile tract of forest-skirted Down,
 Nor kept by Nature for herself, nor made by man his own,
 From home and company remote and every playful joy,
 Served, tending a few sheep and goats, a ragged Norman
 Boy.

Him never saw I, nor the spot; but from an English Dame,
 Stranger to me and yet my friend, a simple notice came,
 With suit that I would speak in verse of that sequestered
 child

Whom, one bleak winter's day, she met upon the dreary
 Wild

His flock, along the woodland's edge with relics sprinkled
o'er
Of last night's snow, beneath a sky threatening the fall of
more,
Where tufts of herbage tempted each, were busy at their
feed,
And the poor Boy was busier still, with work of anxious
heed.

There *was* he, where of branches rent and withered and
decayed,
For covert from the keen north wind, his hands a hut had
made,
A tiny tenement, forsooth, and frail, as needs must be
A thing of such materials framed, by a builder such as he

The hut stood finished by his pains, nor seemingly lacked
aught
That skill or means of his could add, but the architect had
wrought
Some limber twigs into a Cross, well-shaped with fingers
nice,
To be engrafted on the top of his small edifice

That Cross he now was fastening there, as the surest power
and best

For supplying all deficiencies, all wants of the rude nest
In which, from burning heat, or tempest driving far and
wide,

The innocent Boy, else shelterless, his lonely head must
hide.

That Cross, he like he also raised as a standard for the true
And faithful service of his heart in the worst that might
ensue

Of hardship and distressful fear, amid the houseless waste
Where he, in his poor self so weak, by Providence was
placed.

—Here, Lady! might I cease; but nay, let us before we
part

With this dear, holy shepherd-boy, breathe a prayer of
earnest heart,

That unto him, where'er shall lie his life's appointed way,
The Cross, fixed in his soul, may prove an all-sufficing stay.

THE POET'S DREAM

— SEQUEL TO THE NORMAN BOY.

FEB. 1842

Just as those final words were penned, the sun broke out in
power,

And gladdened all things, but, as charmed, within that
very hour,

Air blackened, thunder growled, fire flashed from clouds
that hid the sky,

And, for the Subject of my Verse, I heaved a pensive sigh.

Nor could my heart by second thoughts from heaviness be
cleared,

For bodied forth before my eyes the cross-crowned but
appeared,

And, while around it storm as fierce seemed troubling earth
and air,

I saw, within the Norman Boy kneeling down in prayer,

The Child, as if the thunder's voice spoke with articulate
call,

Bowed meekly in submissive awe, before the Lord of All.

His lips were moving, and his eyes, upraised to sue for
 grace,

With soft illumination cheered the dimness of that place.

How beautiful is holiness!—what wonder if the sight,

Almost as vivid as a dream, produced a dream at night?

It came with sleep and showed the Boy, no cherub, not
 transformed,

But the poor ragged Thing whose ways my human heart had
 warmed.

Me had the dream equipped with wings, so I took him in
 my arms,

And lifted from the grassy floor, stalling his faint alarms,

And bore him high through yielding air my debt of love to
 pay,

By giving him, for both our sakes, an hour of holiday.

I whispered, "Yet a little while, dear Child! thou art my
 own,

To show thee some delightful thing, in country or in town.

What shall it be? a marvellous throng? or that holy place
 and calm

St Denis, filled with royal tombs,* or the Church of Notre
 Dame?†

"St Owen's golden Shrine!‡ Or choose what else would
 please thee most

Of any wonder, Normantly, or all proud France, can boast!"

* The Abbey Church of St Denis, to the north of Paris,—one of the finest
 specimens of French Gothic,—was the burial place of the French Kings for
 many generations.—Ed.

† In Paris.—Ed.

‡ The church of St Owen, in Rouen, is the most perfect edifice of its
 kind in Europe.—Ed.

"My Mother," said the Boy, "was born near to a blessed
Tree,
The Chapel Oak of Allonville;* good Angel, show it me!"

On wings, from broad and steadfast poise let loose by this
reply,

For Allonville, o'er down and dale, away then did we fly,
O'er town and tower we flew, and fields in May's fresh
verdure drest;

The wings they did not flag; the Child, though grave, was
not deprest.

But who shall show, to waking sense, the gleam of light that
broke

Forth from his eyes, when first the Boy looked down on that
huge oak,

* "Among ancient Trees there are few, I believe, at least in France, so worthy of attention as an Oak which may be seen in the 'Pays de Caux' about a league from Yvetot, close to the church, and in the burial ground of Allonville.

"The height of this Tree does not answer to its girth; the trunk, from the roots to the summit, forms a complete cone; and the inside of this cone is hollow throughout the whole of its height

"Such is the Oak of Allonville; in its state of nature The hand of Man, however, has endeavoured to impress upon it a character still more interesting, by adding a religious feeling to the respect which its age naturally inspires.

"The lower part of its hollow trunk has been transformed into a Chapel of six or seven feet in diameter, carefully wainscotted and paved, and an open iron gate guards the humble Sanctuary.

"Leading to it there is a staircase, which twists round the body of the Tree. At certain seasons of the year divine service is performed in this Chapel.

"The summit has been broken off many years, but there is a surface at the top of the trunk, of the diameter of a very large tree, and from it rises a pointed roof, covered with slates, in the form of a steeple, which is surmounted with an iron Cross, that rises in a picturesque manner from the middle of the leaves, like an ancient Hermitage above the surrounding Wood.

"Over the entrance to the Chapel an Inscription appears, which informs us it was erected by the Abbé du Detroit, Curate of Allonville, in the year 1698, and over a door is another, dedicating it 'To our Lady of Peace'

—Vide 14 No Saturday Magazine, — W. W., 1842

For length of days so much revered, so famous where it
stands

For twofold hallowing—Nature's care, and work of human
hands?

Strong as an Eagle with my charge I glided round and
round

The wide-spread boughs, for view of door, window, and stair
that wound

Gracefully up the gnarled trunk; nor left we unsurveyed
The pointed steeple peering forth from the centre of the
shade.

I lighted—opened with soft touch the chapel's iron door,¹
Fast softly, leading in the Boy, and, while from roof to
floor

From floor to roof all round his eyes the Child with wonder
cast,²

Pleasure on pleasure crowded in, each livelier than the last

For, deftly framed within the trunk, the³ sanctuary showed,
By light of lamp and precious stones, that glimmered here,
there glowed,

Shrine, Altar, Image, Offerings hung in sign of gratitude
Sight that inspired accordant thoughts, and⁴ speech I thus
renewed

¹ 1845

touch a grated iron door, 1842

² 1845

his eyes the wondering creature cast, 1842

³ 1845

1842

⁴ 1845

And swift as lightning went the inner eye 1842

"Hither the Afflicted come, as thou hast heard thy Mother
say,

And, kneeling, supplication make to our Lady *de la Paix*,
What mournful sighs have here been heard and, when the
voice was stopt

By sudden pangs, what bitter tears have on this pavement
dropt!

"Poor Shepherd of the naked Down, a favoured lot is thine,
Far happier lot, dear Boy, than brings full many to this
shrine;

From body pangs and pains of soul thou needest no release,
Thy hours as they flow on are spent, if not in joy, in peace.

"Then offer up thy heart to God in thankfulness and praise,
Give to Him prayers, and many thoughts, in thy most busy
days;

And in His sight the fragile Cross, on thy small hut, will be
Holy, as that which long hath crowned the Chapel of this
Tree;

"Holy as that far seen which crowns the sumptuous Church
in Rome

* Where thousands meet to worship God under a mighty
Dome;†

He sees the bending multitude, he hears the choral rites,
Yet not the less, to children's hymns and lonely prayer,
delights.

"God for his service needeth not proud work of human skill,
They please him best who labour most to do in peace his will:

* See note, p. 124. — Ed.
† St Peter's Church. — Ed.

So let us strive to live, and to our Spirits will be given
Such wings as, when our Saviour calls, shall bear us up to
heaven.

The Boy no answer made by words, but, so earnest was his
look,

Sleep fled, and with it fled the dream—recorded in this
book,

Last all that passed should, hied away in silence from my
mind,

As visions still more bright have done, and left no trace
behind.

But oh! that Country-man of thine, whose eye, loved Child,
can see

A pledge of endless bliss in acts of early piety,

In verse, which to thy ear might come, would treat this
simple theme,

Nor leave untold our happy flight in that adventurous
dream¹

Alas the dream,² to thee, poor Boy! to thee from whom
it flowed,

Was nothing, scarcely can be aught, yet³ 'twas bounteously
bestowed,

If I may dare to cherish hope that gentle eyes will read

Not loth, and listening Little-ones, heart-touched, their fancies
feed.

These four lines were added in the edition of 1845.

1845

And though the dream

1842

1845

Was nothing, nor ere can be aught,

1842

THE WIDOW ON WINDERMERE SIDE.

Feb. 1842

[The facts recorded in this Poem were given me, and the character of the person described, by my friend the Rev. R. P. Graves,* who has long officiated as curate at Bowness, to the great benefit of the parish and neighbourhood. The individual was well known to him. She died before these verses were composed. It is scarcely worth while to notice that the stanzas are written in the sonnet form, which was adopted when I thought the matter might be included in twenty-eight lines.]

I.

How beautiful when up a lofty height
Honour ascends among the humblest poor,
And feeling sinks as deep! See there the door
Of One, a Widow, left beneath a weight
Of blameless debt, On evil Fortune's spite
She wasted no complaint, but strove to make
A just repayment, both for conscience-sake
And that herself and hers should stand upright
In the world's eye Her work when daylight failed
Paused not, and through the depth of night she kept
Such earnest vigils, that belief prevailed
With some, the noble Creature never slept;
But, one by one, the hand of death assailed
Her children from her inmost heart hewopt.

II.

The Mother mourned, nor ceased her tears to flow.
Till a winter's noon-day placed her buried Son
Before her eyes, last child of many gone
His raiment of angelic white, and lo!

* Now of Dublin, author of *Life of Sir William Rowan Hamilton*, &c. — Ed.

His very feet bright as the dazzling snow
Which they are touching ; yea far brighter, even
As that which comes, or seems to come, from heaven,
Surpasses aught these elements can show.
Much she rejoiced, trusting that from that hour
Whate'er befel she could not grieve or pine ;
But the Transfigured, in and out of season,
Appeared, and spiritual presence gained a power
Over material forms that mastered reason.
O, gracious Heaven, in pity make her thine !

III

But why that prayer ? as if to her could come
No good but by the way that leads to bliss
Through Death,—so judging we should judge amiss
Since reason failed, want is her threatened doom,
Yet frequent transports mitigate the gloom.
Nor of those maniacs is she one that kiss
The air or laugh upon a precipice,
No, passing through strange sufferings towards the tomb
She smiles as if a martyr's crown were won.
Oft, when light breaks through clouds or waving trees,
With outspread arms and fallen upon her knees
The Mother hails in her descending Son
An Angel, and in earthly ecstasies
Her own angelic glory seems begun.

TO THE CLOUDS.*

Feb. 1842

[These verses were suggested while I was walking on the foot-road between Rydal Mount and Grasmere. The clouds were driving over the top of Nab-Scar across the vale: they met my thoughts a-going, and the rest followed almost immediately.]

ARMY of Clouds! ye winged Host in troops
 Ascending from behind the motionless brow
 Of that tall rock,† as from a hidden world,
 O whither with¹ such eagerness of speed?
 What seek ye, or what shun ye? of the gale?²
 Companions, fear ye to be left behind,
 Or racing o'er³ your blue ethereal field
 Contend ye with each other? of the sea
 Children, thus post ye over vale and height?⁴
 To sink upon your mother's lap—and rest?⁵
 Or⁶ were ye rightlier hailed, when first mine eyes⁷

O whither in such eagerness

MS

of the wind

MS

Or racing on

MS

over vale and mountain height

MS

mother's joyous lap

MS

Or come ye as I hailed you first, a Flight

Aerial, on a due migration bound,

Embodied travellers not blindly led

To milder climes; or rather do ye stir

Your Caravan, your lastly pilgrimages

With hope to pause at last upon the top

Of some remoter mountain more beloved

Than these

MS

* The title in the edition of 1842 was *Address to the Clouds*.—Ed.

† See the Fenwick note.—Ed.

Beheld in your impetuous march the likeness
 Of a wide army pressing on to meet
 Or overtake some unknown enemy?—
 But your smooth motions suit a peaceful arm,
 And Fancy, not less aptly pleased, compares
 Your squadrons to an endless flight of birds
 Aerial, upon due migration bound
 To milder climes, or rather do ye urge
 In caravan your hasty pilgrimage
 To pause at last on more aspiring heights
 Than these, and utter your devotion there
 With thunderous voice? Or are ye jubilant,
 And would ye, tracking your proud lord the Sun,
 Be present at his setting; or the pomp
 Of Persian mornings would ye fill, and stand
 Poising your splendours high above the heads
 Of worshippers kneeling to their up-risen God?
 Whence, whence, ye Clouds! this eagerness of speed?
 Speak, silent creatures.—They are gone; are fled,
 Buried together in yon gloomy mass
 That loads the middle heaven, and clear and bright
 And vacant doth the region which they thronged
 Appear; a calm descent of sky conducting
 Down to the unapproachable abyss,
 Down to that hidden gulf from which they rose
 To vanish—fleet as days and months and years,
 Fleet as the generations of mankind,
 Power, glory, empire, as the world itself,
 The lingering world, when time hath ceased to be
 But the winds fear, shaking the rooted trees,
 And see! a bright precursor to a train
 Perhaps as numerous, overpeers the rock
 That suddenly refuses to partake
 Of the wild impulse. From a fount of life

Invisible, the long procession moves
 Luminous or gloomy, welcome to the vale
 Which they are entering, welcome to mine eye
 That sees them, to my soul that owns in them,
 And in the bosom of the firmament
 O'er which they move, wherein they are contained,
 A type of her capacious self and all
 Her restless progeny.

A humble walk

Here is my body doomed to tread, this path,
 A little hoary line and faintly traced,*
 Work, shall we call it, of the shepherd's foot
 Or of his flock?—joint vestige of thou both.
 I pace it unrepinning, for my thoughts
 Admit no bondage and my words have wings.
 Where is the Orphean lyre, or Druid harp,
 To accompany the verse? The mountain blast
 Shall be our *hand* of music; he shall sweep
 The rocks, and quivering trees, and ballowy lake,
 And search the fibres of the caves, and they
 Shall answer, for our song is of the Clouds,
 And the wind loves them; and the gentle gales—
 Which by their aid re-clothe the naked lawn,
 With annual verdure, and revive the woods,
 And moisten the parched lips of thirsty flowers—
 Love them; and every idle breeze of air
 Bends to the favourite burthen, Moon and stars
 Keep their most solemn vigils when the Clouds
 Watch, also, shifting peaceably their place
 Like bands of ministering Spirits, or when they be
 As if some Protean art the change had wrought,
 In listless quiet o'er the aetherial deep.

* Compare—

“A hoary pathway traced between the trees,
 in the *Poems on the Naming of Places* (1807).—Ed.

Scattered, a Cyclopes * of various shapes
 And all degrees of beauty. O ye Lightnings †
 Ye are their perilous offspring; ‡ and the Sun—
 Source inexhaustible of life and joy,
 And type of man's far-darting reason, therefore
 In old time worshipped as the god of verse, †
 A blazing intellectual deity—
 Loves his own glory in their looks, and showers
 Upon that unsubstantial brotherhood
 Visions with all but heatific light
 Enriched—too transient were they not renewed
 From age to age, and did not, while we gaze
 In silent rapture, credulous desire
 Nourish the hope that memory lacks not power
 To keep the treasure unimpaired Vain thought †
 Yet why repine, created as we are
 For joy and rest, albeit to find them only
 Lodged in the bosom of eternal things?

AIREY-FORCE VALLEY

Pub 1842.

—— Not a breath of air

Ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen.
 From the brook's margin, wide 'round, the trees
 Are steadfast as the rocks; the brook itself,
 Old as the hills that feed it from afar,
 Doth rather deepen than disturb the calm
 Where all things else are still and motionless

* The fifty-three small islands in the Ægean surrounding Delos, as with a circle (κύκλος) — hence the name. — Ed.

† Compare —

“Ye lightnings,
 Ye dread arrows of the clouds.”

Coleridge's *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouny* — Ed.

‡ Sol = Phœbus = Apollo. — Ed.

And yet, even now, a little breath, perchance
 Escaped from hasty winds that rage without,
 Has entered, by the sturdy oaks unfelt,
 But to its gentle touch how sensitive
 Is the light ash; that, pendent from the brow
 Of yon dim cave, in seeming silence makes
 A soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs,
 Powerful almost as vocal harmony
 To stay the wanderer's steps and soothe his thoughts

The Aira beck rises on the slopes of Great Dodd, passes Döckray, and enters Ullswater, between Alencom Park and Gowbarrow Park, about two miles from the head of the lake. The Force is quite near to *Eyuph's Tower*, where the stream has a fall of about eighty feet. Compare the reference to it in *The Souvenirist* (1833), and Wordsworth's account of "Aira-Force," in his *Guide through the District of the Lake*, "Here is a powerful Brook, which dashes among rocks through a deep glen, hung on every side with a rich and happy intermixture of native wood, here are beds of luxuriant fern, aged hawthorns and hollies decked with honeysuckles; and fallow deer glancing and bounding over the lawns and through the thickets."—*Ep.*

Comp. 1842. — Pub. 1842.

LYRE! though such power do in thy magic live

As might from India's farthest plains

Recall the not-unwilling Maid

Assist me to detain

The lovely Fugitive

Check with thy notes the impulse which, betrayed

By her sweet farewell looks, I longed to aid

Here let me gaze enrapt upon that eye

The impregnable and awe-inspiring fort

Of contemplation, the calm part

By reason fenced from winds that sigh

Among the restless sails of vanity

But if no wish be here that we should part

A humbler bliss would satisfy my heart

* An ash may still be seen at Aira-Force. — *Ep.*

Where all things are so fair,
 Enough by her dear side to breathe the air
 Of this Elysian weather,
 And on, or in, or near the brook, espy
 Shade upon the sunshine lying
 Faint and somewhat pensively,
 And downward images gaily vying
 With its upright living tree
 Mid silver clouds, and openings of blue sky
 As soft almost and deep as her cerulean eye.

Nor less the joy with many a glance
 Cast up the Stream, or down at her beseeching,
 To mark its eddying foam-balls prettily distressed
 By ever-changing shape and want of rest,
 Or watch, with mutual teaching,
 The current as it plays
 In flashing leaps and stealthy creeps,
 Adown a rocky maze;
 Or note (translucent summer's happiest chance!)
 In the slope-channel floored with pebbles bright,
 Stones of all hues, gem emulous of gem;
 So vivid that they take from keenest sight
 The liquid veil that seeks not to hide them.*

Comp. 1842. — Pub 1845.

WANSFELL ! if this Household has a favoured lot,
 Living with liberty on thee to gaze,
 To watch while Morn first crowns thee with her rays,
 Or when along thy breast serenely float

* Compare Wordsworth's description of a stream, as

"Blaptham's", because it travels slowly"

— Ro.

The hill that rises to the south-east above Ambleside — W. W., 1842

Evening's angelic clouds. Yet ne'er a note
 Hath sounded (shame upon the Bard !) thy praise
 For all that thou, as if from heaven, hast brought
 Of glory lavished on our quiet days.
 Bountiful Son of Earth ! when we are gone
 From every object dear to mortal sight,
 As soon we shall be, may these words attest
 How oft, to elevate our spirits, shone
 Thy visionary majesties of light,
 How in thy pensive glooms our hearts found rest

Dec. 24, 1842

THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE *

The following poem was contributed to and printed in a volume entitled "*La Petite Chouannerie, ou Histoire d'un Collège Breton sous l'Empire. Par A. F. Rio. Londres. Moxon, Dover-street, 1842,*" pp 62-63. The Hon Mrs Norton, Walter Savage Landor, and Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), were among the other English contributors to the volume, the bulk of which is in French. It was printed at Paris, and numbered 398 pages, including the title. It was a narrative of "the romantic revolt of the royalist students of the college of Vannes in 1815, and of their battles with the soldiers of the French Empire."—(H. RABD).—Ed

SHADE of Caractacus, if spirits love
 The cause they fought for in their earthly home
 To see the Eagle ruffled by the Dove
 May soothe thy memory of the chains of Rome.

These children claim thee for their sire ; the breath
 Of thy renown, from Cambrian mountains, fans
 A flame within them that despises death
 And glorifies the truant youth of Vannes.

* In the volume from which the above is copied, the original French lines (commencing at p. 106) are printed side by side with Wordsworth's translation, which ends on p. 111, and closes the volume.—Ed.

With thy own scorn of tyrants they advance,
 But truth divine has sanctified their rage,
 A silver cross enchased with flowers of France
 Their badge, attests the holy fight they wage.

The shrill defiance of the young crusade
 Then veteran foes mock as an idle noise;
 But unto Faith and Loyalty comes aid
 From Heaven, gigantic force to beardless boys.

1843.

In 1843 were written the lines to *Grace Darling*, two Sonnets, and
 the *Inscription* for a monument to Southey

Comp. 1843. — Pub. 1845.

WHILE beams of orient light shoot wide and high,
 Deep in the vale a little rural Town *
 Breathes forth a cloud-like creature of its own,
 That mounts not toward the radiant morning sky,
 But, with a less ambitious sympathy,
 Hangs o'er its Parent waking to the cares,
 Troubles and tells that every day prepares
 So Fancy, to the musing Poet's eye,
 Endears that Lingerer. And how blest her sway
 (Like influence never may my soul reject)
 If the calm Heaven, now to its zenith decked
 With glorious forms in numberless array,
 To the lone shepherd on the hills disclose
 Gleams from a world in which the saints repose.

Jan. 1, 1849.

* *Ambleside*.—W. W.

GRACE DARLING.*

Comp. 1843. — Pub. 1845.

Wordsworth's lines on Grace Darling were printed privately, before they were included in the 1845 edition of his works. A copy was sent to Mr Dyce, and is preserved in the Dyce Library at South Kensington. Another was sent to Professor Reid (March 27, 1843), with a letter, in which the following occurs: "I threw it off two or three weeks ago, being in a great measure impelled to it by the desire I felt to do justice to the memory of a heroine, whose conduct presented, some time ago, a striking contrast to the inhumanity with which our countrymen, shipwrecked lately upon the French coast, have been treated."—Ed.

AMONG the dwellers in the silent fields
 The natural heart is touched, and public way
 And crowded streets resound with ballad strains,
 Inspired by ONE whose very name bespeaks
 Favour divine, exalting human love;
 Whom, since her birth on bleak Northumbria's coast,
 Known unto few but prized as far as known,
 A single Act endears to high and low
 Through the whole land—to Manhood, moved in spite
 Of the world's freezing cares—to generous Youth—
 To Infancy, that haps her praise—to Age
 Whose eye reflects it, glistening through a tear
 Of tremulous admiration. Such true fame
 Awaits her now; but, verily, good deeds
 Do no imperishable record find
 Save in the rolls of heaven, where hers may live
 A theme for angels, when they celebrate
 The high-souled virtues which forgetful earth
 Has witnessed. Oh! that winds and waves could speak
 Of things which their united power called forth.

* Grace Darling was the daughter of William Darling, the lighthouse keeper on Loughs, near the Farne Islands on the Northumbrian coast. On the 7th of September 1838, the Plover, a steamship, was wrecked on these islands. At the instigation of his daughter, and accompanied by her, Darling went out in his lifeboat through the surf, to the wreck, and by their united strength and daring, rescued the nine survivors.—Ed.

From the pure depths of her humanity !
 A Maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,
 Firm and unflinching, as the Lighthouse reared
 On the Island-rock, her lonely dwelling-place ;
 Or like the invincible Rock itself that braves,
 Age after age, the hostile elements,
 As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell *

All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor paused,
 When, as day broke, the Maid, through misty air,
 Espies far off a Wreck, amid the surf,
 Beating on one of those disastrous isles—
 Half of a Vessel, half—no more, the rest
 Had vanished, swallowed up with all that there
 Had for the common safety striven in vain,
 Or thither thronged for refuge † With quick glance
 Daughten and Sire through optic-glass discern,
 Clinging about the remnant of this Ship,
 Creatures—how precious in the Maiden's sight !
 For whom, belike, the old Man grieves still more
 Than for those fellow-sufferers engulfed
 Where every parting agony is hashed,
 And hope and fear mix not in further strife.
 " But courage, Father ! let us out to sea—
 ' A few may yet be saved ! ' The Daughten's words."

* St Cuthbert of Durham, born about 635, was first a shepherd boy, then a monk in the monastery of Melrose, and afterwards its prior. He left Melrose for the island monastery of Lindisfarne; but desiring an austere life than the monastic, he left Lindisfarne, and became an anchorite, in a hut which he built with his own hands, on one of the Farne Islands. He was afterwards induced to accept the bishopric of Hexham, but soon exchanged it for the see in his old island home at Lindisfarne, and after two years there resigned his bishopric, returning to his cell in Farne Island, where he died in 687. His remains were carried to Durham, and placed within a costly shrine. Ed.

† Fifty-four persons had perished, before Darling's lifeboat reached the wreck. Ed.

Her earnest tone, and look beaming with faith,
 Dispel the Father's doubts: nor do they lack
 The noble-minded Mother's helping hand
 To launch the boat; and with her blessing cheered,
 And inwardly sustained by silent prayer
 Together they put forth, Father and Child!
 Each grasps an oar, and struggling on they go—
 Rivals in effort; and, alike intent
 Here to elude and there surmount, they watch
 The billows lengthening, mutually crossed
 And shattered, and re-gathering their might;
 As if the tumult, by the Almighty's will
 Were, in the conscious sea, roused and prolonged,
 That woman's fortitude—so tried, so proved—
 May brighten more and more!

True to the mark,
 They stem the current of that perilous gorge,
 Their arms still strengthening with the strengthening heart,
 Though danger, as the Wreck is near'd, becomes
 More imminent Not unseen do they approach,
 And rapture, with varieties of fear
 Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames
 Of those who, in that dauntless energy,
 Foretaste deliverance; but the least perturbed
 Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he perceives
 That of the pair—tossed on the waves to bring
 Hope to the hopeless, to the dying, life—
 One is a Woman, a poor earthly sister,
 Or, be the Visitant other than she seems,
 A guardian Spirit sent from purging Heaven,
 In woman's shape. But why prolong the tale
 Casting weak words amid a host of thoughts
 Armed to repel them? Every hazard faced

And difficulty mastered, with resolve
 That no one breathing should be left to perish,
 This last remainder of the crew are all
 Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep
 Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,
 And, in fulfilment of God's mercy, lodged
 Within the sheltering Lighthouse.—Shout, ye Waves!
 Send forth a song of triumph. Waves and Winds,
 Exult in this deliverance wrought through faith
 In Him whose Providence your rage hath served!
 Ye screaming Sea-mews, in the concert join!
 And would that some immortal Voice—a Voice
 Fitly attuned to all that gratitude
 Breathes out from floor or couch, through pallid lips
 Of the survivors—to the clouds might bear—
 Blended with praise of that parental love,
 Beneath whose watchful eye the Maiden grew
 Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,
 Though young so wise, though meek so resolute—
 Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,
 Yea, to celestial Chords, GRACE DARLING'S name!

INSCRIPTION

FOR A MONUMENT IN CROFTCHURCH CHURCH, IN THE VALE OF KESWICK

Comp. 1843. — Pub. 1845

Ye vales and hills whose beauty hither drew
 The poet's steps, and fixed their home, on you,
 His eyes have closed! And ye, loved books, no more
 Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
 To works that never shall forfeit their renown,
 Adding immortal labours of his own—
 Whether he traced historic truth, with zeal
 For the State's guidance, or the Church's weal,

Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,
 Inform'd his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
 Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's mind
 By reverence for the rights of all mankind
 *Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast
 Could private feelings meet for holier rest.
 His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
 From Skiddaw's top; but he to heaven was vowed
 Through his industrious life, and Christian faith
 Calmed in his soul the fear of change and death

I have received from Lord Coleridge the following extracts from letters written by Wordsworth to his father, the Hon. Justice Coleridge, in reference to the Southey Inscription in Crosthwaite Church. Wordsworth seems to have submitted the proposed inscription to Mr. Coleridge's judgment, and the changes he made upon it, in deference to the opinions he received, shew, as Lord Coleridge says, "the extreme care Wordsworth took to have the substance and the expression also as perfect as he could make it." The original draft of the "Inscription" was as follows:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT SOUTHEY, WHOSE MORTAL REMAINS
 ARE INTERRED IN THE ADJOINING CHURCHYARD. HE WAS BORN AT
 BRISTOL, OCTOBER 13TH 1774, AND DIED, AFTER A RESIDENCE OF
 NEARLY FORTY YEARS, AT GRETA HALL IN THIS PARISH. MARCH
 21ST, 1843

Ye Vales and Hills, whose beauty hither drew
 The Poet's steps, and fixed them here, on you
 His eyes have closed; and ye, loved Books, no more
 Shall Southey feel upon your precious lore.
 To Works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown
 Adding immortal labours of his own.
 As Fancy, disciplined by studious Art,
 Informed his pen, or Wisdom of the heart,
 Of judgments rooted in a Patriot's mind,
 Taught to revere the rights of all mankind
 Friends, Family—all, who were to such fast string,
 To them so fondly did the good man cling.
 His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
 From Skiddaw's top; but He to Heaven was vowed
 Through a long life, and calmed by Christian faith,
 In his pure soul the fear of change and death.

This Memorial was erected by friends of Robert Southey.

Alteration in the Epitaph—

"He to Heaven was vowed
Through a life long and pure, and Christian faith
Calmed in his soul the fear of change and death."—W. W.

December 6th

MY DEAR MR JUSTICE COLFIDDER,

Notwithstanding what I have written before, I could not but wish to meet *your wishes* upon the points which you mentioned, and, accordingly, have added and altered as on the other side of this paper. If you approve don't trouble yourself to answer

Ever faithfully yours,

W WORDSWORTH

"Ye torrents foaming down the rocky steep,
Ye lakes wherein the spirit of water sleeps,
Ye vales and hills, &c
Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind,
Friends, Family,—within no human breast
Could private feelings need a holier nest.
His joys, his griefs have vanished."

These alterations are approved of by friends here, and I hope will please you

MY DEAR MR JUSTICE COVERIDGE,

Pray accept my thanks for the pains you have taken with the Inscription, and excuse the few words I shall have to say upon your remarks. There are two lakes in the Vale of Keaswick, both which, along with the lateral Vale of Newlands, immediately opposite Southey's study window, will be included in the words "Ye lakes and Hills" by everyone who is familiar with the neighbourhood.

I quite agree with you that the construction of the lines that particularize his writings is rendered awkward by so many participles passive, and the more so on account of the transitive verb *informed*. One of these participles may be got rid of, and, I think, a better couplet produced by this alteration—

Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind "

As I have entered into particulars as to the character of S.'s writings, and they are so various, I thought his historic works ought by no

means to be omitted, and therefore, though unwilling to lengthen the Epitaph, I added the two following—

“ Labours of his own,
Whether he traced historic truth with zeal
For the State's guidance, or the Church's weal,
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious Art,
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
On judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind ”

I do not feel with you in respect to the word "so;" it refers, of course, to the preceding line, and as the reference is to fireside feelings and intimate friends, there appears to me a propriety in an expression inclining to the colloquial. The couplet was the dictate of my own feelings, and the construction is accordingly broken and rather dramatic,—but too much of this. If you have any objection to the couplet as altered, be so kind as let me know; if not, on no account trouble yourself to answer this letter.

Prematurely I object to as you do. I used the word with reference to that decay of faculties which is not uncommon in advanced life, and which often leads to dotage,—but the word must not be retained.

We regret much to hear that Lady Coleridge is unwell, may present to her our best wishes.

What could induce the Bishop of London to forbid the choral service at St Marks? It was in execution, I understand, above all praise

Ever most faithfully yours,

W. WORDSWORTH

December 2nd, '43.

MY DEAR MR JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

The first line would certainly have more spirit by reading "your" as you suggest. I had previously considered *that*, but decided in favour of "the," as "your," I thought, would clog the sentence in sound, there being "ye" thrice repeated, and followed by "you" at the close of the 4th line. I also thought that "your" would interfere with the application of "you" at the end of the fourth line, to the *whole* of the particular previous images as I intended it to do. But I don't trouble you with this Letter on that account, but merely to ask you whether the couplet now standing —

"Large were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings find a holier nest."

- would not be better thus

"Could private feelings meet in holier rest."

This alteration does not quite satisfy me, but I can do no better. The word "nest" both in itself and in conjunction with "holer" seems to

me somewhat bold and rather startling for marble, particularly in a Church. I should not have thought of any alteration in a merely printed poem, but this makes a difference. If you think the proposed alteration better, don't trouble yourself to answer this; if not, pray be so kind as to tell me so by a single line. I would not on any account have trespassed on your time but for this public occasion. We are sorry to hear of Lady Coleridge's indisposition, pray present to her our kind regards and best wishes for her recovery, united with the greetings of the season both for her and yourself, and believe me faithfully,

Your obliged,

WM. WORDSWORTH

RIDAL MOUNT, *December 23rd, '43.*

TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT SOUTHEY, A MAN EMINENT FOR GENIUS, VERSATILE TALENTS, EXTENSIVE AND ACCURATE KNOWLEDGE AND HABITS OF THE MOST CONSCIENTIOUS INDUSTRY. NOT WAS HE LESS DISTINGUISHED FOR STRICT TEMPERANCE, PURE BENEVOLENCE, AND WARM AFFECTIONS, BUT HIS MIND, SUCH ARE THE AWFUL DISPOSITIONS OF PROVIDENCE, WAS PREMATURELY AND ALMOST TOTALLY OBSCURED BY A SLOWLY-WORKING AND INSCUTABLE MALADY UNDER WHICH HE LANGUISHED UNTIL RELEASED BY DEATH IN THE 68TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

READER! PONDER THE CONDITION TO WHICH THIS GREAT, AND GOOD MAN, NOT WITHOUT MERCIFUL ALLEVIATIONS, WAS DOOMED, AND LEARN FROM HIS EXAMPLE TO MAKE TIMELY USE OF THY ENDOWMENTS AND OPPORTUNITIES, AND TO WALK HUMBLLY WITH THY GOD

COPY OF THE PRINTED INSCRIPTION

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT SOUTHEY, WHOSE MORTAL REMAINS ARE INTERRED IN THE ADJOINING CHURCHYARD. HE WAS BORN AT BRISTOL, OCTOBER 13TH, 1774, AND DIED AFTER A RESIDENCE OF NEARLY 40 YEARS AT GRAY'S HALL, IN THIS PARISH, MARCH 21ST, 1843.

Ye torrents, foaming down the rocky steeps,
Ye lakes, where the spirit of water sleeps,
Ye vales and hills, whose beauty hither draw
The Poet's steps and fixed him here, on you
His eyes have closed! and ye, loved books, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown
Adding immortal labours of his own—

Whether he traced historic truth, with zeal
 For the State's guidance or the Church's weal,
 Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,
 Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
 On judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's mind
 By reverence for the rights of all mankind,
 Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast
 Could private feelings find a holier nest
 His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
 From Skiddaw's top, but he to Heaven was vowed
 Through a long life, and calmed by Christian faith,
 In his pure soul, the fear of change and death

This Memorial was erected by friends of Robert Southey -- E.

TO THE REV CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH D.D.
 MASTER OF HARROW SCHOOL *

After the perusal of his *Theophrastus Anglicanus*, recently published

Comp 1843. — Pub 1845

ENLIGHTENED Teacher, gladly from thy hand
 Have I received this proof of pains bestowed
 By Thee to guide thy Pupils on the road
 That, in our native isle, and every land,
 The Church, when trusting in divine command
 And in her Catholic attributes, hath trod
 O may these lessons be with profit scanned
 To thy heart's wish, thy labour blest by God!
 So the bright faces of the young and gay,
 Shall look more bright—the happy, happier still,
 Catch, in the pauses of their keenest play,
 Motions of thought which elevate the will
 And, like the Spire that from your classic Hill
 Points heavenward, indicate the end and way.

Rydal Mount, Dec. 11, 1843.

* The poet's nephew, afterwards canon of Westminster, and bishop of Lincoln, and the biographer of his uncle. — E.

1844.

Three Sonnets were written in 1844.

ON THE PROJECTED KENDAL AND WINDERMERE RAILWAY

Comp 1844. — Pub. 1845.

Is then no nook of English ground secure
From rash assault? * Schemes of retirement sown
In youth, and 'mid the busy world kept pure
As when their earliest flowers of hope were blown,
Must perish;—how, can they this blight endure?
And must he too the ruthless change bemoan
Who scorns a false utilitarian lure
'Mid his paternal fields at random thrown?
Baffle the threat, bright Scene, from Orrest head †
Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous glance
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance
Of nature, and, if human hearts be dead,
Speak, passing winds; ye torrents, with your strong
And constant voice; protest against the wrong.

October 12th 1844

* The degree and kind of attachment which many of the yeomen feel to their small inheritances can scarcely be over-rated. Near the house of one of them stands a magnificent tree, which a neighbour of the owner advised him to fell for profit's sake. "Fell it!" exclaimed the yeoman, "I had rather fall on my knees and worship it." It happens, I believe, that the intended railway would pass through this little property, and I hope that an apology for the answer will not be thought necessary by one who enters into the strength of the feeling.—W. W., 1845.

Compare the two letters on the Kendal and Windermere Railway, contributed by Wordsworth to *The Morning Post*, and republished in this volume.—Ed.

† Orresthead is the height close to Windermere, to the north of the town.—Ed.

Comp. 1844. ——— Pub. 1845

PROUD were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old,
 Your patriot sons, to stem invasive war,
 Intrenched your brows; ye glomed in each sea!
 Now, for your shame, a Power, the Thirst of Gold,
 That rules o'er Britain like a baneful star,
 Wills that your peace, your beauty, shall be sold,
 And clear way made for her triumphal car
 Through the beloved retreats your arms enfold!
 Heard YE that Whistle? As her long-linked Train
 Swept onwards, did the vision cross your view?
 Yes, ye were startled;—and, in balance true,
 Weighing the mischief with the promised gain,
 Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I call on you
 To share the passion of a just disdain

The following sonnet by Mr Rawnsley—suggested by a recent attempt to introduce a mineral railway into Borrowdale—may be read in connection with Wordsworth's sonnets—kb

A CRY FROM DERWENTWATER

Shall then the stream of ruinous Lodore
 Not fill the valley with its changeful sound
 Unchallenged! shall grey Derwent's sacred flood
 Hear the harsh brawl and intermittent roar
 Of mocking waves upon an iron shore,
 Whereby not health nor happiness is found!
 While steam-wuns drag from Honister's heart wound
 The long cooled ashes of its fiery core!

Burst forth ye sulphurous fountains, as ye broke
 On Skiddaw, hark the waters blast the trees,
 And let men have the earth they would desire,
 As well go pass our children through the fire
 With shrieks, Cath-Belus, round flame altar's smoke,
 As let old Derwent hear such sounds as these.

H. D. RAWNSLEY

WRAT VICARAGE, AMBLESIDE.

AT FURNESS ABBEY.

Comp. 1844. — Pub 1845

HERE, where, of havoc tired and rash undoing,
 Man left this Structure to become Time's prey,
 A soothing Spirit follows in the way
 That Nature takes, her counter-work pursuing
 See how her Ivy clasps the sacred Ruin,*
 Fall to prevent or beautify decay,
 And, on the mouldered walls, how bright, how gay,
 The flowers in pearly dew's their bloom renewing
 Thanks to the place, blessings upon the hour
 Even as I speak the rising Sun's first smile
 Gleams on the grass-crowned top of yon tall Tower †
 Whose cawing occupants with joy proclaim
 Prescriptive title to the shattered pile
 Where, (Cavendish, ‡ *thine* seems nothing but a name!

* In the chancel of the church at Furness Abbey, ivy almost covers the north wall. In the Belfry and in the Chapter House, it is the same. The "tower," referred to in the sonnet, is evidently the belfry tower to the west. It is still "grass crowned." The sonnet was doubtless composed on the spot, and if Wordsworth ascended to the top of the belfry tower, he might have seen the morning sunlight strike the small remaining fragment of the central tower. But it is more likely that he looked up from the nave, or choir, of the church to the belfry, when he spoke of the sun's first smile gleaming from the top of the tall tower. "Flowers" — crowfoot, campanulas, &c. — still luxuriate on the mouldered walls. With the line,

"Fall to prevent or beautify decay,"

compare,

"Nature softening and consoling,

And busy with a hand of healing,"

in the description of Bolton Abbey in *The White Doe of Rylstone* — *Ev*

† Furness Abbey is the property of the Duke of Devonshire, whose family name is Cavendish. — *Ev*

1845.

The Poems of 1845 include one "on the Naming of Places," *The West moreland Girl* (addressed to the Poet's grandchildren), several fragments addressed to Mrs Wordsworth and to friends, *The Cuckoo Clock* and one or two Sonnets

Comp 1845. — Pub 1845

FORTH from a jutting ridge, around whose base
Winds our deep Vale, two heath-clad Rocks ascend*
In fellowship, the loftiest of the pair
Rising to no ambitious height, yet both,
O'er lake and stream, mountain and flowery mead,
Unfolding prospects fan as human eyes
Ever beheld. Up-led with mutual help,
To one or other brow of those twin Peaks
Were two adventurous Sisters 'wont to climb,
And took no note of the hour while thence they gazed,
The blooming heath their couch, gazed, side by side,
In speechless admiration. I, a witness

* These two rocks rise to the left of the lower high road from Grasmere to Rydal, after it leaves the former lake and turns eastwards towards the latter. They are still "heath" clad, and covered with the coppice of the old Bane Riggs Wood, so named because the shortest road from Ambleside to Grasmere used to pass through it, "bain" or "bane" signifying, in the Westmoreland dialect, a short cut. Dr Cradock wrote of them thus — "They are now difficult of approach, being enclosed in a wood, with dense undergrowth, and surrounded by a high, well built wall. They can be well seen from the lower road, from a spot close to the three-mile stone from Ambleside. They are some fifty or sixty feet above the road, about twenty yards apart, and separated by a slight depression of, say, ten feet. The view from the easterly one is now much preferable, as it is less encumbered with shrubs, and for that reason also is more heath-clad. The twin rocks are also well seen, though at a farther distance, from the hill in White Moss Common between the roads, which Dr Arnold used to call 'Old Corruption,' and 'Bit-by-bit Reform.' Doubtless the rocks were far more easily approached fifty years ago, when walls, if any, were low and ill-built. It is probable, however, that even then they were enclosed and protected; for heath will not grow on the Grasmere hills, on places much frequented by sheep." The best view of these heath clad rocks from the lower carriage road is at a spot two or three yards to the west of a large rock on the roadside near the milestone. The view of them from the Loughrigg Terrace walks is also interesting. The two sisters were Mary and Sarah Hutchinson (Mrs Wordsworth and her sister) — Ed.

And frequent sharer of their calm delight
 With thankful heart, to either Eminence
 Gave the baptismal name each Sister bore.
 Now are they parted, far as Death's cold hand
 Hath power to part the Spirits of those who love
 As they did love. Ye kindred Pinnacles—
 That, while the generations of mankind
 Follow each other to their hiding-place
 In time's abyss, are privileged to endure
 Beautiful in yourselves, and richly graced
 With like command of beauty grant your aid
 For MARY'S humble, SARAH'S silent, claim,
 That then pure joy in nature may survive
 From age to age in blended memory

THE WESTMORELAND GIRL.*

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN.

Comp June 6, 1845. --- Pub 1845

PART I.

SEELK who will delight in fable,
 I shall tell you truth. A Lamb
 Leapt from this steep bank to follow
 'Cross the brook its thoughtless dam!

Far and wide on hill and valley
 Rain had fallen, unceasing rain,
 And the bleating mother's Young-one
 Struggled with the flood in vain.

* 1845.

its simple dam.

MS

* This Westmoreland Girl was Sarah Mackereith of Wyke Cottage, Grasmere. She married a man named Davis, and died in 1872 at Broughton in Furness. The swollen "flood" from which she rescued the lamb, was Wyke Gill beck, which descends from the centre of Silver Howe. The picturesque cottage, with round chimney,—a yew tree and Scotch fir behind it,—is on the western side of the road from Grasmere over to Langdale by Red Bank. The Mackereiths have been a well known West-

But, as chanced, a Cottage-maiden
 (Ten years scarcely had she told)
 Seeing, plunged into the torrent
 Clasped the Lamb and kept her hold.

Whirled adown the rocky channel,
 Sinking, rising on they go,
 Peace and rest, as seems before them
 Only in the lake below.

Oh! it was a fruitful current
 Whose fierce wrath the Girl had braved,
 Clap your hands with joy my Heavens,
 Shout in triumph both are saved.

Saved by courage that with danger
 Grew by strength the son of love,
 And belike a guardian angel
 Came with succour from above.

PART II

Now, to a maturer Audience
 Let me speak of this brave Child
 Left among her native mountains
 With wild Nature to run wild.

So unwatched by love maternal,
 Mother's care no more her guide,
 Fared this little bright-eyed Orphan
 Even while at her father's side.

 moreland family for some hundred years. They belong to the "gentry of the soil" and have been parish clerks in Grassmere for generations. One of them was the tenant of the Swan Inn referred to in *The Waggoner*—the host who painted, with his own hand, the "famous swan," used as a sign. (See Vol III, p. 80)

The story of *The Blind Highland Boy*, which gave rise to the poem bearing that name, was told to Wordsworth by one of these Macleiths of Grassmere. (See the Fenwick note, Vol II, p. 368).—Ed.

Spare your blame;—remembrance makes him
Loth to rule by strict command,
Still upon his cheek are living
Touches of her infant hand.

Dear caresses given in pity
Sympathy that soothed his grief
As the dying mother withes bid
To her thankful mind's relief.

Time passed on, the Child was happy,
Like a Spirit of air she roved
Weymouth's bay, and where they met
For her tender heart beloved.

Her steps than scattered roses,
Her voice like music, in grove and field,
Took her to all the interior charms
Up her power then might to shield.

And her heart in reckless passion
Took her to all the outward bliss
To the coast, and under canvas
And the sea, and all the toothed gale.

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To the coast, and under canvas
And the sea, and all the toothed gale.
And her heart in reckless passion
Took her to all the outward bliss
To the coast, and under canvas
And the sea, and all the toothed gale.

She, fulfilling her sire's office,
 Rang alone the far-heard knell,
 Tribute, by her hand, in sorrow,
 Paid to One who loved her well

When his spirit was departed
 On that service she went forth;
 Nor will fail she like to render
 When his corse is laid in earth ¹

What then wants the Child to temper,
 In her breast, unruly fire,
 To control the froward impulse
 And restrain the vague desire?

Easily a pious training
 And a steadfast outward power
 Would supplant the weeds and cherish,
 In their stead, each opening flower

Thus the fearless Lamb-deliv'rer,
 Woman-grown, meek-hearted, sage,
 May become a blest example
 For her sex, of every age *

Watchful as a wheeling eagle,
 Constant as a soaring lark;
 Should the country need a heroine,
 She might prove our Maid of Arc.

Leave that thought; and here be uttered
 Prayer that Grace divine may raise
 Her humane courageous spirit
 Up to heaven, thro' peaceful ways.

AT FURNESS ABBEY.

Comp. 1845 — Pub. 1845.

WELL have you Railway Labourers to this ground
 Withdrawn for noontide rest. They sit, they walk
 Among the Ruins, but no idle talk
 Is heard, to grave demeanour all are bound,
 And from one voice a Hymn with tuneful sound
 Hallows once more the long-deserted Quene,*
 And thrills the old sepulchral earth, around,
 Others look up, and with fixed eyes admire
 That wide-spanned arch, wondering how it was raised,
 To keep, so high in air, its strength and grace.
 All seem to feel the spirit of the place,
 And by the general reverence God is praised
 Profane Despoilers stand ye not reprov'd,
 While thus these simple-hearted men are moved?
June 21st, 1845

Comp 1845 — Pub. 1845

YES! thou art fair, yet be not moved
 To scorn the declaration,
 That sometimes I in thee have loved
 My fancy's own creation.

Imagination needs must stir;
 Dear Maid, this truth believe,
 Minds that have nothing to confer
 Find little to perceive.

Be pleased that nature made thee fit
 To feed my heart's devotion,
 By laws to which all Forms submit
 In sky, air, earth, and ocean

* See the note to the previous sonnet on Furness Abbey, p. 547. — Ed.

Comp 1845. — Pub. 1845

WHAT heavenly smiles ! O Lady mine
 Through my very heart they shine .
 And, if my brow gives back their light,
 Do thou look gladly on the sight ,
 As the clear Moon with modest pride
 Beholds her own bright beams
 Reflected from the mountain's side
 And from the headlong streams

TO A LADY,

IN ANSWER TO A REQUEST THAT I WOULD WRITE HER A POEM UPON SOME
 DRAWINGS THAT SHE HAD MADE OF FLOWERS IN THE ISLAND OF
 MADEIRA

Comp 1845 — Pub. 1845

FAIR Lady ! can I sing of flowers
 That in Madeira bloom and fade,
 I who ne'er sate within their bowers,
 Nor through their sunny lawns have strayed ?
 How they in sprightly dance are worn
 By Shepherd-groom or May-day queen,
 Or holy festal pomps adorn,
 These eyes have never seen.
 Yet tho' to me the pencil's art
 No like remembrances can give,
 Your portraits still may reach the heart
 And there for gentle pleasure live ,
 While Fancy ranging with free scope
 Shall on some lovely Alien set
 A name with us endeared to hope,
 To peace, or fond regret.
 Still as we look with nicer care,
 Some new resemblance we may trace ;
 A *Heart's-ease* will perhaps be there,
 A *Speedwell* may not want its place.

And so may we, with charmed mind
Beholding what your skill has wrought,
Another *'Star-of-Bethlehem* find,
A new *'Forget-me-not*,

From earth to heaven with motion fleet
From heaven to earth our thoughts will pass,
A *'Holy-thistle* here we meet '
And there a *'Shepherd's weather-glass* ,
And haply some familiar name
Shall grace the fairest, sweetest plant
Whose presence cheers the drooping frame
Of English Emigrant

Gazing she feels its power beguile
Sad thoughts, and breathes with easier breath,
Alas! that meek, that tender smile
Is but a harbinger of death .
And pointing with a feeble hand
She says in taunt words by sighs broken,
Bear for me to my native land
This precious Flower, true love's last token

Comp 1845 — Pub 1845.

GLAD sight wherever new with old
Is joined through some dear homeborn tie ,
The lite of all that we behold
Depends upon that mystery
Vain is the glory of the sky,
The beauty vain of field and grove,
Unless, while with admiring eye
We gaze, we also learn to love *

* Compare the stanza in the lines addressed to Miss Wordsworth in 1824, beginning—

"True beauty dwells in deep retreats "

-- Ed.

LOVE LIES BLEEDING

Comp. 1845. Feb 1845.

[It has been said that the English, though their country has produced so many great poets, is now the most unpoetical nation in Europe. It is probably true; for they have more temptation to become so than any other European people. Trade, commerce, and manufactures, physical science, and mechanic arts, out of which so much wealth has arisen, have made our countrymen infinitely less sensible to movements of imagination and fancy than were our forefathers in their simple state of society. How touching and beautiful were, in most instances, the names they gave to our indigenous flowers, or any other they were familiarly acquainted with!—Every month for many years have we been importing plants and flowers from all quarters of the globe, many of which are spread through our gardens, and some perhaps likely to be met with on the few Commons which we have left. Will their botanical names ever be displaced by plain English appellations, which will bring them home to our hearts by connexion with our joys and sorrows? It can never be, unless society tread back her steps towards those simplicities which have been banished by the undue influence of towns spreading and spreading in every direction, so that city-life with every generation takes more and more the lead of rural. Among the ancients, villages were reckoned the seats of barbarism. Refinement, for the most part false, increases the desire to accumulate wealth, and while theories of political economy are boastfully pleading for the practice, inhumanity pervades all our dealings in buying and selling. This selfishness wars against disinterested imagination in all directions, and, evils coming round in a circle, barbarism spreads in every quarter of our island. Oh, for the reign of justice, and then the humblest man among us would have more power and dignity in and about him than the highest have now.]

You call it "Love lies bleeding."—so you may.*

Though the red Flower, not prostrate, only droops,

As we have seen it here from day to day,

From month to month, life passing not away.

* Compare—

"Yet marked I, when the bolt of Cupid fell:

It fell upon a little western flower.

Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,

And maidens call it love-in-idleness."

(*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II Sc I.)—Ed

A flower how rich in sadness! Even thus stoops,
 (Sentient by Grecian sculpture's marvellous power)
 Thus leans, with hanging brow and body bent
 Earthward in uncomplaining languishment,
 The dying Gladiator. No, sad Flower!
 ('Tis Fancy guides me willing to be led,
 Though by a slender thread.)
 So drooped Adonis bathed in sanguine dew
 Of his death-wound, when he from innocent air
 The gentlest breath of resignation drew,
 While Venus in a passion of despair
 Kent, weeping over him, her golden hair
 Spangled with drops of that celestial shower
 She suffered, as Immortals sometimes do;
 But pangs more lasting far, *that* Lover knew
 Who first, weighed down by scorn, in some lone bow
 Did press this semblance of unpitied smart
 Into the service of his constant heart,
 His own dejection, downcast Flower! could share
 With thine, and gave the mournful name which thou wilt
 ever bear

This poem was originally composed in sonnet form, and belongs in that form probably to the year 1833. It occurs in a MS. copy, of some of the "sonnets" which record the Tour of that year to the Isle of Man and to Scotland — Fo

They call it Love lies bleeding' rather say
 That in this crucisen Flower Love bleeding *droops*,
 A Flower how sick in sadness! Thus it stoops
 With languid head unproppe'd from day to day
 From month to month, life passing not away.
 Even so the dying Gladiator leans
 On mother earth, and from his patience gloams

Relics of tender thoughts, regrets that stay
 A moment and are gone. O fate-bowed flower!
 Fair as Adonis bathed in sanguine dew,
 Of his death-wound, *that* Lover's heart was true
 As heaven, who pierced by scorn in some lone bower
 Could press thy semblance of unpitied smart
 Into the service of his constant heart

COMPANION TO THE FOREGOING

Comp 1845 — Pub 1845

NEVER enlivened with the liveliest ray
 That fosters growth or checks or checks decay,
 Nor by the heaviest rain-drops more deprest,
 Thus Flower, that first appeared as summer's guest,
 Preserves her beauty mid autumnal leaves
 And to her mournful habits fondly cleaves
 When files of stateliest plants have ceased to bloom,
 One after one submitting to their doom,
 When her corals each and all are fled,
 What keeps her thus reclined upon her lonesome bed?

The old mythologists, more impress'd than we
 Of this late day by character in tree
 Or herb, that claimed peculiar sympathy,
 Or by the silent lapse of fountain clear,
 Or with the language of the viewless air
 By bird or beast made vocal, sought a cause
 To solve the mystery, not in Nature's laws
 But in Man's fortunes. Hence a thousand tales
 Sung to the plaintive lyre in Grecian vales.

Nor doubt that something of their spirit swayed
 The fancy-stricken Youth or heart-sick Maid,
 Who, while each stood companionless and eyed
 This undeparting Flower in crimson dyed,
 Thought of a wound which death is slow to cure,
 A fate that has endured and will endure,
 And, patience coveting yet passion feeding,
 Called the dejected Lingerer, *Love lies bleeding.*

THE CUCKOO-CLOCK.

Comp 1845 * — Pub 1845

[Of this clock I have nothing farther to say than what the poem
 expresses, except that it must be here recorded that it was a present
 from the dear friend for whose sake these notes were chiefly under-
 taken, and who has written them from my dictation.]

WOULDEST thou be taught, when sleep has taken flight,
 By a sure voice that can most sweetly tell,
 How far-off yet a glimpse of morning light,
 And if to lure the truant back be well,
 Forbear to covet a Repeater's stroke,
 That, answering to thy touch, will sound the hour,
 Better provide thee with a Cuckoo-clock
 For service hung behind thy chamber-door,
 And in due time the soft spontaneous shock,
 The double note, as if with living power,
 Will to composure lead—or make thee blithe as bird in
 bower.

List, Cuckoo—Cuckoo!—off the tempests howl,
 Or nipping frost remind thee trees are bare,
 How cattle pine, and droop the shivering fowl,
 Thy spirits will seem to feed on balmy air.

I speak with knowledge,—by that Voice beguiled,
 Thou wilt salute old memories as they throng
 Into thy heart; and fancies, running wild
 Through fresh green fields, and budding groves among,
 Will make thee happy, happy as a child.
 Of sunshine wilt thou think, and flowers, and song,
 And breathe as in a world where nothing can go wrong

And know—that, even for him who shuns the day
 And nightly tosses on a bed of pain;
 Whose joys, from all but memory swept away,
 Must come unhopèd for, if they come again,
 Know—that, for him whose waking thoughts, severe
 As his distress is sharp, would scorn my theme,
 The music notes striking upon his ear
 In sleep, and intermingling with his dream,
 Could from sad regions send him to a dear
 Delightful land of verdure, shower, and gleam,
 To mock the *wandering Voice* * beside some haunted stream

O bounty without measure! while the grace
 Of Heaven doth in such wise, from humblest springs,
 Pour pleasure forth, and solaces that trace
 A mazy course along familiar things,
 Well may our hearts have faith that blessings come,
 Streaming from founts above the starry sky,
 With angels when their own untroubled home
 They leave, and speed on nightly embassy
 To visit earthly chambers,—and for whom?
 Yea, both for souls who God's forbearance try,
 And those that seek his help, and for his mercy sigh.

* Compare *To the Cuckoo* (Vol. III., p. 1.)—

"O Cuckoo shall I call thee bird
 Or but a wandering voice?"

Comp 1845. — Pub 1845.

So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,
 Would that the little Flowers were born to live
 Conscious of half the pleasure which they give;
 That to this mountain-daisy's self were known
 The beauty of its star-shaped shadow, thrown
 On the smooth surface of this naked stone!
 And what if hence a bold desire should mount
 High as the Sun, that he could take account
 Of all that issues from his glorious fount!
 So nought he ken how by his sovereign aid
 These delicate companionships are made;
 And how he rules the pomp of light and shade,
 And were the Sister power that shines by night
 So privileged, what a countenance of delight
 Would through the clouds break forth on human sight!
 Fond fancies! wheresoe'er shall turn thine eye
 On earth, air, ocean, or the starry sky,
 Converse with Nature in pure sympathy,
 All vain desires, all lawless wishes quelled,
 Be Thou to love and praise alike unpelled,
 Whatever boon is granted or withheld.*

* The following account of the circumstance which gave rise to the preceding poem is from the *Memoir* of Professor Archer Butler, by Mr Woodward, prefixed to the "Faint Series" of his Sermons. The Rev R Percival Graves, of Dublin (then in 1843—of Windermere), in writing to Mr Woodward, gives an interesting account of a walk, in July 1844, from Windermere, by Rydal and Chasmere, to Loughrigg Tarn, &c., in which Butler was accompanied by Wordsworth, Julius Charles Hare, Sir William Hamilton, &c. He says, "The day was additionally memorable as giving birth to an interesting minor poem of Mr Wordsworth's. When we reached the side of Loughrigg Tarn (which you may remember he notes for its similarity, in the peculiar character of its beauty, to the Lago di Nemi, *Diasos Speculum*), the loveliness of the scene arrested our steps and fixed our gaze. The splendour of a July noon surrounded us and lit up

TO THE PENNSYLVANIANS.

Camp 1845 Pub. 1845

DAYS undefiled by luxury* or sloth,
 Firm self-denial, manners grave and staid,
 Rights equal, laws with cheerfulness obeyed,
 Words that require no sanction from an oath,
 And simple honesty a common growth—
 This high repute, with bounteous Nature's aid,
 Won confidence, now ruthlessly betrayed
 At will, your power the measure of your truth—
 All who revere the memory of Penn
 Grieve for the land on whose wild woods his name*
 Was fondly grafted with a virtuous aim,
 Renounced, abandoned by degenerate Men
 For state-dishonour black as ever came
 To upper air from Mammon's loathesome den

the landscape, with the Langdale Pikes soaring above, and the bright tarn shining beneath; and when the poet's eyes were satisfied with them, he frayed on the beauties familiar to them, they sought relief in the search, to them a happy vital habit, for new beauty in the flower-enamelled turf at his feet. There his attention was arrested by a fair smooth stone, of the size of an ostrich's egg, seeming to imbed at its centre, and at the same time to display a dark star shaped fossil of most distinct outline. Upon closer inspection this proved to be the shadow of a daisy projected upon it with extraordinary precision by the intense light of an almost vertical sun. The poet drew the attention of the rest of the party to the minute but beautiful phenomenon, and gave expression at the time to thoughts suggested by it, which so interested our friend Professor Butler, that he plucked the tiny flower, and, saying that, it should be not only the theme but the memorial of the thought they had heard, bestowed it somewhere carefully for preservation. The little poem, in which some of these thoughts were afterwards crystallized, commences with the stanza,—

"So fair, so sweet, withal so simple,
 Would that the little flowers were born to live,
 Contents of half the pleasure that they give."

Memoir, pp. 27, 28.—Ed.

* To William Penn, son of Admiral Sir W. Penn, a printer and quaker, Charles II. granted lands in America, to which he gave the name of Pennsylvania.—Ed.

Comp. 1845 — - Pub. 1845

YOUNG ENGLAND—what is then become of Old,
 Of dear Old England? Think they she is dead,
 Dead to the very name? Presumption fed
 On empty air! That name will keep its hold
 In the true filial bosom's inmost fold
 For ever —The Spirit of Alfred at the head
 Of all who for her rights watch'd, toiled and bled,
 Knows that this prophecy is not too bold
 What—how! shall she subvert in will and deed
 To Beardless Boys—an imitative race,
 The *seruum pecus* of a Gallic breed?
 Dear Mother! if thou *must* thy steps retrace,
 Go where at least meek Innocency dwells,
 Let Babes and Sucklings be thy oracles.

Comp. 1845. — Pub. 1845.

THOUGH the bold wings of Poesy affect
 The clouds, and wheel around the mountain tops
 Rejoicing, from her loftiest height she drops
 Well pleased to skim the plain with wild flowers deckt,
 Or muse in solemn grove whose shades protect
 The lingering dew—there steals along, or stops
 Watching the least small bird that round her hops,
 Or creeping worm, with sensitive respect.
 Her functions are they therefore less divine,
 Her thoughts less deep, or void of grave intent
 Her simplest fancies? Should that fear be true,
 Aspiring Volary, ere thy hand present
 One offering, kneel before her modest shrine,
 With brow in penitential sorrow bent.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF THE BIRD OF
PARADISE.

Comp. ——— Pub. 1845

[This subject has been treated of in another note. I will here only, by way of comment, direct attention to the fact, that pictures of animals and other productions of Nature, as seen in conservatories, menageries, and museums, &c., would do little for the national mind, nay, they would be rather injurious to it, if the imagination were excluded by the presence of the object, more or less out of a state of Nature. If it were not that we learn to talk and think of the lion and the eagle, the palm-tree, and even the cedar, from the unpassioned introduction of them so frequently into Holy Scripture, and by great poets, and divines who wrote as poets, the spiritual part of our nature, and therefore the higher part of it, would derive no benefit from such intercourse with such subjects.]

THE gentlest poet, with free thoughts endow'd,
And a true master of the glowing strain,
Might scan the narrow province with disdain
That to the Painter's skill is here allowed.
This, this the Bird of Paradise! disclaim
The daring thought, forget the name.
This the Sun's Bird, whom Glendoveers might own
As no unworthy Partner in their flight
Through seas of ether, where the rushing sway
Of nether air's rude billows is unknown;
Whom Sylphs, if e'er for casual pastime they
Through India's spicy regions wing their way,
Might bow as to their Lord. What character,
O sovereign Nature! I appeal to thee,
Of all thy feathered progeny
Is so unearthly, and what shape so fair.
So richly decked in variegated down,
Green, sable, shining yellow, shadowy brown,
Tints softly with each other blended,
Hues doubtfully begun and ended
Or intershooting, and to sight
Lost and recovered, as the rays of light

Glimpses on the conscious plumes touched here and there?
 Full surely, when with such proud gifts of life
 Began the pencil's strife,
 O'erweening Art was caught as in a snare

A sense of seemingly presumptuous wrong
 Gave the first impulse to the Poet's song;
 But, of his scorn repenting soon, he drew
 A juster judgment from a calmer view,
 And, with a spirit freed from discontent,
 Thankfully took an effort that was meant
 Not with God's bounty, Nature's love, to vie,
 Or made with hope to please that inward eye
 Which ever strives in vain itself to satisfy,
 But to recal the truth by some faint trace
 Of power ethereal and celestial grace,
 That in the living Creatures find on earth a place

1846.

The Poems of 1846, were limited to the lines beginning, "I know
 an aged man constrained to dwell," an "Evening Voluntary," six
 sonnets, and other two short pieces.

WHY SHOULD WE WEEP OR MOURN, ANGELIC
 BOY.*

Comp. 1846. Pub. 1850.

Why should we weep or mourn, angelic boy,
 For such thou wert ere from our sight removed,

* This sonnet refers to the poet's grandchild, who died at Rome in the
 beginning of 1846. Wordsworth wrote of it thus to Professor Henry Reed,
 Jan. 23, 1846. "Our daughter-in-law fell into bad health between
 three and four years ago. She went with her husband to Madeira, where
 they remained nearly a year; she was then advised to go to Italy. After
 a prolonged residence there, her six children (whom her husband returned

Holy, and ever dutiful—beloved
 From day to day, with never-ceasing joy,
 And hopes as dear as could the heart employ.
 In aught to earth pertaining ? Death has proved
 His might, nor less his mercy, as behoved—
 Death, conscious that he only could destroy
 The bodily frame That beauty is laid low
 To moulder in a far-off field of Rome,
 But Heaven is now, blest Child, thy Spirit's home.
 When such divine communion, which we know,
 Is felt, thy Roman-burial place will be
 Surely a sweet remembrancer of Thee

WHERE LIES THE TRUTH ? HAS MAN, IN
 WISDOM'S CREED.

Comp. 1846 — Pub 1850.

WHERE lies the truth ? has man, in wisdom's creed,
 A pitiable doom, for respite brief
 A care more anxious, or a heavier grief ?
 Is he ungrateful, and doth little heed
 God's bounty, soon forgotten ; or indeed,
 Must Man, with labour born, awake to sorrow ?
 When flowers rejoice, and larks with rival speed
 Spring from their nests to bid the sun good-morrow ?
 They mount for rapture as their songs proclaim ?

¹ Who that lies down and may not wake to sorrow. MS.

² They mount for rapture ; this their MS.

to England took, at her earnest request, to that country, under their father's guidance: when he was obliged, on account of his duty as a clergyman, to leave them. Four of the number resided with their mother at Rome, three of whom took a fever there, of which the youngest—as noble a boy of five years as ever was seen—died, being seized with convulsions when the fever was somewhat subdued. —Ed.

Warbled in hearing both of earth and sky ;
 But o'er the contrast wherefore heave a sigh ?
 Like those aspirants let us soar—our aim,
 Through life's worst trials, whether shocks or snares,
 A happier, brighter, purer heaven than theirs *

I KNOW AN AGED MAN CONSTRAINED TO DWELL.

Comp 1846 — Pub 1850

I KNOW an aged Man constrained to dwell
 In a large house of public charity,
 Where he abides, as in a Prisoner's cell,
 With numbers near, alas ! no company

When he could creep about, at will, though poor
 And forced to live on alms, this old man fed
 A Redbreast, one that to his cottage door
 Came not, but in a lane partook his bread

There, at the root of one particular tree,
 An easy seat this worn-out Labourer found
 While Robin pecked the crumbs upon his knee
 Laid one by one, or scattered on the ground

Dear intercourse was theirs, day after day,
 What signs of mutual gladness when they met !
 Think of their common peace, their simple play,
 The parting moment and its fond regret.

* This sonnet was suggested by the death of Wordsworth's grandson, commemorated in the previous sonnet, and by the alarming illness of his brother, the late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the expected death of another grandson (John Wordsworth), at Ambleside, the only son of his eldest brother, Richard Esq.

170 HOW BEAUTIFUL THE QUEEN OF NIGHT, ON HIGH.

Months passed in love that failed not to fulfil,
In spite of season's change, its own demand,
By fluttering pinions here and busy hall,
There by caresses from a tremulous hand

Thus in the chosen spot a tie so strong,
Was formed between the solitary pair,
That when his fate had housed him mid a throng
The captive shunned all converse proffered there

Wife, children, kindred, they were dead and gone,
But, if no evil hap his wishes crossed,
One living stay was left and on that one
Some recompense for all that he had lost

O that the good old man had power to prove,
By message sent through air or visible token,
That still he loves the Bird, and still must love;
That friendship lasts though fellowship is broken

HOW BEAUTIFUL THE QUEEN OF NIGHT,
ON HIGH.

Comp. 1846. — Pub. 1850.

How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high
Her way pursuing among scattered clouds,
Where, ever and anon, her head she shrouds
Hidden from view in dense obscurity
But look, and to the watchful eye
A brightening edge will indicate that soon
We shall behold the struggling Moon
Break forth,—again to walk the clear blue sky.

TO LUCCA GIORDANO *

Comp. 1846. — Pub. 1850

GIORDANO, verily thy Pencil's skill
Hath here portrayed with Nature's happiest grace
The fair Endymion couched on Latmos-hill,
And Dian gazing on the Shepherd's face
In rapture,—yet suspending her embrace,
As not unconscious with what power the thrill
Of her most timid touch his sleep would chase,
And, with his sleep, that beauty calm and still
O may this work have found its last retreat
Here in a Mountain-bard's secure abode,
One to whom, yet a School-boy, Cynthia showed
A face of love which he in love would greet,
Fixed, by her smile, upon some rocky seat;
Or lured along where green-wood paths he trod

RYDAI MOUNT, 1846.

WHO BUT IS PLEASED TO WATCH THE MOON
ON HIGH

Comp. 1846. — Pub. 1850.

Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high
Travelling where she from time to time enshrouds
Her head, and nothing loth her majesty
Renounces, till among the scattered clouds

* Lucca Giordano was born at Naples, in 1829. He was at first a disciple of Spangaleto, next of Pietro da Cortona; but after coming under the influence of Correggio, he went to Venice, where Titian was his inspiring master. In his own work the influence of all of these predecessors may be traced, but chiefly that of Titian, whose style of colouring and composition he followed so closely that many of his works might be mistaken for those of his greatest master. The picture referred to in this sonnet was brought from Italy by the poet's eldest son. — ED.

One with its kindling edge, declares, that soon
 Will reappear before the uplifted eye
 A Form as bright, as beautiful a moon,
 To glide in open prospect through clear sky
 Pity that such a promise e'er should prove
 False in the issue, that yon seeming space
 Of sky should be in truth the steadfast face
 Of a cloud flat and dense, through which must move
 (By transit not unlike man's frequent doom)
 The Wanderer lost in more determined gloom.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS

Comp 1846 — Pub 1850.

DISCOURSE was deemed Man's noblest attribute,
 And written words the glory of his hand,
 Then followed Printing with enlarged command
 For thought—dominion vast and absolute
 For spreading truth, and making love expand
 Now prose and verse sunk into disrepute
 Must lacquey a dumb Art that best can suit
 The taste of this once intellectual Land
 A backward movement surely have we here,
 From manhood,—back to childhood, for the age—
 Back towards caverned life's first rude career
 Avaunt this vile abuse of pictured page!
 Must eyes be all in all, the tongue and ear
 Nothing? Heaven keep us from a lower stage!

THE UNREMITTING VOICE OF NIGHTLY
STREAMS.

Comp 1846. — Pub. 1850.

THE unremitting voice of nightly streams
 That wastes so oft, we think, its tuneful powers,

If neither soothing to the worm that gleams
 Through dewy grass, nor small birds hushed in bowers,
 Nor unto silent leaves and drowsy flowers,—
 That voice of unpretending harmony
 (For who what is shall measure by what seems
 To be, or not to be,
 Or tax high Heaven with prodigality ?)
 Wants not a healing influence that can creep
 Into the human breast, and mix with sleep
 To regulate the motion of our dreams
 For kindly issues—as through every clime
 Was felt near murmuring brooks in earliest time,
 As at this day, the rudest swains who dwell
 Where torrents roar, or hear the tinkling knoll
 Of water-breaks, with grateful heart could tell.

TO AN OCTOGENARIAN

Comp 1846 — Pub 1850

AFFECTIONS lose their object, Time brings forth
 No successors ; and, lodged in memory,
 If love exists no longer, it must die,—
 Wanting accustomed food, must pass from earth,
 Or never hope to reach a second birth
 This sad belief, the happiest that is left
 To thousands, share not Thou, how'er bereft,
 Scorned, or neglected, fear not such a dearth
 Though poor and destitute of friends thou art,
 Perhaps the sole survivor of thy race,
 One to whom Heaven assigns that mournful part
 The utmost solitude of age to face,
 Still shall be left some corner of the heart
 Where Love for living Thing can find a place.

ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM.

Comp. 1846. — Pub 1850.

BEHOLD an emblem of our human mind
 Crowded with thoughts that need a settled home,
 Yet, like to eddying balls of foam
 Within this whirlpool, they each other chase
 Round and round, and neither find
 An outlet nor a resting-place !
 Stranger, if such disquietude be thine,
 Fall on thy knees and sue for help divine.

1847.

ODE ON THE INSTALLATION OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
 PRINCE ALBERT AS CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVER-
 SITY OF CAMBRIDGE, JULY 1847.*

Comp. 1847. — Pub 1847.

INTRODUCTION AND CHORUS.

For thirst of power that Heaven disowns,
 For temples, towers, and thrones,
 Too long insulted by the Spoiler's shock,
 Indignant Europe cast,
 Her stormy foe at last
 To reap the whirlwind on a Libyan rock.

SOLO. — (TENOR.)

War is passion's basest game
 Madly played to win a name ;

* This "Ode" was printed and sung at Cambridge on the occasion of the installation of His Royal Highness Prince Albert as Chancellor of the University. It was published in the newspapers of the following day, as "written for the occasion by the Poet Laureate, by royal command." It was partly written, however, by the Poet's nephew and biographer, the late Bishop of Lincoln. See the *Life of the Poet*, in Vol. IX. — ED

Up starts some tyrant, Earth and Heaven to dare,
 The servile million bow,
 But will the lightning glance aside to spare
 The Despot's laurell'd brow?

CHORUS

War is mercy, glory, fame,
 Waged in Freedom's holy cause;
 Freedom, such as Man may claim
 Under God's restraining laws
 Such is Albion's fame and glory
 Let rescued Europe tell the story

RECIT. (*accompanied*). — (CONTRALTO.)

But lo, what sudden cloud has darkened all
 The land as with a funeral pall
 The Rose of England suffers blight,
 The flower has drooped, the Isle's delight,
 Flower and bud together fall—
 A Nation's hopes he crushed in Claremont's desolate hall

AIR. — (SOPRANO)

Time a chequered mantle wears;—
 Earth awakes from wintry sleep,
 Again the Tree a blossom bears—
 Cease, Britannia, cease to weep!
 Hark to the peals on this bright May morn'
 They tell that your future Queen is born

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS.

A Guardian Angel flattered
 Above the Babe, unseen;
 One word he softly uttered—
 He named the future Queen:

And a joyful cry through the Island rang,
 As clear and bold as the trumpet's clang,
 As bland as the reed of peace —

“ VICTORIA be her name ! ”

For righteous triumphs are the base
 Whereon Britannia rests her peaceful fame

QUAINT.

Time, in his mantle's sunniest fold,
 Uplifted in his arms the child,
 And, while the fearless Infant smiled,
 Her happier destiny foretold —

“ Infancy, by Wisdom mild,
 Trained to health and artless beauty,
 Youth, by pleasure unbeguiled
 From the lore of lefty duty,
 Womanhood is pure renown,
 Seated on her lineal throne
 Leaves of myrtle in her Crown,
 Fresh with lustre all their own
 Love, the treasure worth possessing,
 More than all the world beside,
 This shall be her choicest blessing,
 Oft to royal hearts denied.”

RECIT. (*unaccompanied*).—(BASS)

That eve, the Star of Brunswick shone
 With steadfast ray benign
 On Gotha's ducal roof, and on
 The softly flowing Leine;
 Nor failed to gild the spires of Bonn,
 And glittered on the Rhine—

Old Camus, too, on that prophetic night
 Was conscious of the ray,
 And his willows whispered in its light,
 Not to the Zephyr's sway,
 But with a Delphic life, in sight
 Of this auspicious day:

CHORUS

This day, when Granta hails her chosen Lord,
 And proud of her award,
 Confiding in the Star serene,
 Welcomes the Consort of a happy Queen

AIR —(CONTRALTO)

Prince, in these Collegiate bowers,
 Where Science, leagued with holier truth,
 Guards the sacred heart of youth,
 Solemn monitors are ours.
 These reverend arches, these hallowed towers,
 Raised by many a hand august,
 Are haunted by majestic Powers,
 The memories of the Wise and Just,
 Who, faithful to a pious trust,
 Here, in the Founder's spirit sought
 To mould and stamp the ore of thought
 In that bold form and impress high
 That best betoken patriot loyalty.
 Not in vain, these Sages taught,—
 True disciples, good as great,
 Have pondered here their country's weal,
 Weighed the Future by the Past,
 Learned how social frames may last,

And how a Land may rule its fate
 By constancy inviolate,
 Though worlds to their foundations reel
 The sport of factious Hate or godless Zeal.

AIR —(BASS)

Albert, in thy race we cherish
 A Nation's strength that will not perish
 While England's scepter'd Line
 True to the King of Kings is found
 Like that Wise* ancestor of thine
 Who threw the Saxon shield o'er Luther's life,
 When first above the yells of bigot strife
 The trumpet of the Living Word
 Assur'd a voice of deep portentous sound,
 From gladdened Elbe to startled Tiber heard

CHORUS

What shield more sublime
 E'er was blazoned or sung?
 And the PRINCE whom we greet
 From its Hero is sprung.
 Resound, resound the strain,
 That hails him for our own!
 Again, again, and yet again,
 For the Church, the State, the Throne!
 And that Presence fair and bright,
 Ever blest wherever seen,
 Who deigns to grace our festal rite,
 The pride of the Islands, VICTORIA THE QUEEN

* Frederic the Wise, Elector of Saxony — W. W., 1847.

PROSE FRAGMENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTE

As explained in the Prefatory Note to this volume, Wordsworth's *Description of the Scenery of the Lakes in the North of England*, afterwards expanded as *A Guide through the District of the Lakes in the North of England*, &c., is included in this edition of his Works, along with his *Two Letters on the "Kendal and Windermere Railway,"* sent to the *Morning Post* in 1844, and reprinted in that year at Kendal.

This topographical account of the scenery of the Lake District originally formed an introduction to the Rev Joseph Wilkinson's *Select Views in Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire*, published at London in 1810 (12 Nos. in one volume folio).

It next appeared in 1820, in the volume of Sonnets on the River Duddon, the full title of which was, "The River Duddon, a series of Sonnets Vaudracour and Julia; and other Poems, to which is annexed a topographical description of the Country of the Lakes in the North of England, by William Wordsworth."

In 1822 it was published for the first time separately, in 12mo., divided into sections, with much additional matter. It included some remarks on the scenery of the Alps (Wordsworth had revisited Switzerland in 1840), and an account of an excursion to Scawfell, with a final chapter of "Directions and Information for the Tourist." This edition was reprinted in 1833.

It was expanded in a fifth edition, 8vo., printed at Kendal in 1835. In this—which contained Wordsworth's final text, and is therefore selected for reproduction in the present edition—the "Directions and Information for Tourists" precedes the "Description of the Scenery of the Lakes;" and to the account of the ascent of Scawfell is added a curious recast of a passage in one of his sister's Journals of "a mountain ramble" in 1805, describing an excursion to Ullswater. The original MS. describing this mountain ramble is at Colcorton, in Leicestershire, but it is printed in the *Transactions* of "the Wordsworth Society," No. V (1863).

The edition of 1835 was republished in 1842 and 1849. It has subsequently appeared in popular reprints, both by itself and along with Professor Sedgwick's *Five Letters on the Geology of the Lake District*. The "Ode" on *The Pass of Kirlstone*, which closed the volume of 1835, is not republished, as it will be found in its chronological place, 1817 (in Volume VI. p. 145); but the "Itinerary of the Lakes," which the publishers added "with permission of the author," has a certain topographical value, and is therefore reproduced.

The changes of text in the several editions of this "Guide" are not indicated. It may be remarked, however, that the poetic fragment given at p. 223, which was first published in 1827 under the title *Water-Fowl*—but which is a part of the unpublished canto of *The Recluse*, entitled "Home in Grasmere"—differs slightly both from the printed text of *Water-Fowl* and from the MS. of *The Recluse* in its final form.—Ed

A GUIDE
THROUGH
THE DISTRICT OF THE LAKES
IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND,
WITH
A DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENERY, &c
FOR THE USE OF
TOURISTS AND RESIDENTS

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ITINERARY.

DIRECTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR THE TOURIST

IN preparing this Manual, it was the Author's principal wish to furnish a Guide or Companion for the *Minds* of Persons of taste, and feeling for Landscape, who might be entitled to explore the District of the Lakes with that degree of attention to which its beauty may fairly lay claim. For the more sure attainment, however, of this primary object he will begin by undertaking the humble and tedious task of supplying the Tourist with directions how to approach the several scenes in their best, or most convenient, order. But first, supposing the approach to be made from the south and through Yorkshire, there are certain interesting spots which may be confidently recommended to his notice, if time can be spared before entering upon the Lake District and the route may be changed in returning.

There are three approaches to the Lakes through Yorkshire, the least advisable is the great north road by Catterick and Greta Bridge, and onwards to Penrith. The Traveller, however, taking this route, might halt at Greta Bridge, and be well recompensed if he can afford to give an hour or two to the banks of the Greta, and of the Tees, at Rokeby Barnard Castle also, about two miles up the Tees, is a striking object, and the main North Road might be rejoined at Bowes. Every one has heard of the great Fall of the Tees above Middleham, interesting for its grandeur, as the avenue of rocks that leads to it, is to the geologist. But this place lies so far out of the way as scarcely to be within the compass of our notice. It might, however, be visited by a

Traveller on foot, or on horseback, who could rejoin the main road upon Stanemoot.

The second road leads through a more interesting tract of country, beginning at Ripon, from which place see Fountain's Abbey, and thence by Hackfall, and Masham, to Jervaux Abbey, and up the Vale of Wensley, turning aside before Askrigg is reached, to see Aysgarth-falls upon the Ure; and again, near Hawes, to Hardraw Scar, of which, with its waterfall, Turner has a fine drawing. Thence over the fells to Sedburgh, and Kendal.

The third approach from Yorkshire is through Leeds. Four miles beyond that town are the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey, should that road to Skipton be chosen, but the other by Otley may be made much more interesting by turning off at Addington to Bolton Bridge, for the sake of visiting the Abbey and grounds. It would be well however, for a party previously to secure beds, if wanted, at the inn, as there is but one, and it is much resorted to in summer.

The Traveller on foot, or horseback, would do well to follow the banks of the Wharfe upwards, to Burnsall, and thence cross over the hills to Gordale—a noble scene, beautifully described in Gray's Tour, and with which no one can be disappointed. Thence to Malham, where there is a respectable village inn, and so on by Malham Cove, to Settle.

Travellers in carriages must go from Bolton Bridge to Skipton, where they rejoin the main road, and should they be inclined to visit Gordale, a tolerable road turns off beyond Skipton. Beyond Settle, under Giggleswick Scar, the road passes an ebbing and flowing wall, worthy the notice of the Naturalist. Four miles to the right of Ingleton, is Alkercote Cave, a fine object, but whoever diverges for this, must return to Ingleton. Near Kirkby Lonsdale observe the view from the bridge over the Lune, and descend to the channel of the river, and by no means omit looking at the Vale of Lune from the Church-yard.

The journey towards the Lake country through Lancashire, is, with the exception of the Vale of the Riddle, at Preston, uninteresting, till you come near Lancaster, and obtain a view of the fells and mountains of Lancashire and Westmorland, with Lancaster Castle, and the Tower of the Church seeming to make part of the Castle, in the foreground.

They who wish to see the celebrated ruins of Farness Abbey, and are not afraid of crossing the Sands, may go from Lancaster to Ulverston, from which place take the direct road to Dalton, but by all means return through Uiswick, for the sake of the view from the top of the hill, before descending into the grounds of Conishead Priory. From this quarter the Lakes would be advantageously approached by Coniston, thence to Hawkshead, and by the Ferry over Windermere, to Bowness: a much better introduction than by going direct from Coniston to Ambleside, which ought not to be done, as that would greatly take off from the effect of Windermere.

Let us now go back to Lancaster. The direct road thence to Kendal is 22 miles, but by making a circuit of 8 miles, the Vale of the Lune to Kirkby Lonsdale will be included. The whole tract is pleasing; there is one view mentioned by Gray and Mason especially so. In West's Guide it is thus pointed out:—'About a quarter of a mile beyond the third mile-stone, where the road makes a turn to the right, there is a gate on the left which leads into a field where the station meant, will be found.' Thus far for those who approach the Lakes from the South.

Travellers from the North would do well to go from Carlisle by Wigton, and proceed along the Lake of Bassenthwaite to Keswick; or, if convenience should take them first to Penrith, it would still be better to cross the country to Keswick, and begin with that vale, rather than with Ulswater. It is worth while to mention, in this place, that

the banks of the river Eden, about Corby, are well worthy of notice, both on account of their natural beauty, and the viaducts which have recently been carried over the bed of the river, and over a neighbouring ravine. In the Church of Wetherby, close by, is a fine piece of monumental sculpture by Nollekens. The scenes of Nunnery, upon the Eden, or rather that part of them which is upon Croglin a mountain stream there falling into the Eden, are, in their way, unrivalled. But the nearest road thither, from Corby, is so bad, that no one can be advised to take it in a carriage. Nunnery may be reached from Corby by making a circuit and crossing the Eden at Airmathwaite bridge. A portion of this road, however, is bad enough.

As much the greatest number of Lake Tourists begin by passing from Kendal to Bowness, upon Windermere, our notices shall commence with that Lake. Bowness is situated upon its eastern side, and at equal distance from each extremity of the Lake of

WINDERMERE.

The lower part of this Lake is rarely visited, but has many interesting points of view, especially at Storr's Hall and at Fellfoot, where the Conistone Mountains peer nobly over the western barrier, which elsewhere, along the whole Lake, is comparatively tame. To one also who has ascended the hill from Grathwaite on the western side, the Pronaontory called Rawlinson's Nab, Storr's Hall, and the Troutbeck Mountains, about sun-set, make a splendid landscape. The view from the Pleasure-house of the Station near the Ferry has suffered much from Larch plantations, this mischief, however, is gradually disappearing, and the Larches, under the management of the proprietor, Mr Carwen, are giving way to the native wood. Windermere ought to be seen both from its shores and from its surface. None of the other

Lakes unfold so many fresh beauties to him who sails upon them. This is owing to its greater size, to the islands, and to its having *two* vales at the head, with their accompanying mountains of nearly equal dignity. Nor can the grandeur of these two terminations be seen at once from any point, except from the bosom of the Lake. The Islands may be explored at any time of the day; but one bright unruffled evening, must, if possible, be set apart for the splendour, the stillness, and solemnity of a three hours' voyage upon the higher division of the Lake, not omitting, towards the end of the excursion, to quit the expanse of water, and peep into the close and calm River at the head; which, in its quiet character, at such a time, appears rather like an overflow of the peaceful Lake itself, than to have any more immediate connection with the rough mountains whence it has descended, or the turbulent torrents by which it is supplied. Many persons content themselves with what they see of Windermere during their progress in a boat from Bowness to the head of the Lake, walking thence to Ambleside. But the whole road from Bowness is rich in diversity of pleasing or grand scenery; there is scarcely a field on the road side, which, if entered, would not give to the landscape some additional charm. Low-wood Inn, a mile from the head of Windermere, is a most pleasant halting-place, no inn in the whole district is so agreeably situated for water views and excursions; and the fields above it, and the lane that leads to Troutbeck, present beautiful views towards each extremity of the Lake. From this place, and from

AMBLESIDE,

rides may be taken in numerous directions, and the interesting walks are inexhaustible. A few out of the main road

* Mr Green's Guide to the Lakes, in two vols., contains a complete Magazine of minute and accurate information of this kind, with the names of mountains, streams, &c.

may be particularized:—the lane that leads from Ambleside to Skelgill, the ride, or walk by Rothay Bridge, and up the stream under Loughrigg Fell, continued on the western side of Rydal Lake, and along the fell to the foot of Grasmere Lake, and thence round by the church of Grasmere; or, turning round Loughrigg Fell by Loughrigg Tarn and the River Brathay, back to Ambleside. From Ambleside is another charming excursion by Clappersgate, where cross the Brathay, and proceed with the river on the right to the hamlet of Skelwith-fold; when the houses are passed, turn, before you descend the hill, through a gate on the right, and from a rocky point is a fine view of the Brathay River, Langdale Pikes, &c., then proceed to Colwith-force, and up Little Langdale to Blea Tarn. The scene in which this small piece of water lies, suggested to the Author the following description (given in his Poem of the "Excursion"), supposing the spectator to look down upon it, not from the road, but from one of its elevated sides

"Behold!

Beneath our feet, a little lowly Vale,
A lowly Vale, and yet uplifted high
Among the mountains; even as if the spot
Had been, from eldest time by wish of theirs,
So placed, to be shut out from all the world!
Yon-like it was in shape, deep as an Urn,
With rocks encompassed, save that to the South
Was one small opening, where a heath-clad ridge
Supplied a boundary less abrupt and close.
A quiet treeless nook,* with two green fields,
A liquid pool that glistened in the sun,
And one bare Dwelling; one Abode, no more!
It seemed the home of poverty and toil,
Though not of want: the little fields, made green
By husbandry of many slender years,
Paid cheerful tribute to the meekland House.
There crows the Cock, singular in domain;
The small Birds find in Spring no fatter there

* No longer strictly applicable, on account of recent plantations. W. W.

To shroud them ; only from the neighbouring Vales
 The Cuckoo, straggling up to the hill tops,
 Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder place."

From this little Vale return towards Ambleside by Great Langdale, stopping, if there be time, to see Dungeon-ghyll waterfall.

The Lake of

CONISTON

may be conveniently visited from Ambleside, but is seen to most advantage by entering the country over the Sands from Lancaster. The Stranger, from the moment he sets his foot on those Sands, seems to leave the turmoil and traffic of the world behind him, and, crossing the majestic plain whence the sea has retired, he beholds, rising apparently from its base, the cluster of mountains among which he is going to wander, and towards whose recesses, by the Vale of Coniston, he is gradually and peacefully led. From the Inn at the head of Coniston Lake, a leisurely Traveller might have much pleasure in looking into Yewdale and Tilberthwaite, returning to his Inn from the head of Yewdale by a mountain track which has the farm of Tarn Hows, a little on the right. By this road is seen much the best view of Coniston Lake from the south. At the head of Coniston Water there is an agreeable Inn, from which an enterprising Tourist might go to the Vale of the Duddon, over Walna Scar, down to Seathwaite, Newfield, and to the rocks where the river issues from a narrow pass into the broad Vale. The Stream is very interesting for the space of a mile above this point, and below, by Ulpha Kirk, till it enters the Sands, where it is overlooked by the solitary Mountain Black Comb, the summit of which, as that experienced surveyor, Colonel Mudge, declared, commands a more extensive view than any point in Britain. Ireland he saw more than once, but not when the sun was above the horizon.

Close by the Sea, lone sentinel,
 Black-Comb his forward station keeps,
 He breaks the sea's tumultuous swell,—
 And ponders o'er the level deeps

He listens to the bugle horn,
 Where Eskdale's lovely valley bands,
 Eyes Walaey's early fields of corn,
 Sea-birds to Holker's woods he sends.

Beneath his feet the sunk ship rests,
 In Duddon Sands, its masts all bare.

The Minstrels of Windermere, by Chas Farish, B.D.

The Tourist may either return to the Inn at Comston by Broughton, or, by turning to the left before he comes to that town, or, which would be much better, he may cross from

ULPHA KIRK

Over Birker moor, to Birker-force, at the head of the finest ravine in the country; and thence up the Vale of the Esk, by Hardknot and Wrynose, back to Ambleside. Near the road, in ascending from Eskdale, are conspicuous remains of a Roman fortress. Details of the Duddon and Donnerdale are given in the Author's series of Sonnets upon the Duddon and in the accompanying Notes. In addition to its two Vales at its head, Windermere communicates with two lateral Vallies; that of Troutbeck, distinguished by the mountains at its head—by picturesque remains of cottage architecture; and, towards the lower part, by bold foregrounds formed by the steep and winding banks of the river. This Vale, as before mentioned, may be most conveniently seen from Low Wood. The other lateral Valley, that of Hawkshead, is visited to most advantage, and most conveniently, from Bowness, crossing the Lake by the Ferry—then pass the two villages of Sawrey, and on quitting the latter, you have a fine view of the Lake of Esthwaite, and the cone of one of the Langdale Pikes in the distance.

Before you leave Ambleside give three minutes to looking at a passage of the brook which runs through the town; it is to be seen from a garden on the right bank of the stream, a few steps above the bridge—the garden at present is rented by Mrs Airey.—Stockgill-force, upon the same stream, will have been mentioned to you as one of the sights of the neighbourhood. And by a Tourist halting a few days in Ambleside, the *Nook* also might be visited; a spot where there is a bridge over Scandale-beck, which makes a pretty subject for the pencil. Lastly, for residents of a week or so at Ambleside, there are delightful rambles over every part of Loughrigg Fell and among the enclosures on its sides, particularly about Loughrigg Tarn, and on its eastern side about Fox How and the properties adjoining to the northwards.

ROAD FROM AMBLESIDE TO KESWICK

The Waterfalls of Rydal are pointed out to every one. But it ought to be observed here that Rydal-mere is nowhere seen to advantage from the *main road*. Fine views of it may be had from Rydal Park, but these grounds, as well as those of Rydal Mount and Ivy Cottage, from which also it is viewed to advantage, are private. A foot road passing behind Rydal Mount and under Nab Scar to Grasmere, is very favourable to views of the Lake and the Vale, looking back towards Ambleside. The horse road also, along the western side of the Lake, under Loughrigg Fell, as before mentioned, does justice to the beauties of this small mere, of which the Traveller who keeps the high road is not at all aware.

GRASMERE

There are two small Inns in the Vale of Grasmere, one near the Church, from which it may be conveniently explored in every direction, and a mountain walk taken up Easedale

to Easedale Tarn, one of the finest tarns in the country, thence to Stickle Tarn, and to the top of Langdale Pikes. See also the Vale of Grasmere from Butterlip How. A boat is kept by the milk-keeper, and this circular Vale in the solemnity of a fine evening, will make, from the bosom of the Lake, an impression that will be scarcely ever effaced.

The direct road from Grasmere to Keswick does not (as has been observed of Rydal Mere), show to advantage Thirlmere, or Wythburn Lake, with its surrounding mountains. By a Traveller proceeding at leisure, a deviation ought to be made from the main road, when he has advanced a little beyond the sixth mile-stone short of Keswick from which point there is a noble view of the Vale of Egglethwaite, with Blencathra (commonly called Saddle-back) in front. Having previously enquired, at the Inn near Wythburn Chapel, the best way from this mile-stone to the bridge that divides the Lake, he must cross it, and proceed with the Lake on the right, to the hamlet a little beyond its termination, and rejoin the main road upon Shoulthwaite Moss, about four miles from Keswick, or, if on foot the Tourist may follow the stream that issues from Thirlmere down the romantic Vale of St John's, and so (conquering the way at some cottages) to Keswick, by a circuit of little more than a mile. A more interesting tract of country is scarcely any where to be seen, than the road between Ambleside and Keswick, with the deviations that have been pointed out. Halvollyn may be conveniently ascended from the Inn at Wythburn.

THE VALE OF KESWICK.

This Vale stretches, without wading, nearly North and South, from the head of Derwent Water to the foot of Bassenthwaite Lake. It communicates with Borrowdale on the South, with the river Greta, and Thirlmere, on the

East, with which the Traveller has become acquainted on his way from Ambleside, and with the Vale of Newlands on the West—which last Vale he may pass through, in going to, or returning from, Buttermere. The best views of Keswick Lake are from Crow Park, Friar's Crag, the Stablefield, close by the Vicarage, and from various points in taking the circuit of the Lake. More distant views, and perhaps still as interesting are from the side of Labrigg, from Churnthwaite, and Appletthwaite; and thence along the road at the foot of Skiddaw towards Bassenthwaite, for about quarter of a mile. There are five bird's eye views from the Castle-hill: from Ashness on the road to Watendlath, and by following the Watendlath stream downwards to the entrance of Tarn Cumbria. This Lake also, if the weather be fine, might be circumnavigated. There are good views along the western side of Bassenthwaite Lake, and from Arncliffe to its foot, but the eastern side from the high road has little to recommend it. The Traveller from Carlisle, approaching by way of Lichy, has, from the old road on the top of Bracken, the house, much the most striking view of the Ham and Lake of Bassenthwaite, flanked by Skiddaw, and terminated by Wallowing on the south-east of Derwent Lake, the same point commands an extensive view of Solway Firth and the Scotch Mountains. They who take the circuit of Derwent Lake, may at the same time include BORROWDALE, going as far as Bowder-stone, or Rothwaite. Borrowdale is also conveniently seen on the way to Wastdale over Styhead, or, to Buttermere, by Seatoller and Honister Crag, or, going over the Stacks, through Langdale, to Ambleside. Buttermere may be visited by a shorter way through Newlands, but though the descent upon the Vale of Buttermere, by this approach, is very striking, as it also is to one entering by the head of the Vale, under Honister Crag, yet, after all, the best entrance from Keswick is from the lower

part of the Vale, having gone over Whinlatter to Scale Hill, where there is a roomy Inn, with very good accommodation. The Mountains of the Vale of

BUTTERMERE AND CRUMMOCK

are nowhere so impressive as from the bosom of Crummock Water. Scale-force, near it, is a fine chasm, with a lofty, though but slender, Fall of water.

From Scale Hill a pleasant walk may be taken to an eminence in Mr Marshall's woods, and another by crossing the bridge at the foot of the hill, upon which the Inn stands, and turning to the right, after the opposite hill has been ascended a little way, then follow the road for half a mile or so that leads towards Lorton, looking back upon Crummock Water, &c, between the openings of the fences. Turn back and make your way to

LOWESWATER

But this small Lake is only approached to advantage from the other end, therefore any Traveller going by this road to Wastdale, must look back upon it. This road to Wastdale, after passing the village of Lamplugh Cross, presents suddenly a fine view of the Lake of Ennerdale, with its Mountains; and, six or seven miles beyond, leads down upon Calder Abbey. Little of this ruin is left, but that little is well worthy of notice. At Calder Bridge are two comfortable Inns, and, a few miles beyond, accommodations may be had at the Strands, at the foot of Wastdale. Into

WASTDALE

are three horse-roads, viz. over the Sty, from Borrowdale, a short cut from Easedale by Burmote Turn, which road descends upon the head of the Lake; and the principal entrance from the open country by the Strands at its foot.

This last is much the best approach. Wastdale is well worth the notice of the Traveller who is not afraid of fatigue, no part of the country is more distinguished by sublimity. Wastwater may also be visited from Ambleside, by going up Lingdale, over Hardknot and Wrynose—down Eskdale and by Irlon Hall to the Strands, but this road can only be taken on foot, or on horseback, or in a cart.

We will conclude with

ULLSWATER,

as being perhaps, upon the whole, the happiest combination of beauty and grandeur which any of the Lakes affords. It lies not more than ten miles from Ambleside, and the Pass of Kinkstone and the descent from it are very impressive, but, notwithstanding, this Vale, like the others, loses much of its effect by being entered from the head—so that it is better to go from Keswick through Matterdale, and descend upon Gowbarrow Park, you are thus brought at once upon a magnificent view of the two higher reaches of the Lake. Aa-fooce thunders down the Ghyll on the left, at a small distance from the road. If Ullswater be approached from Penrith, a mile and a half brings you to the winding vale of Eamont, and the prospects increase in interest till you reach Patterdale, but the first four miles along Ullswater by this road are comparatively tame, and in order to see the lower part of the Lake to advantage, it is necessary to go round by Pooley Bridge, and to ride at least three miles along the Westmorland side of the water, towards Martindale. The views, especially if you ascend from the road into the fields, are magnificent; yet this is only mentioned that the transient Visitor may know what exists, for it would be inconvenient to go in search of them. They who take this course of three or four miles on foot, should have a boat in readiness at the end of the walk, to carry them across to

the Cumberland side of the Lake, near Old Church, thence to pursue the road upwards to Patterdale. The Church-yard Yew-tree still survives at Old Church, but there are no remains of a Place of Worship a New Chapel having been erected in a more central situation, which Chapel was consecrated by the then Bishop of Carlisle, when on his way to crown Queen Elizabeth, he being the only Prelate who would undertake the office. It may be here mentioned that Bassenthwaite Chapel yet stands in a bay as sequestered as the Site of Old Church, such situations having been chosen in disturbed times to elude marauders.

The Trunk, or Body of the Vale of Ullswater need not be further noticed, as its beauties show themselves but the curious Traveller may wish to know something of its tributary Streams.

At Dalemain, about three miles from Penrith, a Stream is crossed called the Dacre, or Dacor which name is borne as early as the time of the Venerable Bede. This stream does not enter the Lake, but joins the Eamont a mile below. It rises in the moorish Country about Penrindock flows down a soft sequestered Valley passing by the ancient mansions of Hutton John and Dacre Castle. The former is pleasantly situated, though of a character somewhat gloomy and monastic, and from some of the fields near Dalemain Dacre Castle, backed by the jagged summit of Saddleback with the Valley and Stream in front, forms a grand picture. There is no other stream that conducts to any glen or valley worthy of being mentioned, till we reach that which leads up to Aia-force, and thence into Mattedale, before spoken of. Mattedale though a wild and interesting spot, has no peculiar features that would make it worth the Stranger's while to go in search of them, but, in Gowbarrow Park the lover of Nature might linger for hours. Here is a powerful Brook, which dashes among rocks through a deep glen, and

on every side with a rich and happy intermixture of native wood, here are beds of luxuriant fern, aged hawthorns, and hollies decked with honeysuckles, and fallow-deer glancing and bounding over the lawns and through the thickets. These are the attractions of the retired views, or constitute a foreground for ever-varying pictures of the majestic Lake, forced to take a winding course by bold promontories, and environed by mountains of sublime form, towering above each other. At the outlet of Gowbarrow Park we reach a third stream which flows through a little recess called Glencon, where lurks a single house, yet visible from the road. Let the Art of Travellel turn aside to it for the bubble and objects around them are romantic and picturesque. Having passed under the steep of Styebarrow Tarn, and the region of its native woods, at Clennadding Bridge, a fourth stream is crossed.

The course of the fifth of Ullswater Vale, down which the stream flows, is bounded with fertile fields, cottages, and a few scattered trees, and is intersected with the transverse road which crosses the lake after it followed up after the foot of the mountain, and lead along bold water-breaks and steep cliffs, and descend to the recesses of Holvellyn. The vale is a fertile and is inhabited by eagles, that built their nests upon the western banner. These eagles are the last of the kind found the head of this solitary lake. The vale is of much interest from the fate of a man who perished some years ago, who was found upon the rocks in his attempt to cross over to the lake. His remains were discovered by means of a search which had been here for the space of three years, and he was probably retaining to the last an consciousness of his skeleton to its master. But to return to the vale of Ullswater.—At the head of the lake (in Patterdale) we cross a fifth stream,

Grisdale Beck this would conduct through a woody steep, where may be seen some unusually large ancient hollies, up to the level area of the Valley of Grisdale; hence there is a path for foot-travellers, and along which a horse may be led to Grasmere. A sublime combination of mountain forms appears in front while ascending the bed of this valley, and the impression increases till the path leads almost immediately under the projecting masses of Helvellyn. Having retraced the banks of the Stream to Patterdale, and pursued the road up the main Dale, the next considerable stream would, if ascended in the same manner, conduct to Deepdale, the character of which Valley may be conjectured from its name. It is terminated by a cove, a craggy and gloomy abyss, with precipitous sides, a faithful receptacle of the snows that are driven into it, by the west wind from the summit of Fairfield. Lastly, having gone along the western side of Brotherswater and passed Hartsop Hall, a Stream soon after issues from a cove richly decorated with native wood. This spot is, I believe, never explored by Travellers; but, from these sylvan and rocky recesses, whoever looks back on the gleaming surface of Brotherswater, or forward to the precipitous sides and lofty ridges of Dove Crag, &c., will be equally pleased with the beauty, the grandeur, and the wildness of the scenery.

Seven Glens or Vallies have been noticed, which branch off from the Cumberland side of the Vale. The opposite side has only two Streams of any importance, one of which would lead up from the point where it crosses the Kirkstone-road, near the foot of Brotherswater, to the decaying hamlet of Hartsop, remarkable for its cottage architecture, and thence to Hayswater, much frequented by anglers. The other, coming down Martindale, enters Ullswater at Sandwyke, opposite to Goutharrow Park. No persons but such as come to Patterdale, merely to pass through it, should fail

to walk as far as Blowick, the only enclosed land which on this side borders the higher part of the Lake. The area has here minutely levelled a rich wood of birches and oaks, that divided this favoured spot into a hundred pictures. It has yet its land-locked bays, and rocky promontories; but those beautiful woods are gone, which *perfected* the seclusion; and scenes, that might formerly have been compared to an inexhaustible volume, are now spread before the eye in a single sheet,—magnificent indeed, but seemingly perused in a moment! From Blowick a narrow track conducts along the craggy side of Placc-fell, richly adorned with juniper, and sprinkled over with birches, to the village of Sandwyke, a few straggling houses, that with the small estates attached to them, occupy an opening opposite to Lyulph's Tower, and Gowbarrow Park. In Martindale, the road loses sight of the Lake, and leads over a steep hill, bringing you again into view of Ullswater. Its lowest reach, four miles in length, is before you; and the view terminated by the long ridge of Cross Fell in the distance. Immediately under the eye is a deep-indented bay, with a plot of fertile land, traversed by a small brook, and rendered cheerful by two three substantial houses of a more ornamented and showy appearance than is usual in those wild spots.

* From Pooley Bridge, at the foot of the Lake, Haweswater may be conveniently visited. Haweswater is a lesser Ullswater, with this advantage, that it remains undefiled by the intrusion of bad taste.

Lowther Castle is about four miles from Pooley Bridge, and, if during this Tour the Stranger has complained, as he will have had reason to do, of a want of majestic trees he may be abundantly recompensed for his loss in the far-spreading woods which surround that mansion. Visitors, for the most part, see little of the beauty of these magnificent grounds, being content with the view from the Terrace; but

the whole course of the Lowther, from Askham to the bridge under Brougham Hall, presents almost at every step some new feature of river, woodland, and rocky landscape. A portion of this tract has, from its beauty, acquired the name of the Elysian Fields;—but the course of the stream can only be followed by the pedestrian.

NOTE — *Vide* p. 191. — About 200 yards beyond the last house on the Keswick side of Rydal village the road is cut through a low wooded rock, called Thrang Crag. The top of it, which is only a few steps on the south side, affords the best view of the Vale which is to be had by a Traveller who confines himself to the public road.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENERY OF THE LAKES

SECTION FIRST.

VIEW OF THE COUNTRY AS FORMED BY NATURE.

AT Lucerne, in Switzerland, is shewn a Model of the Alpine country which encompasses the Lake of the four Cantons. The Spectator ascends a little platform, and sees mountains, lakes, glaciers, rivers, woods, waterfalls, and vallies, with their cottages, and every other object contained in them, lying at his feet; all things being represented in their appropriate colours. It may be easily conceived, that this exhibition affords an exquisite delight to the imagination, tempting it to wander at will from valley to valley, from mountain to mountain, through the deepest recesses of the Alps. But it supplies also a more substantial pleasure; for the sublime and beautiful region, with all its hidden treasures, and their bearings and relations to each other, is thereby comprehended and understood at once.

Something of this kind, without touching upon minute details and individualities which would only confuse and embarrass, will here be attempted, in respect to the Lakes in the north of England, and the vales and mountains enclosing and surrounding them. The delineation, if tolerably executed, will, in some instances, communicate to the traveller, who has already seen the objects, new information, and will assist in giving to his recollections a more orderly arrangement than his own opportunities of observing may have permitted him to make, while it will be still more useful to the future traveller, by directing his attention at once to distinctions in things which, without such previous aid, a length of time only could enable him to discover. It is hoped, also, that this Essay may become generally serviceable, by leading to habits of more exact and considerate observation than, as far as the writer knows, have hitherto been applied to local scenery.

To begin then, with the main outlines of the country,—I know not how to give the reader a distinct image of these more readily, than by requesting him to place himself with me, in imagination, upon some given point; let it be the top of either of the mountains, Great Gavel, or Scawfell, or, rather, let us suppose our station to be a cloud hanging midway between these two mountains, at not more than half a mile's distance from the summit of each, and not many yards above their highest elevation, we shall then see stretched at our feet a number of vallies, not fewer than eight, diverging from the point, on which we are supposed to stand, like spokes from the nave of a wheel. First, we note, lying to the south-east, the vale of Langdale,* which will conduct the eye to the long lake of Windermere, stretched nearly to the sea,

* Anciently spelt *Langden*, and so called by the old inhabitants to this day—*dean*, from which the latter part of the word is derived, being in many parts of England a name for a valley.

or rather to the sands of the vast bay of Morecambe, serving here for the rim of this imaginary wheel;—let us trace it in a direction from the south-east towards the south, and we shall next fix our eyes upon the vale of Conistone, running up likewise from the sea, but not (as all the other vallies do) to the nave of the wheel, and therefore it may be not inaptly represented as a broken spoke sticking in the rim. Looking forth again, with an inclination towards the west, we see immediately at our feet the vale of Duddon, in which is no lake, but a copious stream, winding among fields, rocks, and mountains, and terminating its course in the sands of Duddon. The fourth vale, next to be observed, viz that of the Esk, is of the same general character as the last, yet beautifully discriminated from it by peculiar features. Its stream passes under the woody steep upon which stands Muncaster Castle, the ancient seat of the Penningtons, and after forming a short and narrow estuary enters the sea below the small town of Ravenglass. Next, almost due west, look down into, and along the deep valley of Wastdale, with its little chapel and half a dozen neat dwellings scattered upon a plain of meadow and corn-ground intersected with stone walls apparently innumerable, like a large piece of lawless patch-work, or an array of mathematical figures, such as in the ancient schools of geometry might have been sportively and fantastically traced out upon sand. Beyond this little fertile plain lies, within a bed of steep mountains, the long, narrow, stern, and desolate lake of Wastdale; and, beyond this, a dusky tract of level ground conducts the eye to the Irish Sea. The stream that issues from West-water is named the *lit*, and falls into the estuary of the river Esk. Next comes in view Eboracdale, with its lake of broad and somewhat savage shores. The stream, the *Ehen*, or *Dana*, flowing through a soft and fertile country, passes the town of Egremont, and the ruins of the castle,—then, seeming, like the

other rivers, to break through the barrier of sand thrown up by the winds on this tempestuous coast, enters the Irish Sea. The vale of Buttermere, with the lake and village of that name, and Crummock-water, beyond, next present themselves. We will follow the main stream, the Coker, through the fertile and beautiful vale of Lorton, till it is lost in the Derwent, below the noble ruins of Cockermouth Castle. Lastly, Borrowdale, of which the vale of Keswick is only a continuation, stretching due north, brings us to a point nearly opposite to the vale of Winandermere with which we began. From this it will appear, that the image of a wheel, thus far exact, is little more than one half complete, but the deficiency on the eastern side may be supplied by the vales of Wytheburn, Ulswater, Hawswater, and the vale of Grasmere and Rydal; none of these, however, run up to the central point between Great Gavel and Seawfell. From this, hitherto our central point, take a flight of not more than four or five miles eastward to the ridge of Helvellyn, and you will look down upon Wytheburn and St. John's Vale, which are a branch of the vale of Keswick, upon Ulswater, stretching due east—and not far beyond to the south-east (though from this point not visible) lie the vale and lake of Hawswater, and lastly, the vale of Grasmere, Rydal, and Ambleside, brings you back to Winandermere, thus completing, though on the eastern side in a somewhat irregular manner, the representative figure of the wheel.

Such, concisely given, is the general topographical view of the country of the Lakes in the north of England; and it may be observed, that, from the circumference to the centre, that is, from the sea or plain country to the mountain stations specified, there is—in the several ridges that enclose these vales, and divide them from each other, I mean in the forms and surfaces, first of the swelling grounds, next of the

hills and rocks, and lastly of the mountains—an ascent of almost regular gradation, from elegance and richness, to their highest point of grandeur and sublimity. It follows therefore from this, first, that these rocks, hills, and mountains, must present themselves to view in stages rising above each other, the mountains clustering together towards the central point; and next, that an observer familiar with the several vales, must, from their various position in relation to the sun, have had before his eyes every possible embellishment of beauty, dignity, and splendour, which light and shadow can bestow upon objects so diversified. For example, in the vale of Winandermere, if the spectator looks for gentle and lovely scenes, his eye is turned towards the south: if for the grand, towards the north. In the vale of Keswick, which (as hath been said) lies almost due north of this, it is directly the reverse. Hence, when the sun is setting in summer far to the north-west, it is seen, by the spectator from the shores or breast of Winandermere, resting among the summits of the loftiest mountains, some of which will perhaps be half or wholly hidden by clouds, or by the blaze of light which the orb diffuses around it; and the surface of the lake will reflect before the eye correspondent colours through every variety of beauty, and through all degrees of splendour. In the vale of Keswick, at the same period, the sun sets over the humbler regions of the landscape, and showers down upon *them* the radiance which at once veils and glorifies,—sending forth, meanwhile, broad streams of rosy, crimson, purple, or golden light, towards the grand mountains in the south and south-east, which, thus illuminated, with all their projections and cavities, and with an intermixture of solemn shadows, are seen distinctly through a cool and clear atmosphere. Of course, there is as marked a difference between the *moonlight* appearance of these two opposite vales. The bedimmed haze that over-

spreads the south, and the clear atmosphere and determined shadows of the clouds in the north, at the same time of the day, are each seen in these several vales, with a contrast as striking. The reader will easily conceive in what degree the intermediate vales partake of a kindred variety.

I do not indeed know any tract of country in which, within so narrow a compass, may be found an equal variety in the influences of light and shadow upon the sublime or beautiful features of landscape; and it is owing to the combined circumstances to which the reader's attention has been directed. From a point between Great Gavel and Scawfell, a shepherd would not require more than an hour to descend into any one of eight of the principal vales by which he would be surrounded, and all the others lie (with the exception of Hawswater) at but a small distance. Yet, though clustered together, every valley has its distinct and separate character in some instances, as if they had been formed in studied contrast to each other, and in others with the united pleasing differences and resemblances of a sisterly rivalry. This concentration of interest gives to the country a decided superiority over the most attractive districts of England and Wales, especially for the pedestrian traveller. In Scotland and Wales are found, undoubtedly, individual scenes, which, in their several kinds, cannot be excelled. But, in Scotland, particularly, what long tracts of desolate country intervene! so that the traveller, when he reaches a spot deservedly of great celebrity, would find it difficult to determine how much of his pleasure is owing to excellence inherent in the landscape itself, and how much to an instantaneous recovery from an oppression left upon his spirits by the barrenness and desolation through which he has passed.

But to proceed with our survey,—and, first, of the MOUNTAINS. Their forms are endlessly diversified, sweeping easy or boldly, in simple majesty, abrupt and precipitous, or

soft and elegant. In magnitude and grandeur, they are individually inferior to the most celebrated of those in some other parts of this island; but, in the combinations which they make, towering above each other, or lifting themselves in ridges like the waves of a tumultuous sea, and in the beauty and variety of their surfaces and colours, they are surpassed by none.

The general *surface* of the mountains is turf, rendered rich and green by the moisture of the climate. Sometimes the turf, as in the neighbourhood of Newlands, is little broken, the whole covering being soft and downy pasturage. In other places, rocks predominate; the soil is laid bare by torrents and burstings of water from the sides of the mountains in heavy rains, and not unfrequently their perpendicular sides are scarred by ravines (formed also by rains and torrents) which, meeting in angular points, entrench and scar the surface with numerous figures like the letters W and Y.

In the ridge that divides Eskdale from Wasdale, granite is found, but the MOUNTAINS are for the most part composed of the stone by mineralogists termed schist, which, as you approach the plain country, gives place to limestone and freestone, but schist being the substance of the mountains, the predominant *colour*, of their *rocky* parts is bluish, or hoary grey—the general tint of the lichens with which the bare stone is encrusted. With this blue or grey colour is frequently intermixed a red tinge, proceeding from the iron that intervenes the stone, and impregnates the soil. The iron is the principle of decomposition in these rocks; and hence, when they become pulverized, the elementary particles crumbling down, overspread in many places the steep and almost precipitous sides of the mountains with an intermixture of colours, like the compound hues of a dove's neck. When in the heat of advancing summer, the fresh

green tint of the herbage has somewhat faded, it is again revived by the appearance of the fern profusely spread over the same ground; and, upon this plant, more than upon anything else, do the changes which the seasons make in the colouring of the mountains depend. About the first week in October, the rich green, which prevailed through the whole summer, is usually passed away. The brilliant and various colours of the fern are then in harmony with the autumnal woods, bright yellow or lemon colour, at the base of the mountains, melting gradually, through orange, to a dark russet brown towards the summits, where the plant, being more exposed to the weather, is in a more advanced state of decay. Neither heath nor furze are *generally* found upon the *sides* of these mountains, though in many places they are adorned by those plants, so beautiful when in flower. We may add, that the mountains are of height sufficient to have the surface towards the summit softened by distance, and to imbibe the finest aerial hues. In common also with other mountains, their apparent forms and colour are perpetually changed by the clouds and vapours which float round them: the effect indeed of mist or haze, in a country of this character, is like that of magic. I have seen six or seven ridges rising above each other, all created in a moment by the vapours upon the side of a mountain, which in its ordinary appearance, shewed not a projecting point to furnish even a hint for such an operation.

I will take this opportunity of observing, that they who have studied the appearances of Nature feel that the superiority, in point of visual interest, of mountainous over other countries—is more strikingly displayed in winter than in summer. This, as must be obvious, is partly owing to the *forms* of the mountains, which, of course, are not affected by the seasons; but also, in no small degree, to the greater variety that exists in their winter than their summer colour-

ing. This variety is such, and so harmoniously preserved, that it leaves little cause of regret when the splendour of autumn is passed away. The oak-coppices, upon the sides of the mountains, retain russet leaves, the birch stands conspicuous with its silver stem and puce-coloured twigs; the hollies, with green leaves and scarlet berries, have come forth to view from among the deciduous trees, whose summer foliage had concealed them; the ivy is now plentifully apparent upon the stems and boughs of the trees, and upon the steep rocks. In place of the deep summer-green of the herbage and fern, many rich colours play into each other over the surface of the mountains; turf (the tints of which are interchangeably tawny-green, olive, and brown), beds of withered fern, and grey rocks, being harmoniously blended together. The mosses and lichens are never so fresh and flourishing as in winter, if it be not a season of frost; and then minute beauties prodigally adorn the foreground. Wherever we turn, we find these productions of Nature, to which winter is rather favourable than unkindly, scattered over the walls, banks of earth, rocks, and stones, and upon the trunks of trees, with the intermixture of several species of small fern, now green and fresh; and, to the observing passenger, their forms and colours are a source of inexhaustible admiration. Add to this the hoar-frost and snow, with all the varieties they create, and which volumes would not be sufficient to describe. I will content myself with one instance of the colouring produced by snow, which may not be uninteresting to painters. It is extracted from the memorandum-book of a friend; and for its accuracy I can speak, having been an eye-witness of the appearance. 'I observed,' says he, 'the beautiful effect of the drifted snow upon the mountains, and the perfect tone of colour. From the top of the mountains downwards a rich olive was produced by the powdery snow and the grass, which olive was warmed with a little brown, and in this

way harmoniously combined, by insensible gradations, with the white. The drifting took away the monotony of snow, and the whole vale of Grasmere, seen from the terrace walk in Easedale, was as varied perhaps more so, than even in the pomp of autumn. In the distance was Loughrigg-Fell, the basin-wall of the lake, this, from the summit downward, was a rich orange-olive; then the lake of a bright olive-green, nearly the same tint as the snow-powdered mountain tops and high slopes in Easedale, and lastly, the church, with its spire, forming the centre of the view. Next to the church came nine distinguishable hills six of them with woody sides turned towards us, all of them oak-woods with their bright red leaves and snow-powdered twigs, those hills—so variously situated in relation to each other, and to the view in general, so variously powdered, some only enough to give the herbage a rich brown tint, one intensely white and lighting up all the others—were yet so placed, as in the most unobtrusive manner to harmonise by contrast with a perfect naked, snow-white bleak summit in the far distance.

Having spoken of the forms, surface, and colour of the mountains let us descend into the VALLES. Though these have been represented under the general image of the spokes of a wheel, they are, for the most part, winding, the windings of many being abrupt and intricate. And, it may be observed, that, in one circumstance, the general shape of them all has been determined by that primitive conformation through which so many became receptacles of lakes. For they are not formed, as are most of the celebrated Welsh valleys, by an approximation of the sloping bases of the opposite mountains towards each other, leaving little more between than a channel for the passage of a hasty river, but the bottom of these valleys is mostly a spacious and gently declining area, apparently level as the floor of a temple, or the surface of a lake, and broken in many cases,

by rocks and hills, which rise up like islands from the plain. In such of the vallies as make many windings, these level areas open upon the traveller in succession, divided from each other sometimes by a mutual approximation of the hills, leaving only passage for a river, sometimes by corresponding windings, without such approximation, and sometimes by a bold advance of one mountain towards that which is opposite it. It may here be observed with propriety that the several rocks and hills, which have been described as rising up like islands from the level area of the vale, have regulated the choice of the inhabitants in the situation of their dwellings. Where none of these are found, and the inclination of the ground is not sufficiently rapid easily to carry off the waters (as in the higher part of Langdale, for instance), the houses are not sprinkled over the middle of the vales, but confined to their sides, being placed merely so far up the mountain as to be protected from the floods. But where these rocks and hills have been scattered over the plain of the vale (as in Grasmere, Donnerdale, Eskdale, &c.), the beauty which they give to the scene is much heightened by a single cottage, or cluster of cottages, that will be almost always found under them, or upon their sides; dryness and shelter having tempted the Dalesmen to fix their habitations there.

I shall now speak of the LAKES of this country. The form of the lakes is most perfect when, like Derwent-water, and some of the smaller lakes, it least resembles that of a river;—I mean, when being looked at from any given point where the whole may be seen at once, the width of it bears such proportion to the length, that, however the outline may be diversified by far-reaching bays, it never assumes the shape of a river, and is contemplated with that placid and quiet feeling which belongs peculiarly to the lake—as a body of still water under the influence of no current;

reflecting therefore the clouds, the light, and all the imagery of the sky and surrounding hills, expressing also and making visible the changes of the atmosphere, and motions of the lightest breeze, and subject to agitation only from the winds—

—The visible scene

Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received
Into the bosom of the *stealthy lake* !

It must be noticed, as a favourable characteristic, of the lakes of this country, that, though several of the largest, such as Winandermere, Ullswater, Hawswater, do, when the whole length of them is commanded from an elevated point lose somewhat of the peculiar form of the lake, and assume the resemblance of a magnificent river; yet, as their shape is winding (particularly that of Ullswater and Hawswater) when the view of the whole is obstructed by those barriers which determine the windings, and the spectator is confined to one reach, the appropriate feeling is revived, and one lake may thus in succession present to the eye the essential characteristic of many. But, though the forms of the large lakes have this advantage, it is nevertheless favourable to the beauty of the country that the largest of them are comparatively small; and that the same vale generally furnishes a succession of lakes, instead of being filled with one. The vales of North Wales, as hath been observed, are not formed for the reception of lakes; those of Switzerland, Scotland, and this part of the North of England, are so formed; but, in Switzerland and Scotland, the proportion of diffused water, is often too great, as at the lake of Geneva for instance, and in most of the Scotch lakes. No doubt it sounds magnificent and flatters the imagination, to hear at a distance of expanses of water so many leagues in length and miles in width; and such ample room may be delightful to

the fresh-water sailor, scudding with a lively breeze amid the rapidly-shifting scenery. But, who ever travelled along the banks of Loch-Lomond, variegated as the lower part is by islands, without feeling that a speedier termination of the long vista of blank water would be acceptable; and without wishing for an interposition of green meadows, trees, and cottages, and a sparkling stream to run by his side? In fact, a notion of grandeur, as connected with magnitude, has seduced persons of taste into a general mistake upon this subject. It is much more desirable, for the purposes of pleasure, that lakes should be numerous, and small or middle-sized, than large, not only for communication by walks and rides, but for variety, and for recurrence of similar appearances. To illustrate this by one instance — how pleasing is it to have a ready and frequent opportunity of watching, at the outlet of a lake, the stream pushing its way among the rocks in lively contrast with the stillness from which it has escaped; and how amusing to compare its noisy and turbulent motions with the gentle playfulness of the breezes, that may be starting up or wandering here and there over the faintly-rippled surface of the broad water! I may add, as a general remark, that, in lakes of great width, the shores cannot be distinctly seen at the same time, and therefore contribute little to mutual illustration and ornament, and, if the opposite shores are out of sight of each other, like those of the American and Asiatic lakes, then unfortunately the traveller is reminded of a nobler object, he has the blankness of a sea-prospect without the grandeur and accompanying sense of power.

As the comparatively small size of the lakes in the North of England is favourable to the production of variegated landscape, their boundary-line also is for the most part gracefully or boldly indented. That uniformity which prevails in the primitive frame of the lower grounds among all

chains or clusters of mountains where large bodies of still water are bedded, is broken by the *secondary* agents of Nature, ever at work to supply the deficiencies of the mould in which things were originally cast. Using the word *deficiencies*, I do not speak with reference to those stronger emotions which a region of mountains is peculiarly fitted to excite. The bases of those huge barriers may run for a long space in straight lines, and these parallel to each other; the opposite sides of a profound vale may ascend as exact counterparts, or in mutual reflection, like the billows of a troubled sea, and the impression be, from its very simplicity, more awful and sublime. Sublimity is the result of Nature's first great dealings with the superficies of the Earth; but the general tendency of her subsequent operations is towards the production of beauty, by a multiplicity of symmetrical parts uniting in a consistent whole. This is everywhere exemplified along the margins of these lakes. Masses of rock that have been precipitated from the heights into the area of waters, lie in some places like stranded ships, or have acquired the compact structure of jutting piers, or project in little peninsulas crested with native wood. The smallest rivulet—one whose silent influx is scarcely noticeable in a season of dry weather—so faint is the diaple made by it on the surface of the smooth lake—will be found to have been not useless in shaping, by its deposits of gravel and soil in time of flood, a curve that would not otherwise have existed. But the more powerful brooks, encroaching upon the level of the lake, have, in course of time, given birth to ample promontories of sweeping outline that contrast boldly with the low final base of the steeps on the opposite shore; while the flat or gently-sloping surfaces never fail to introduce, into the midst of desolation and barrenness, the elements of fertility, even where the habitations of men may not have been raised. These alluvial

promontories, however, threaten, in some places, to dissect the waters which they have long adorned, and, in course of ages, they will cause some of the lakes to dwindle into numerous and insignificant pools; which, in their turn, will finally be filled up. But, checking these intrusive calculations, let us rather be content with appearances as they are, and pursue in imagination the meandering shores, whether rugged steeps, admitting of no cultivation, descend into the water, or gently sloping lawns and woods, or flat and fertile meadows, stretch between the margin of the lake and the mountains. Among minutest recommendations will be noticed, especially along bays exposed to the setting-in of strong winds, the curved line of fine blue gravel, thrown up in course of time by the waves, half of it perhaps gleaming from under the water, and the corresponding half of a lighter hue; and in other parts bordering the lake, groves, if I may so call them, of reeds and bulrushes, or plots of water-lilies lifting up their large target-shaped leaves to the breeze, while the white flower is heaving upon the wave.

To these may naturally be added the birds that enliven the waters. Wild-ducks, in spring-time, hatch their young in the islands, and upon reedy shores,—the sand-piper, flitting along the stony margins, by its restless note attracts the eye to motions as restless,—upon some jutting rock, or at the edge of a smooth meadow, the stately heron may be descried with folded wings, that might seem to have caught their delicate hues from the blue waters, by the side of which she watches for her sustenance. In winter, the lakes are sometimes resorted to by wild swans; and in that season habitually by widgeons, goldings, and other aquatic fowl of the smaller species. Let me be allowed the aid of verse to describe the evolutions which these visitors sometimes perform, on a fine day towards the close of winter.

Mark how the feather'd tenants of the flood,
 With grace of motion that might scarcely seem
 Inferior to angelical, prolong
 Their curious pastime ! shaping in mad air
 (And sometimes with ambitious wing that soars
 High as the level of the mountain tops,)
 A circuit ampler than the lake beneath,
 Their own domain, --but ever while intent
 On tracing and retracing that large round,
 Their jubilant activity evolves
 Hundreds of curves and circlelets, to and fro,
 Upward and downward, progress intricate
 Yet unperplex'd, as if one spirit sway'd
 Their indefatigable flight. --'Tis done --
 Ten times, or more, I fancied it had ceased ;
 But lo ! the vanished company again
 Ascending ; -- they approach -- I hear their wings
 Faint, faint at first, and then an eager sound,
 Past in a moment -- and as faint again !
 They tempt the sun to sport amid their plumes,
 They tempt the water, or the gleaming ice,
 To shew them a fair image, 'tis themselves,
 Their own fan forms, upon the gimmering plain,
 Painted more soft and fair as they descend
 Almost to touch, -- then up, again aloft,
 Up with a rally and a flash of speed,
 As if they scorned both resting-place and rest !

The ISLANDS, dispersed among these lakes, are neither so numerous nor so beautiful as might be expected from the account that has been given of the manner in which the level areas of the vales are so frequently diversified by rocks, hills, and hills, scattered over them, nor are they ornamented (as are several of the lakes in Scotland and Ireland) by the remains of castles or other places of defence ; nor with the still more interesting ruins of religious edifices. Every one must regret that scarcely a vestige is left of the Oratory, consecrated to the Virgin, which stood upon Chapel-House in Windermere, and that the Chauntry has disappeared, where mass used to be sung, upon St Herbert's Island, Derwent-water. The islands of the last-mentioned lake are

neither fortunately placed nor of pleasing shape. but if the wood upon them were managed with more taste, they might become interesting features in the landscape. There is a beautiful cluster on Winandermere, a pair pleasingly contrasted upon Rydal; nor must the solitary green island of Grasmere be forgotten. In the bosom of each of the lakes of Ennerdale and Devockwater is a single rock, which owing to its neighbourhood to the sea, is—

The haunt of cormorants and sea-mews' clang,
 a music well suited to the stern and wild character of the several scenes! It may be worth while here to mention (not as an object of beauty, but of curiosity) that there occasionally appears above the surface of Derwent-water, and always in the same place, a considerable tract of spongy ground covered with aquatic plants, which is called the Floating, but with more propriety might be named the Buoyant, Island; and, on one of the pools near the lake of Esthwaite, may sometimes be seen a mossy Islet, with trees upon it, shifting about before the wind, a *luxus naturæ* frequent on the great rivers of America, and not unknown in other parts of the world.

—fas habes invisere Tiburis arva,
 Allumneaque lacum, atque umbras terrasque patentes.*

This part of the subject may be concluded with observing—that, from the multitude of brooks and torrents that fall into these lakes, and of internal springs by which they are fed, and which circulate through them like veins, they are truly living lakes, *vivi lacus*; and are thus discriminated from the stagnant and sullen pools frequent among mountains that have been formed by volcanoes, and from the shallow meres found in flat and loamy countries. The water is also

* See that admirable *Idyllium*, the *Catullus* and *Sallustius*, of Lander.

of crystalline purity; so that, if it were not for the reflections of the incumbent mountains by which it is darkened, a delusion might be felt, by a person resting quietly in a boat on the bosom of Windermere or Derwent-water, similar to that which Carver so beautifully describes when he was floating alone in the middle of lake Erie or Ontario, and could almost have imagined that his boat was suspended in an element as pure as air, or rather that the air and water were one.

Having spoken of Lakes I must not omit to mention, as a kindred feature of this country, those bodies of still water called TARNs. In the economy of Nature these are useful, as auxiliars to Lakes, for if the whole quantity of water which falls upon the mountains in time of storm were poured down upon the plains without intervention, in some quarters, of such receptacles, the habitable grounds would be much more subject than they are to inundation. But, as some of the collateral brooks spend their fury, finding a free course toward and also down the channel of the main stream of the vale before those that have to pass through the higher tarns and lakes have filled their several basins, a gradual distribution is effected, and the waters thus reserved, instead of uniting, to spread ravage and deformity, with those which meet with no such detention, contribute to support, for a length of time, the vigour of many streams, without a fresh fall of rain. Tarns are found in some of the vales, and are numerous upon the mountains. A Tarn, in a Vale, implies, for the most part, that the bed of the vale is not happily formed; that the water of the brooks can neither wholly escape, nor diffuse itself over a large area. Accordingly, in such situations, Tarns are often surrounded by an unsightly tract of boggy ground; but this is not always the case, and in the cultivated parts of the country, when the shores of the Tarn are determined, it differs only from the Lake in

being smaller, and in belonging mostly to a smaller valley, or circular recess. Of this class of miniature lakes, Loughrigg Tarn, near Grasmere, is the most beautiful example. It has a margin of green firm meadows, of rocks, and rocky woods, a few reeds here, a little company of water-lilies there, with beds of gravel or stone beyond, a tiny stream issuing neither briskly nor sluggishly out of it; but its feeding rills, from the shortness of their course, so small as to be scarcely visible. Five or six cottages are reflected in its peaceful bosom; rocky and barren steeps rise up above the hanging enclosures; and the solemn Pikes of Langdale overlook, from a distance, the low cultivated ridge of land that forms the northern boundary of this small, quiet, and fertile domain. The mountain Tarns can only be recommended to the notice of the inquisitive traveller who has time to spare. They are difficult of access and naked; yet some of them are, in their permanent forms, very grand, and there are accidents of things which would make the meanest of them interesting. At all events, one of these pools is an acceptable sight to the mountain wanderer, not merely as an incident that diversifies the prospect, but as forming in his mind a centre or conspicuous point to which objects, otherwise disconnected or insubordinated, may be referred. Some few have a varied outline, with bold heath-clad promontories; and, as they mostly lie at the foot of a steep precipice, the water, where the sun is not shining upon it, appears black and sullen; and round the margin, huge stones and masses of rock are scattered; some defying conjecture as to the means by which they came thither; and others obviously fallen from on high—the contribution of ages. A not unpleasant sadness is induced by this perplexity, and these images of decay; while the prospect of a body of pure water, unattended with groves and other cheerful rural images, by which fresh water is usually

accompanied, and unable to give furtherance to the meagre vegetation around it—excites a sense of some repulsive power strongly put forth, and thus deepens the melancholy natural to such scenes. Nor is the feeling of solitude often more forcibly or more solemnly unpressed than by the side of one of these mountain pools though desolate and forbidding, it seems a distinct place to repair to, yet where the visitants must be rare, and there can be no disturbance. Water-fowl flock hither, and the lonely angler may here be seen, but the imagination, not content with this scanty allowance of society, is tempted to attribute a voluntary power to every change which takes place in such a spot, whether it be the breeze that wanders over the surface of the water, or the splendid lights of evening resting upon it in the midst of awful precipices.

There, sometimes does a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer :
The crags repeat the raven's croak
In symphony austere ;
Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud,
And mists that spread the flying shroud,
And sunbeams, and the sounding blast.

It will be observed that this country is bounded on the south and east by the sea, which combines beautifully, from many elevated points, with the inland scenery; and, from the bay of Morecambe, the sloping shores, and back-ground of distant mountains are seen, composing pictures equally distinguished for amenity and grandeur. But the restuaries on this coast are in a great measure bare at low water,* and there is no instance of the sea running far up among

* In fact there is not an instance of a harbour on the Cumberland side of the Solway frith that is not dry at low water, that of Ravenglass, at the mouth of the Esk, as a natural harbour is much the best. The Sea appears to have been retreating slowly for ages from this coast. From Whitehaven to St. Bees is a tract of level ground, about five miles in length, which formerly must have been under salt water, so as to have made an island of the high ground that stretches between it and the Sea.

the mountains, and mingling with the lakes, which are such in the strict and usual sense of the word, being of fresh water. Nor have the streams, from the shortness of their course, time to acquire that body of water necessary to confer upon them much majesty. In fact, the most considerable, while they continue in the mountain and lake-country, are rather large brooks than rivers. The water is perfectly pellucid, through which in many places are seen, to a great depth, their beds of rock, or of blue gravel, which give to the water itself an exquisitely cerulean colour: this is particularly striking in the rivers Derwent and Uddon, which may be compared, such and so various are their beauties, to any two rivers of equal length of course in any country. The number of the torrents and smaller brooks is infinite, with their waterfalls and water-breaks, and they need not here be described. I will only observe that, as many, even of the smallest rills, have either found, or made for themselves, recesses in the sides of the mountains or in the vales, they have tempted the primitive inhabitants to settle near them for shelter, and hence, cottages so placed, by seeming to withdraw from the eye, are the more endeared to the feelings.

The Woods consist chiefly of oak, ash, and birch, and here and there Wych-elm, with underwood of hazel, the white and black thorn, and hollies; in moist places alders and willows abound; and vews among the rocks. Formerly the whole country must have been covered with wood to a great height up the mountains; where native Scotch firs* must have grown in great profusion, as they do in the northern part of Scotland to this day. But not one of these

* This species of fir is in character much superior to the American which has usurped its place. When the fir is planted for ornament, let it be by all means of the aboriginal species, which can only be procured from the Scotch Nurseries.

old inhabitants has existed, perhaps, for some hundreds of years; the beautiful traces, however, of the universal sylvan* appearance the country formerly had, yet survive in the native coppice-woods that have been protected by inclosures, and also in the forest-trees and holms, which, though disappearing fast, are yet scattered both over the inclosed and uninclosed parts of the mountains. The same is expressed by the beauty and intricacy with which the fields and coppice-woods are often intermingled. The plough of the first settlers having followed naturally the veins of richer, dryer, or less stony soil; and thus it has shaped out an intermixture of wood and lawn, with a grace and wildness which it would have been impossible for the hand of studied art to produce. Other trees have been introduced within these last fifty years, such as beeches, larches, limes, &c., and plantations of firs, seldom with advantage, and often with great injury to the appearance of the country, but the sycamore (which I believe was brought into this island from Germany, not more than two hundred years ago) has long been the favourite of the cottagers, and, with the fir, has been chosen to screen their dwellings: and is sometimes found in the fields whither the winds or the waters may have carried its seeds.

The want most felt, however, is that of timber trees. There are few *magnificent* ones to be found near any of the lakes; and unless greater care be taken, there will, in a short time, scarcely be left an ancient oak that would repay the cost of felling. The neighbourhood of Rydal, notwithstanding the havoc which has been made, is yet nobly distinguished. In the woods of Lowther, also, is found an almost matchless store of ancient trees, and the majesty and wildness of the native forest.

Among the smaller vegetable ornaments must be reckoned

* A squirrel (so I have heard the old people of Wytheburn say) might have gone from their chapel to Keswick without alighting on the ground.

the bilberry, a ground plant, never so beautiful as in early spring, when it is seen under bare or budding trees, that imperfectly intercept the sunshine, covering the rocky knolls with a pure mantle of fresh verdure, more lively than the herbage of the open fields;—the broom, that spreads luxuriantly along rough pastures, and in the month of June intervenes the steep coopes with its golden blossoms;—and the juniper, a rich evergreen, that thrives in spite of cattle, upon the unclosed parts of the mountains—the Dutch myrtle diffuses fragrance in moist places, and there is an endless variety of brilliant flowers in the fields and meadows, which, if the agriculture of the country were more carefully attended to, would disappear. Nor can I omit again to notice the lichens and mosses their profusion, beauty, and variety exceed those of any other country I have seen.

It may now be proper to say a few words respecting climate, and “skiey influences,” in which this region, as far as the character of its landscapes is affected by them, may, upon the whole, be considered fortunate. The country is, indeed, subject to much bad weather, and it has been ascertained that twice as much rain falls here as in many parts of the island; but the number of black drizzling days, that blot out the face of things, is by no means *proportionally* great. Nor is a continuance of thick, flagging, damp air so common as in the West of England and Ireland. The rain here comes down heartily, and is frequently succeeded by clear, bright weather, when every brook is vocal, and every torrent sonorous; brooks and torrents, which are never muddy, even in the heaviest floods, except, after a drought, ~~then become so in a short time, by waters that~~ have swept along dusty roads, or have broken out into ploughed fields. Days of unsettled weather, with partial showers, are very frequent, but the showers, darkening, or

brightening, as they fly from hill to hill, are not less grateful to the eye than finely interwoven passages of gay and sad music are touching to the ear. Vapours exhaling from the lakes and meadows after sun-rise, in a hot season, or, in moist weather, brooding upon the heights, or descending towards the valleys with inaudible motion, give a visionary character to every thing around them, and are in themselves so beautiful, as to dispose us to enter into the feelings of those simple nations (such as the Laplanders of this day), by whom they are taken for guardian deities of the mountains; or to sympathise with others who have fancied these delicate apparitions to be the spirits of their departed ancestors. Akin to these are fleecy clouds resting upon the hill-tops; they are not easily managed in picture, with their accompaniments of blue sky, but how glorious are they in Nature! how pregnant with imagination for the poet! and the height of the Cambrian mountains is sufficient to exhibit daily and hourly instances of those mysterious attachments. Such clouds, cleaving to their stations, or lifting up suddenly their glittering heads from behind rocky barriers; or hurrying out of sight with speed of the sharpest sledge—will often tempt an inhabitant to congratulate himself on belonging to a country of mists and clouds, and storms, and make him think of the blank sky of Egypt, and of the cerulean vacancy of Italy, as an unanimated and even a sad spectacle. The atmosphere, however, as in every country subject to much rain, is frequently unfavourable to landscape, especially when keen winds succeed the rain, which are apt to produce coldness, spottiness, and an unmeaning or repulsive detail in the distance—a sunless frost, under a canopy of leaden and shapeless clouds, is, as far as it allows things to be seen, equally disagreeable.

It has been said that in human life there are moments worth ages. In a more subdued tone of sympathy may we

affirm, that in the climate of England there are, for the lover of Nature, days which are worth whole months,—I might say—even years. One of these favoured days sometimes occurs in spring-time, when that soft air is breathing over the blossoms and new-born verdure, which inspired Buchanan with his beautiful Ode to the first of May, the air, which, in the luxuriance of his fancy, he likens to that of the golden age,—to that which gives motion to the tunereal cypresses on the banks of Lethe,—to the air which is to salute heatified spirits when expiatory fires shall have consumed the earth with all her habitations. But it is in autumn that days of such affecting influence most frequently intervene;—the atmosphere seems refined, and the sky rendered more crystalline, as the vivifying heat of the year abates, the lights and shadows are more delicate, the colouring is richer and more finely harmonised, and, in this season of stillness, the ear being unoccupied, or only gently excited, the sense of vision becomes more susceptible of its appropriate enjoyments. A resident in a country like this which we are treating of, will agree with me, that the presence of a lake is indispensable to exhibit in perfection the beauty of one of these days; and he must have experienced, while looking on the unruffled waters, that the imagination, by their aid, is carried into recesses of feeling otherwise impenetrable. The reason of this is, that the heavens are not only brought down into the bosom of the earth, but that the earth is mainly looked at, and thought of, through the medium of a purer element. The happiest time is when the equinoctial gales are departed; but their fury may probably be called to mind by the sight of a few shattered boughs, whose leaves do not differ in colour from the faded foliage of the stately oaks from which these relics of the storm depend. all else speaks of tranquillity;—not a breath of air, no restlessness of insects, and not a moving

object perceptible—except the clouds ghiding in the depths of the lake, or the traveller passing along, an inverted image, whose motion seems governed by the quiet of a time, to which its archetype, the living person, is, perhaps, insensible—or it may happen, that the figure of one of the larger birds, a raven or a heron, is crossing silently among the reflected clouds, while the voice of the real bird, from the element aloft, gently awakens in the spectator the recollection of appetites and instincts, pursuits and occupations, that deform and agitate the world,—yet have no power to prevent Nature from putting on an aspect capable of satisfying the most intense cravings for the tranquil, the lovely, and the perfect, to which man, the noblest of her creatures, is subject

Thus far, of climate, as influencing the feelings through its effect on the objects of sense. We may add, that whatever has been said upon the advantages derived to these scenes from a changeable atmosphere, would apply, perhaps still more forcibly, to their appearance under the varied solemnities of night. Milton, it will be remembered, has given a *clouded* moon to Paradise itself. In the night-season also, the narrowness of the vales, and comparative smallness of the lakes, are especially adapted to bring surrounding objects home to the eye and to the heart. The stars, taking their stations above the hill tops, are contemplated from a spot like the Abyssinian recess of Rasselas, with much more touching interest than they are likely to excite when looked at from an open country with ordinary undulations; and it must be obvious, that it is the *bays* only of large lakes that can present such contrasts of light and shadow as those of smaller dimensions display from every quarter. A deep contracted valley, with diffused waters, such a valley and plains level and wide as those of Chaldea, are the two extremes in which the beauty of the heavens and their connexion with

the earth are most sensibly felt. Nor do the advantages I have been speaking of imply here an exclusion of the aerial effects of distance. These are insured by the height of the mountains, and are found even in the narrowest vales, where they lengthen in perspective, or act (if the expression may be used), as telescopes for the open country.

The subject would bear to be enlarged upon: but I will conclude this section with a night-scene suggested by the Vale of Keswick. The Fragment is well known, but it gratifies me to insert it, as the Writer was one of the first who led the way to a worthy admiration of this country.

Now sunk the sun, now twilight sunk, and night
 Rode in her zenith, not a passing breeze
 Nigh'd to the grove, which in the midnight air
 Stood motionless, and in the peaceful floods
 Inverted hung: for now the billows slept
 Along the shore, nor heav'd the deep; but spread
 A shining mirror to the moon's pale orb,
 Which, dim and waning, o'er the shadowy cliffs,
 The solemn woods, and spiry mountain tops,
 Her glimmering faintness throw: now, every eye,
 Oppress'd with toil, was drown'd in deep repose,
 Save that the unseen Shepherd in his watch,
 Propp'd on his crook, stood listening by the fold,
 And gaz'd the starry vault, and pendant moon;
 Nor voice, nor sound, broke on the deep serene,
 But the soft murmur of swift-gushing rills,
 Forth issuing from the mountain's distant steep,
 (Unheard till now, and now scarce heard) proclaim'd
 All things at rest, and imagin'd the still voice
 Of quiet whispering in the ear of Night.*

* Dr Brown, the author of this Fragment, was from his infancy brought up in Cumberland, and should have remembered that the practice of folding sheep by night is unknown among these mountains, and that the image of the shepherd upon the watch is out of its place, and belongs only to countries with a warmer climate, that are subject to ravages from beasts of prey. It is pleasing to notice a dawn of imaginative feeling in these verses. Tokel, a man of no common genius, chose for the subject of a Poem, Kensington Gardens, in preference to the Banks of the Derwent, within a mile or two of which he was born. But this was in the reign of Queen Anne, or George the first. Progress must have been made in the interval; though the traces of it, except in the works of Thomson and Dyer, are not very obvious.

SECOND SECTION.

- ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY, AS AFFECTED BY ITS INHABITANTS.

HITHERTO I have chiefly spoken of the features by which Nature has discriminated this country from others. I will now describe, in general terms, in what manner it is indebted to the hand of man. What I have to notice on this subject will emanate most easily and perspicuously from a description of the ancient and present inhabitants, their occupations, their condition of life, the distribution of landed property among them, and the tenure by which it is holden.

The reader will suffer me here to recall to his mind the shapes of the vallies, and their position with respect to each other, and the forms and substance of the intervening mountains. He will people the vallies with lakes and rivers, the coves and sides of the mountains with pools and torrents, and will bound half of the circle which we have contemplated by the sands of the sea, or by the sea itself. He will conceive that, from the point upon which he stood, he looks down upon this scene before the country had been penetrated by any inhabitants.—To vary his sensations, and to break in upon their stillness, he will turn to himself an image of the tide's visiting and re-visiting the friths, the main sea dashing against the bolder shore, the rivers pursuing their course to be lost in the mighty mass of waters. He may see or hear in fancy the wind sweeping over the lakes, or piping with a loud voice among the mountain peaks, and, lastly, may think of the primeval woods shedding and renewing their leaves with no human eye to notice, or human heart to regret or welcome the change. When the first settlers entered this region (says an animated writer) they found it overspread with wood; forest trees, the fir, the oak, the ash, and the birch had

skirted the fells, tufted the hills, and shaded the valleys through centuries of silent solitude; the birds and beasts of prey reigned over the meeker species, and the *bellum inter omnia* maintained the balance of Nature in the empire of beasts.

Such was the state and appearance of this region when the aboriginal colonists of the Celtic tribes were first driven or drawn towards it, and became joint tenants with the wolf, the boar, the wild bull, the red deer, and the leigh, a gigantic species of deer which has been long extinct; while the inaccessible crags were occupied by the talon, the raven, and the eagle. The inner parts were too secluded, and of too little value, to participate much of the benefit of Roman manners, and though these conquerors encouraged the Britons to the improvement of their lands in the plain country of Furness and Cumberland, they seem to have had little connexion with the mountains, except for military purposes, or in subservience to the profit they drew from the mines.

When the Romans retired from Great Britain, it is well known that these mountain-fastnesses furnished a protection to some unsubdued Britons, long after the more accessible and more fertile districts had been seized by the Saxon or Danish invader. A few, though distinct, traces of Roman forts or camps, as at Ambleside, and upon Dunmallet, and a few circles of rude stones attributed to the Druids,* are the

* It is not improbable that these circles were once numerous, and that many of them may yet endure in a perfect state, under no very deep covering of soil. A friend of the Author, while making a trench in a level piece of ground, not far from the banks of the *Ulmer*, but in no connection with that river, met with some stones which seemed to him formally arranged; this excited his curiosity, and proceeding, he uncovered a perfect circle of stones, from two to three or four feet high, with a *sanctum sanctorum*, the whole a complete place of Druidical worship of small dimensions, having the same sort of relation to Stonehenge, Long Meg and her Daughters near the river Eden, and Earl Lofts near Shap (if this last be not Danish), that a rural chapel bears to a stately church, or to one of our noble cathedrals. This interesting little monument having passed, with

only vestiges that remain upon the surface of the country of these ancient occupants, and, as the Saxons and Danes, who succeeded to the possession of the villages and hamlets which had been established by the Britons, seem at first to have confined themselves to the open country,—we may descend at once to times long posterior to the conquest by the Normans, when their feudal polity was regularly established. We may easily conceive that these narrow dales and mountain sides, choked up as they must have been with wood, lying out of the way of communication with other parts of the Island, and upon the edge of a hostile kingdom, could have little attraction for the high born and powerful, especially as the more open parts of the country furnished positions for castles and houses of defence

the field in which it was found, into other hands, has been destroyed. It is much to be regretted, that the striking relic of Antiquity at Shap, has been in a great measure destroyed also.

The DAUGHTERS of LONG MEG are placed not in an oblong, as the STONES of SHAP, but in a perfect circle, eighty yards in diameter, and seventy-two in number, and from above three yards high, to less than so many feet. A little way out of the circle stands LONG MEG herself—a single stone eighteen feet high.

When the Author first saw this monument, he came upon it by surprise, therefore might over rate its importance as an object; but he must say, that though it is not to be compared with Stonehenge, he has not seen any other remains of those dark ages, which can pretend to rival it in singularity and dignity of appearance.

A weight of awe not easy to be borne
Fell suddenly upon my spirit, cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown past,
When first I saw that Sisterhood forum,—
And Her, whose strength and stature seems to scorn
The power of years—pre eminent, and placed
Apart, to overlook the circle vast,
Speak, Giant mother! tell it to the Morn,
While she dispels the ambrous shades of night;
Let the Moon hear, emerging from a cloud,
When, how, and wherefore, rose on British ground
That wondrous Monument, whose mystic round
Forth shadows, some have deemed, to mortal sight
The inviolable God that tames the proud

sufficient to repel any of those sudden attacks, which, in the rude state of military knowledge, could be made upon them. Accordingly, the more retired regions (and to such I am now confining myself) must have been neglected or shunned even by the persons whose baronial or signiorial rights extended over them, and left, doubtless, partly as a place of refuge for outlaws and robbers and partly granted out for the more settled habitation of a few vassals following the employment of shepherds or woodlanders. Hence these lakes and inner vallies are unadorned by any remains of ancient grandeur; castles, or monastic edifices, which are only found upon the skirts of the country, as Furness Abbey, Calder Abbey, the Priory of Lannercost, Cleaston Castle,—long ago a residence of the Flenings,—and the numerous ancient castles of the Chiffords, the Lucys, and the Dacres. On the southern side of these mountains (especially in that part known by the name of Furness Fells, which is more remote from the borders), the state of society would necessarily be more settled, though it also was fashioned, not a little, by its neighbourhood to a hostile kingdom. We will, therefore, give a sketch of the economy of the Abbots in the distribution of lands among their tenants, as similar plans were doubtless adopted by other Lords; and as the consequences have affected the face of the country materially to the present day, being, in fact, one of the principal causes which give it such a striking superiority, in beauty and interest, over all other parts of the island.

*When the Abbots of Furness, says an author before cited, enfranchised their vassals, and raised them to the dignity of customary tenants, the lands, which they had cultivated for their lord, were divided into whole tenements; each of which, besides the customary annual rent, was charged with the obligation of having in readiness a man completely armed for the king's service on the borders, or

elsewhere, each of these whole tenements was again subdivided into four equal parts; each villan had one, and the party tenant contributed his share to the support of the man of arms, and of other burdens. These divisions were not properly distinguished; the land remained mixed, each tenant had a share through all the arable and meadow-land, and common of pasture over all the wastes. These sub-tenements were judged sufficient for the support of so many families, and no further division was permitted. These divisions and sub-divisions were convenient at the time for which they were calculated the land, so parcelled out, was of necessity more attended to, and the industry greater, when more persons were to be supported by the produce of it. The frontier of the kingdom, within which Furness was considered, was in a constant state of attack and defence; more hands, therefore, were necessary to guard the coast, to repel an invasion from Scotland, or make reprisals on the hostile neighbour. The dividing the lands in such manner as has been shown, increased the number of inhabitants, and kept them at home till called for and, the land being mixed, and the several tenants united in equipping the plough, the absence of the fourth man was no prejudice to the cultivation of his land, which was committed to the care of three.

While the villans of Low Furness were thus distributed over the land, and employed in agriculture; those of High Furness were charged with the care of flocks and herds, to protect them from the wolves which lurked in the thickets, and in winter to browse them with the tender sprouts of hollies and ash. This custom was not till lately discontinued in High Furness; and holly-trees were carefully preserved for that purpose when all other wood was cleared off, large tracts of common being so covered with these trees, as to have the appearance of a forest of hollies. At

the Shepherd's call, the flocks surrounded the holly-bush, and received the croppings at his hand, which they greedily nibbled up, bleating for more. The Abbots of Furness enfranchised these pastoral vassals, and permitted them to enclose *quillots* to their houses, for which they paid encroachment rent.—West's *Antiquities of Furness*

However desirable, for the purposes of defence a numerous population might be, it was not possible to make at once the same numerous allotments among the untitled valleys and upon the sides of the mountains. It has been made in the cultivated plains. The enfranchised shepherd or wood-lander, having chosen there his place of residence, builds it of sods, or of the mountain bone and, with the permission of his lord, encloses, like Robert Crusoe, a small croft or two immediately at his door for such animals as he wishes to protect. Others are happy to imitate his example, and avail themselves of the same privileges—and thus a population, mainly of Danish or Norse origin as the dialect indicates, crept on towards the more secluded parts of the valleys. Chapels, daughters of some distant mother church, are first erected in the more open and fertile vales, as those of Bowness and Grasmere offshoots of Kendal—which again, after a period, as the settled population increases, become mother-churches to smaller edifices, planted, at length, in almost every dale throughout the country. The nucleuses, formed by the tenantry, are for a long time confined to the homesteads, and the arable and meadow land of the vales is possessed in common field, the several portions being marked out by stones, bushes, or trees, which portions where the custom has survived, to this day are called *dales*, from the word *deylen*, to distribute—but while the valley was thus lying open, enclosures seem to have taken place upon the sides of the mountains; because the land there was not intermixed, and was of little comparative value, and, there-

tion, small opposition would be made to its being appropriated by those to whose habitations it was contiguous. Hence the singular appearance which the sides of many of these mountains exhibit, intersected as they are, almost to the summit, with stone walls. When first erected, these stone fences must have little dignified the face of the country; as pastures and fens would have been so hidden by the quantity of native wood then remaining, and the lines would also be thickened as they climbed by the rocks which interrupt and vary their course. In the milder seasons and in those parts of the lower mountains when the soil has not been sufficiently drained, and could not afford a stable pasture, and there, when the mountain-side is not steep, and the improvement suffered from a covered place is compared to common field, had in the last century been a much greater one, as they were compared to the present day. The fens and willows, and other native trees, which were once so common, had disappeared, and were generally cut down, and the whole with a sylvan appearance, would be the more conspicuous, as the property has been divided into parcels of great inequality, which were large enough to employ a great number of men and their capital employed in a different manner. This sylvan appearance is still increased by the growth of soft trees planted in rows along the rock faces, and along the walls for the purpose of browsing, and at the approach of winter. The branches are broken and thrown upon the pastures; and when the wind has stripped them of the leaves, they are used for fuel on the hedges or for fuel.

We have then seen a numerous body of Dalesmen creep from the possession of their home-steads, their little crofts, their small man-enclosures, and, finally, the whole vale is visibly divided except, perhaps, here and there some marshy ground which till fully drained, would not repay the trouble of enclosing. But these last partitions do not seem to have

been general, till long after the pacification of the Borders, by the union of the two crowns; when the cause, which had first determined the distribution of land into such small parcels, had not only ceased, but likewise a general improvement had taken place in the country, with a correspondent rise in the value of its produce. From the time of the union, it is certain that this species of feudal population must rapidly have diminished. That it was formerly much more numerous than it is at present, is evident from the multitude of tenements (I do not mean houses, but small divisions of land) which belonged formerly each to a several proprietor, and for which separate fines are paid to the manorial lord at this day. These are often in the proportion of four to one of the present occupants. Sir Launcelot Threlkeld, who lived in the reign of Henry VII, wanted to say, he had three noble houses, one for pleasure, Crosby, in Westmoreland, where he had a park full of deer, one for profit and warmth, wherein to reside in winter, namely, Yanwith, nigh Penrith, and the third, Threlkeld, (on the edge of the vale of Keswick), well stocked with tenants to go with him to the wars. But, as I have said, from the union of the two crowns, this numerous vassalage (their services not being wanted) would rapidly diminish, various tenements would be united in one possessor; and the aboriginal houses, probably little better than hovels, like the kraals of savages, or the huts of the Highlanders of Scotland, would fall into decay, and the places of many be supplied by substantial and comfortable buildings; a majority of which remain to this day scattered over the vallies, and are often the only dwellings found in them.

From the time of the erection of these houses, till within the last sixty years, the state of society, though no doubt slowly and gradually improving, underwent no material change. Corn was grown in these vales (through which no carriage-road had yet been made) sufficient upon each

estate to furnish bread for each family, and no more; notwithstanding the union of several tenements, the possessions of each inhabitant still being small, in the same field was seen an intermixture of different crops, and the plough was interrupted by little rocks, mostly overgrown with wood, or by spongy places, which the tillers of the soil had neither leisure nor capital to convert into firm land. The storms and moisture of the climate induced them to sprinkle their upland property with outhouses of native stone, as places of shelter for their sheep, where, in tempestuous weather, food was distributed to them. Every family spun from its own flock the wool with which it was clothed, a weaver was here and there found among them: and the rest of their wants was supplied by the produce of the vain, which they carded and spun in their own houses, and carried to market, either under their arms, or more frequently on pack-horses, a small train taking their way weekly down the valley or over the mountains to the most commodious town. They had, as I have said, their rural chapel, and of course their minister, in clothing or in manner of life, in no respect differing from themselves, except on the Sabbath-day; this was the sole distinguished individual among them; every thing else, person and possession, exhibited a perfect equality, a community of shepherds and agriculturists, proprietors, for the most part, of the lands which they occupied and cultivated.

While the process above detailed was going on, the native forest must have been everywhere receding; but trees were planted for the sustenance of the flocks in winter,—such was then the rude state of agriculture; and, for the same cause, it was necessary that care should be taken of some part of the growth of the native woods. Accordingly, in Queen Elizabeth's time, this was so strongly felt, that a petition was made to the Crown, praying, 'that the Blomaries in High Furness might be abolished, on account

of the quantity of wood which was consumed in them for the use of the mines, to the great detriment of the cattle. But this same cause, about a hundred years after, produced effects directly contrary to those which had been deprecated. The re-establishment, at that period, of furnaces upon a large scale, made it the interest of the people to convert the steeper and more stony of the enclosures, sprinkled over with remains of the native forest, into close woods, which, when cattle and sheep were excluded, rapidly sowed and thickened themselves. The reader's attention has been directed to the cause by which tufts of wood, pasturage, meadow, and arable land, with its various produce, are intricately intermingled in the same field, and he will now see, in like manner, how enclosures entirely of wood, and those of cultivated ground, are blended all over the country under a law of similar wiliness.

An historic detail has thus been given of the manner in which the hand of man has acted upon the surface of the inner regions of this mountainous country, as incorporated with and subservient to the powers and processes of Nature. We will now take a view of the same agency—acting, within narrower bounds, for the production of the few works of art and accommodations of life which, in so simple a state of society, could be necessary. These are merely habitations of man and coverts for beasts, roads and bridges, and places of worship.

And to begin with the Cottagers. They are scattered over the vallies, and under the hill sides, and on the rocks, and even to this day, in the more retired dales, without any intrusion of more assuming buildings;

Cluster'd like stars some few, but single most,
And making daily in their shy retreats,
Or glancing on each other cheerful looks,
Like separated stars with clouds between.—*ms.*

The dwelling-houses, and contiguous outhouses, are, in

many instances, of the colour of the native rock, out of which they have been built; but, frequently the Dwelling or Fire-house, as it is ordinarily called, has been distinguished from the barn or byre by rough-cast and white wash, which, as the inhabitants are not hasty in renewing it, in a few years acquires, by the influence of weather, a tint at once sober and variegated. As these houses have been, from father to son, inhabited by persons engaged in the same occupations, yet necessarily with changes in their circumstances, they have received without incongruity additions and accommodations adapted to the needs of each successive occupant, who, being for the most part proprietor, was at liberty to follow his own fancy so that these humble dwellings remind the contemplative spectator of a production of Nature, and may (using a strong expression) rather be said to have grown than to have been erected,—to have risen, by an instinct of their own, out of the native rock—so little is there in them of formality, such is then wildness and beauty. Among the numerous recesses and projections in the walls, and in the different stages of their roofs, are seen bold and harmonious effects of contrasted sunshine and shadow. It is a favourable circumstance, that the strong winds, which sweep down the valleys, induced the inhabitants, at a time when the materials for building were easily procured, to furnish many of these dwellings with substantial porches; and such as have not this defence, are seldom unprovided with a projection of two large slates over their thresholds. Nor will the singular beauty of the chimneys escape the eye of the attentive traveller. Sometimes a low chimney, almost upon a level with the roof, is overlaid with a slate, supported upon four slender pillars, to prevent the wind from driving the smoke down the chimney. Others are of a quadrangular shape, rising one or two feet above the roof, which low square is

often surmounted by a tall cylinder, giving to the cottage chimney the most beautiful shape in which it is ever seen. Nor will it be too fanciful or refined to remark, that there is a pleasing harmony between a tall chimney of this circular form, and the living column of smoke, ascending from it through the still air. These dwellings, mostly built, as has been said, of rough unhewn stone, are roofed with slates, which were rudely taken from the quarry before the present art of splitting them was understood, and are, therefore, rough and uneven in their surface, so that both the coverings and sides of the houses have furnished places of rest for the seeds of lichens, mosses, ferns, and flowers. Hence buildings, which in their very form call to mind the processes of Nature, do thus, clothed in part with a vegetable garb, appear to be received into the bosom of the living principle of things, as it acts and exists among the woods and fields, and, by their colour and their shape, affectingly direct the thoughts to that tranquil course of Nature and simplicity, along which the humble-minded inhabitants have, through so many generations, been led. Add the little garden with its shed for bee-hives, its small bed of pot-herbs, and its borders and patches of flowers for Sunday posies, with sometimes a choice few too much prized to be plucked; an orchard of proportioned size; a cheese press, often supported by some tree near the door; a cluster of embowering sycamores for summer shade; with a tall fir, through which the winds sing when other trees are leafless; the little rill or household spout murmuring in all seasons;—combine these incidents and images together, and you have the representative idea of a mountain-cottage in this country so beautifully formed in itself and so richly adorned by the hand of Nature.

Till within the last sixty years there was no communication between any of these vales by carriage roads; all

bulky articles were transported on pack-horses. Owing, however, to the population not being concentrated in villages, but scattered, the valleys themselves were intersected as now by innumerable lanes and path-ways leading from house to house and from field to field. These lanes, where they are fenced by stone walls, are mostly bordered with ashes, hazels, wild roses, and beds of tall fern at their base, while the walls themselves, if old, are overspread with mosses, small ferns, wild strawberries, the geranium, and lichens; and, if the wall happen to rest against a bank of earth, it is sometimes almost wholly concealed by a rich facing of stone-fern. It is a great advantage to a traveller or resident, that these numerous lanes and paths, if he be a zealous admirer of Nature, will lead him on into all the recesses of the country, so that the hidden treasures of its landscapes may, by an ever-ready guide, be laid open to his eyes.

Likewise to the smallness of the several properties is owing the great number of bridges over the brooks and torrents, and the daring and graceful neglect of danger or accommodation with which so many of them are constructed, the rudeness of the forms of some, and their endless variety. But, when I speak of this rudeness, I must at the same time add, that many of these structures are in themselves models of elegance, as if they had been formed upon principles of the most thoughtful architecture. It is to be regretted that these monuments of the skill of our ancestors, and of that happy instinct by which consummate beauty was produced, are disappearing fast; but sufficient specimens remain* to give a high

* Written some time ago. The injury done since, is more than could have been calculated upon.

Singula de nobis tantum præstantur cunctis. This is in the course of things; but why should the genius that directed the ancient architecture of these vales have deserted them? For the bridges, churches, mansions, cottages, and their richly fringed and flat-roofed outhouses, venerable as the grange of some old abbey, have been substituted structures, in which baldness only seems to have been studied, or plans of the most vulgar utility. But

gratification to the man of genuine taste. Travellers who may not have been accustomed to pay attention to things so inobtrusive, will excuse me if I point out the proportion between the span and elevation of the arch, the lightness of the parapet, and the graceful manner in which its curve follows faithfully that of the arch.

Upon this subject I have nothing further to notice, except the PLACES OF WORSHIP, which have mostly a little school house adjoining. The architecture of these churches and chapels, where they have not been recently rebuilt or modernised is of a style not less appropriate and admirable than that of the dwelling-houses and other structures. How sacred the spirit by which our forefathers were directed! The *religio loci* is no where violated by these unstinted, yet unpretending, works of human hands. They exhibit generally a well-proportioned oblong, with a suitable porch, in some instances a steeple tower, and in others nothing more than a small belfry, in which one or two bells hang visibly. But these objects, though pleasing in their forms, must necessarily, more than others in rural scenery, derive their interests from the sentiments of piety and reverence

some improvement may be looked for in future; the gentry *recently* have copied the old models, and successful instances might be pointed out, if I could take the liberty.

"In some places scholars were formerly taught in the church, and at others the school-house was a sort of out-chapel to the place of worship, being under the same roof; an arrangement which was abandoned as irreverent. It continues, however, to this day in Borrowdale. In the parish register of that chapelry, is a notice, that a youth who had quitted the valley, and died in one of the towns on the coast of Cumberland, had requested that his body should be brought and interred at the foot of the pillar by which he had been accustomed to sit while a school-boy. One cannot but regret that burial registers so seldom contain any thing but bare names; in a few of this country, especially in that of Lowerwater, I have found interesting notices of unusual natural occurrences, characters of the deceased, and particulars of their lives. There is no good reason why such memorials should not be frequent; these short and simple annals would in future ages become precious.

for the modest virtues and simple manners of humble life with which they may be contemplated. A man must be very insensible who would not be touched with pleasure at the sight of the chapel of Buttermere, so strikingly expressing, by its diminutive size, how small must be the congregation there assembled, as it were, like one family, and proclaiming at the same time to the passenger, in connection with the surrounding mountains, the depth of that seclusion in which the people live, that has rendered necessary the building of a separate place of worship for so few. A patriot, calling to mind the images of the stately fabrics of Canterbury, York, or Westminster, will find a heart-felt satisfaction in presence of this lowly pile, as a monument of the wise institutions of our country, and as evidence of the all-pervading and paternal care of that venerable Establishment, of which it is, perhaps, the humblest daughter. The edifice is scarcely larger than many of the single stones or fragments of rock which are scattered near it.

We have thus far confined our observations, on this division of the subject, to that part of these Dales which runs up far into the mountains.

As we descend towards the open country, we meet with halls and mansions, many of which have been places of defence against the incursions of the Scottish Borderers, and they not unfrequently retain their towers and battlements. To these houses, parks are sometimes attached, and to their successive proprietors we chiefly owe whatever ornament is still left to the country of majestic timber. Through the open parts of the vales are scattered, also, houses of a middle rank between the pastoral cottage and the old hall residence of the knight or esquire. Such houses differ much from the rugged cottages before described, and are generally graced with a little court or garden in front, where may yet be seen specimens of those fantastic

and quaint figures which our ancestors were fond of shaping out in yew-tree, holly, or box-wood. The passenger will sometimes smile at such elaborate display of petty art, while the house does not deign to look upon the natural beauty or the sublimity which its situation almost unavoidably commands.

Thus has been given a faithful description, the minuteness of which the reader will pardon, of the face of the country as it was, and had been through centuries, till within the last sixty years. Towards the head of these Dales was found a perfect Republic of Shepherds and Agriculturists, among whom the plough of each man was confined to the maintenance of his own family, or to the occasional accommodation of his neighbour.* Two or three cows furnished each family with milk and cheese. The chapel was the only edifice that presided over these dwellings, the supreme head of this pure Commonwealth; the members of which existed in the midst of a powerful empire, like an ideal society or an organised community, whose constitution had been imposed and regulated by the mountains which protected it. Neither high-born nobleman, knight, nor esquire, was here, but many of these humble sons of the hills had a consciousness that the land, which they walked over and tilled, had for more than five hundred years been possessed by men of their name and blood: and venerable was the transition,

* One of the most pleasing characteristics of manners in secluded and thinly-peopled districts, is a sense of the degree in which human happiness and comfort are dependent on the contingency of neighbourhood. This is implied by a rhyming adage common here, "*Friends are far, when neighbours are nigh*" (i.e. near). This mutual helpfulness is not confined to out-of-doors work; but is ready upon all occasions. Formerly, if a person became sick, especially the mistress of a family, it was usual for those of the neighbours who were more particularly connected with the party by amicable offices, to visit the house, carrying a present. This practice, which is by no means obsolete, is called *visiting* the family, and is regarded as a pledge of a disposition to be otherwise servicable in a time of disability and distress.

when a curious traveller, descending from the heart of the mountains, had come to some ancient manorial residence in the more open parts of the Vales, which, through the rights attached to its proprietor, connected the almost visionary mountain republic he had been contemplating with the substantial frame of society as existing in the laws and constitution of a mighty empire.

SECTION THIRD.

CHANGES, AND RULES OF TASTE FOR PREVENTING THEIR BAD EFFECTS

SUCH, as hath been said, was the appearance of things till within the last sixty years. A practice, denominated Ornamental Gardening, was at that time becoming prevalent over England. In union with an admiration of this art, and in some instances in opposition to it, had been generated a relish for select parts of natural scenery. and Travellers, instead of confining their observations to Towns, Manufactories, or Mines, began (a thing till then unheard of) to wander over the island in search of sequestered spots, distinguished as they might accidentally have learned, for the sublimity or beauty of the forms of Nature there to be seen.—Dr Brown, the celebrated Author of the *Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times*, published a letter to a friend, in which the attractions of the Vale of Keswick were delineated with a powerful pencil, and the feeling of a genuine Enthusiast. Gray, the Poet, followed: he died soon after his forlorn and melancholy pilgrimage to the Vale of Keswick, and the record left behind him of what he had seen and felt in this journey, excited that pensive interest with which the human mind is ever disposed to listen to the farewell words of a man of genius. The journal of Gray

feelingly showed how the gloom of ill health and low spirits had been irradiated by objects, which the Author's powers of mind enabled him to describe with distinctness and unaffected simplicity. Every reader of this journal must have been unpressed with the words which conclude his notice of the Vale of Grasmere:—'Not a single red tile, no glaring gentleman's house or garden-wall, breaks in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty, in its neatest and most becoming attire'

What is here so justly said of Grasmere applied almost equally to all its sister Vales. It was well for the undisturbed pleasures of the Poet that he had no forebodings of the change which was soon to take place; and it might have been hoped that these words, indicating how much the charm of what *was*, depended upon what was *not*, would of themselves have preserved the ancient franchises of this and other kindred mountain retirements from trespass; or (shall I dare to say?) would have secured scenes so consecrated from profanation. The lakes had now become celebrated, visitors flocked hither from all parts of England, the fancies of some were smitten so deeply, that they became settlers; and the Islands of Derwentwater and Winandermere, as they offered the strongest temptation, were the first places seized upon, and were instantly defaced by the intrusion.

The venerable wood, that had grown for centuries round the small house called St. Herbert's Hermitage, had indeed some years before been felled by its native proprietor, and the whole island planted anew with Scotch firs, left to spindle up by each other's side—a melancholy phalanx, defying the power of the winds, and disregarding the regret of the spectator, who might otherwise have cheated himself into a belief, that some of the decayed remains of those oaks, the place of which was in this manner usurped, had

been planted by the Hermit's own hand. This sanctified spot, however, suffered comparatively little injury. At the bidding of an alien improver, the Hind's Cottage, upon Vicar's island, in the same lake, with its embowering sycamores and cattle-shed, disappeared from the corner where they stood; and right in the middle, and upon the precise point of the island's highest elevation, rose a tall square habitation, with four sides exposed, like an astronomer's observatory, or a warren-house reared upon an eminence for the detection of depredations, or, like the temple of Æolus, where all the winds pay him obeisance. Round this novel structure, but at a respectful distance, platoons of firs were stationed, as if to protect their commander when weather and time should somewhat have shattered his strength. Within the narrow limits of this island were typified also the state and strength of a kingdom, and its religion as it had been, and was,—for neither was the druidical circle uncreated, nor the church of the present establishment; nor the stately pier, emblem of commerce and navigation; nor the fort to deal out thunder upon the approaching invader. The taste of a succeeding proprietor rectified the mistakes as far as was practicable, and has ridded the spot of its puerilities. The church, after having been docked of its steeple, is applied both ostensibly and really, to the purpose for which the body of the pile was actually erected, namely, a boat-house, the fort is demolished, and, without indignation on the part of the spirits of the ancient Druids who officiated at the circle upon the opposite hill, the mimic arrangement of stones, with its *sanctum sanctorum*, has been swept away.

The present instance has been singled out, extravagant as it is, because, unquestionably, this beautiful country has, in numerous other places, suffered from the same spirit, though not clothed exactly in the same form, nor active in an equal

degree. It will be sufficient here to utter a regret for the changes that have been made upon the principal Island at Winandemere, and in its neighbourhood. What could be more unfortunate than the taste that suggested the paring of the shores and surrounding with an embankment this spot of ground, the natural shape of which was so beautiful. An artificial appearance has thus been given to the whole, while infinite varieties of minute beauty have been destroyed. Could not the margin of this noble island be given back to Nature? Winds and waves work with a careless and graceful hand: and, should they in some places carry away a portion of the soil, the trifling loss would be amply compensated by the additional spirit, dignity, and loveliness, which these agents and the other powers of Nature would soon communicate to what was left behind. As to the larch-plantations upon the main shore,—they who remember the original appearance of the rocky steeps, scattered over with native hollies and ash-trees, will be prepared to agree with what I shall have to say hereafter upon plantations* in general.

But, in truth, no one can now travel through the more frequented tracts, without being offended, at almost every turn, by an introduction of discordant objects, disturbing that peaceful harmony of form and colour, which had been through a long lapse of ages most happily preserved.

All gross transgressions of this kind originate, doubtless, in a feeling natural and honourable to the human mind, viz the pleasure which it receives from distinct ideas, and from the perception of order, regularity, and contrivance. Now, unpractised minds receive these impressions only from objects that are divided from each other by strong lines of demarcation; hence the delight with which such minds are smitten by formality and harsh contrast. But I would beg

* These are disappearing fast, under the management of the present Proprietor, and native wood is resuming its place.

of those who are eager to create the means of such gratification, first carefully to study what already exists, and they will find, in a country so lavishly gifted by Nature, an abundant variety of forms marked out with a precision that will satisfy their desires. Moreover, a new habit of pleasure will be formed opposite to this, arising out of the perception of the fine gradations by which in Nature one thing passes away into another, and the boundaries that constitute individuality disappear in one instance only, to be revived elsewhere under a more alluring form. The hill of Dunmallet, at the foot of Ulawater, was once divided into different portions, by avenues of fir-trees, with a green and almost perpendicular lane descending down the steep hill through each avenue;—contrast this quaint appearance with the image of the same hill overgrown with self-planted wood,—each tree springing up in the situation best suited to its kind, and with that shape which the situation constrained or suffered it to take. What endless melting and playing into each other of forms and colours does the one offer to a mind at once attentive and active, and how insipid and lifeless, compared with it, appear those parts of the former exhibition with which a child, a peasant perhaps, or a citizen unfamiliar with natural imagery, would have been most delighted!

The disfigurement which this country has undergone, has not, however, proceeded wholly from the common feelings of human nature which have been referred to as the primary sources of bad taste in rural imagery; another cause must be added, that has chiefly shown itself in its effect upon buildings. I mean a warping of the natural mind occasioned by a consciousness that this country being an object of general admiration, every new house would be looked at and commented upon either for approbation or censure. Hence all the deformity and ungracefulness that ever pursue the

steps of constraint or affectation. Persons, who in Leicestershire or Northamptonshire would probably have built a modest dwelling like those of their sensible neighbours, have been turned out of their course; and, acting a part, no wonder if, having had little experience, they act it ill. The craving for prospect, also, which is immoderate, particularly in new settlers, has rendered it impossible that buildings, whatever might have been their architecture, should in most instances be ornamental to the landscape—rising as they do from the summits of naked hills in staring contrast to the snugness and privacy of the ancient houses.

No man is to be condemned for a desire to decorate his residence and possessions, feeling a disposition to applaud such an endeavour, I would show how the end may be best attained. The rule is simple; with respect to grounds—work, where you can, in the spirit of Nature, with an invisible hand of art. Planting, and a removal of wood, may thus, and thus only, be carried on with good effect, and the like may be said of building, if Antiquity, who may be styled the co-partner and sister of Nature, be not denied the respect to which she is entitled. I have already spoken of the beautiful forms of the ancient mansions of this country, and of the happy manner in which they harmonise with the forms of Nature. Why cannot such be taken as a model, and modern internal convenience be confined within their external grace and dignity. Expense to be avoided, or difficulties to be overcome, may prevent a close adherence to this model; still, however, it might be followed to a certain degree in the style of architecture and in the choice of situation, if the thirst for prospect were mitigated by those considerations of comfort, shelter, and convenience which used to be chiefly sought after. But should an aversion to old fashions unfortunately exist, accompanied with a desire to transplant into the cold and stormy North, the elegances of

a villa formed upon a model taken from countries with a milder climate, I will adduce a passage from an English poet, the divine Spenser, which will show in what manner such a plan may be realised without injury to the native beauty of these scenes.

^ Into that forest farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling in a pleasant glade
With mountains round about environed,
And mienty woods which did the valley shade,
And like a stately theatre it made,
Spreading itself into a spacious plaine;
And in the midst a little river plaide
Elmongst the puny stones which seem'd to 'plaine
With gentle murmure that his course they did restraime

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with myrtle trees and laurels green,
In which the buds sang many a lovely lay
Of God's high praise, and of their sweet loves teene,
As it an earthly paradise had beene;
In whose enclosed shadow there was light
A fair pavillion, scarcely to be seen,
The which was all within most richly dight,
That greatest princes living it mote well delight

Houses or mansions suited to a mountainous region, should be 'not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired;' and the reasons for this rule, though they have been little adverted to, are evident. Mountainous countries, more frequently and forcibly than others, remind us of the power of the elements, as manifested in winds, snows, and torrents, and accordingly make the notion of exposure very unpleasant, while shelter and comfort are in proportion necessary and acceptable. Far-winding valleys difficult of access, and the feelings of simplicity habitually connected with mountain retirements, prompt us to turn from ostentation as a thing there eminently unnatural and out of place. A mansion, amid such scenes, can never have sufficient dignity or interest to become principal in the landscape, and to ren-

der the mountains, lakes, or torrents, by which it may be surrounded, a subordinate part of the view. It is, I grant, easy to conceive, that an ancient, castellated building, hanging over a precipice or raised upon an island, or the peninsula of a lake, like that of Kilohurn Castle, upon Loch Awe, may not want, whether deserted or inhabited, sufficient majesty to preside for a moment in the spectator's thoughts over the high mountains among which it is embosomed, but its titles are from antiquity—a power readily submitted to upon occasion as the viceroy of Nature: it is respected, as having owed its existence to the necessities of things, as a monument of security in times of disturbance and danger long passed away,—as a record of the pomp and violence of passion, and a symbol of the wisdom of law, it bears a countenance of authority, which is not impaired by decay

Child of loud-throated War, the mountain stream
 Roars in thy hearing; but thy hour of rest
 Is come, and thou art silent in thy age!

To such honours a modern edifice can lay no claim; and the puny efforts of elegance appear contemptible, when, in such situations, they are obtruded in rivalry with the sublimities of Nature. But, towards the verge of a district like this, of which we are treating, where the mountains subside into hills of moderate elevation, or in an undulating or flat country, a gentleman's mansion may, with propriety, become a principal feature in the landscape; and, itself being a work of art, works and traces of artificial ornament may, without censure, be extended around it, as they will be referred to the common centre, the house, the sight of which is enough within certain limits, a character of obvious ornament will not be denied, where no commanding forms of Nature dispute it or set it aside. Now, to a want of the perception of this difference, and to the causes before

assigned, may chiefly be attributed the disfigurement which the Country of the Lakes has undergone, from persons who may have built, demolished, and planted, with full confidence, that every change and addition was or would become an improvement.

The principle that ought to determine the position, apparent size, and architecture of a house, viz. that it should be so constructed, and (if large) so much of it hidden, as to admit of its being gently incorporated into the scenery of Nature—should also determine its colour. Sir Joshua Reynolds used to say, "If you would fix upon the best colour for your house, turn up a stone, or pluck up a handful of grass by the roots, and see what is the colour of the soil where the house is to stand, and let that be your choice." Of course, this precept given in conversation, could not have been meant to be taken literally. For example, in Low Furness, where the soil, from its strong impregnation with iron, is universally of a deep red, if this rule were strictly followed, the house also must be of a glaring red, in other places it must be of a sullen black, which would only be adding annoyance to annoyance. The rule, however, as a general guide, is good; and in agricultural districts, where large tracts of soil are laid bare by the plough, particularly if (the face of the country being undulating) they are held up to view, this rule, though not to be implicitly adhered to, should never be lost sight of;—the colour of the house ought, if possible, to have a cast or shade of the colour of the soil. The principle is, that the house must harmonise with the surrounding landscape; accordingly, in mountainous countries, with still more confidence may it be said, look at the rocks and those parts of the mountains where the soil is visible, and they will furnish a safe direction. Nevertheless, it will often happen that the rocks may bear so large a proportion to the rest of the landscape,

and may be of such a tone of colour, that the rule may not admit, even here, of being happily followed. For instance, the chief defect in the colouring of the Country of the Lakes (which is most strongly felt in the summer season) is an over prevalence of a bluish tint, which the green of the herbage, the fern, and the woods, does not sufficiently counteract. If a house, therefore, should stand where this defect prevails, I have no hesitation in saying, that the colour of the neighbouring rocks would not be the best that could be chosen. A tint ought to be introduced approaching nearer to those which, in the technical language of painters, are called *warm* this, if happily selected, would not disturb, but would animate the landscape. How often do we see this exemplified upon a small scale by the native cottages, in cases where the glare of white-wash has been subdued by time and enriched by weather-stains! No harshness is then seen; but one of these cottages, thus coloured, will often form a central point to a landscape by which the whole shall be connected, and an influence of pleasure diffused over all the objects that compose the picture. But where the cold blue tint of the rocks is enriched by the iron tinge, the colour cannot be too closely imitated; and it will be produced of itself by the stones hewn from the adjoining quarry, and by the mortar, which may be tempered with the most gravelly part of the soil. The pure blue gravel, from the bed of the river, is, however, more suitable to the mason's purpose, who will probably insist also that the house must be covered with rough-cast, otherwise it cannot be kept dry, if this advice be taken, the builder of taste will set about contriving such means as may enable him to come the nearest to the effect aimed at.

The supposed necessity, of rough-cast to keep out rain in houses not built of hewn stone or brick, has tended greatly to injure English landscape, and the neighbourhood of these

Lakes especially, by furnishing such apt occasion for whitening buildings. That white should be a favourite colour for rural residences is natural for many reasons. The mere aspect of cleanliness and neatness thus given, not only to an individual house, but, where the practice is general, to the whole face of the country, produces moral associations so powerful, that, in many minds, they take place of all others. But what has already been said upon the subject of cottages, must have convinced men of feeling and imagination, that a human dwelling of the humblest class may be rendered more deeply interesting to the affections, and far more pleasing to the eye, by other influences, than a sprightly tone of colour spread over its outside. I do not, however, mean to deny, that a small white building, embowered in trees, may, in some situations, be a delightful and animating object—in no way injurious to the landscape, but this only where it sparkles from the midst of a thick shade, and in rare and solitary instances, especially if the country be itself rich and pleasing, and abound with grand forms. On the sides of bleak and desolate moors, we are indeed thankful for the sight of white cottages and white houses plentifully scattered, where, without these, perhaps everything would be cheerless. This is said, however, with hesitation, and with a wilful sacrifice of some higher enjoyments. But I have certainly seen such buildings glittering at sunrise, and in wandering lights, with no common pleasure. The continental traveller also will remember, that the convents hanging from the rocks of the Rhine, the Rhone, the Danube, or among the Appenines, or the mountains of Spain, are not looked at with less complacency when, as is often the case, they happen to be of a brilliant white. But this is perhaps owing, in no small degree, to the contrast of that lively colour with the gloom of monastic life, and to the general want of rural residences of smiling and attractive appearance, in those countries.

The objections to white, as a colour, in large spots or masses in landscape, especially in a mountainous country, are insurmountable. In Nature, pure white is scarcely ever found but in small objects, such as flowers; or in those which are transitory, as the clouds, foam of rivers, and snow. Mr Gulpin, who notices this, has also recorded the just remark of Mr Leake, of N—, that white destroys the *gradations* of distance; and, therefore, an object of pure white can scarcely ever be managed with good effect in landscape-painting. Five or six white houses, scattered over a valley, by their obtrusiveness, dot the surface, and divide it into triangles, or other mathematical figures, haunting the eye, and disturbing that repose which might otherwise be perfect. I have seen a single white house materially impair the majesty of a mountain; cutting away, by a harsh separation, the whole of its base, below the point on which the house stood. Thus was the apparent size of the mountain reduced, not by the interposition of another object in a manner to call forth the imagination, which will give more than the eye loses; but what has been abstracted in this case was left visible; and the mountain appeared to take its beginning, or to rise, from the line of the house, instead of its own natural base. But, if I may express my own individual feeling, it is after sunset, at the coming on of twilight, that white objects are most to be complained of. The solemnity and quietness of Nature at that time are always marred, and often destroyed by them. When the ground is covered with snow, they are of course inoffensive, and in moonshine they are always pleasing—it is a tone of light with which they accord; and the dimness of the scene is enlivened by an object at once conspicuous and agreeable. I will conclude this subject with asserting, that the cold, slaty colour, which many persons, who have heard the white condemned, have adopted in its stead, must be disapproved of for the reason al-

ready given. The glaring yellow runs into the opposite extreme, and is still more censurable. Upon the whole, the safest colour, for general use, is something between a cream and a dust-colour, commonly called stone colour:—there are, among the Lakes, examples of this that need not be pointed out.*

The principle taken as our guide, viz that the house should be so formed, and of such apparent size and colour, as to admit of its being gently incorporated with the works of Nature, should also be applied to the management of the grounds and plantations, and is here more urgently needed; for it is from abuses in this department, far more even than from the introduction of exotics in architecture (if the phrase may be used), that this country has suffered. Larch and fir plantations have been spread, not merely with a view to profit, but in many instances for the sake of ornament. To those who plant for profit, and are thrusting every other tree out of the way, to make room for their favourite, the larch, I would utter first a regret, that they should have selected these lovely vales for their vegetable manufactory, when there is so much barren and unreclaimable land in the neighbouring moors; and in other parts of the island, which might have been had for this purpose at a far cheaper rate. And I will also beg leave to represent to them, that they ought not to be carried away by flattering promises from the speedy growth of this tree; because in rich soils and sheltered situations, the wood, though it thrives fast, is full of sap, and of little value, and is, likewise, very subject to ravage from the attacks of insects, and from blight. Accordingly, in Scotland, where planting is much better understood, and carried on upon an incomparably larger

* A proper colouring of houses is now becoming general. It is best that the colouring material should be mixed with the rough cast, and not laid on at a wash afterwards.

scale than among us, good soil and sheltered situations are appropriated to the oak, the ash, and other deciduous trees; and the larch is now generally confined to barren and exposed ground. There the plant, which is a hardy one, is of slower growth; much less liable to injury; and the timber is of better quality. But the circumstances of many permit, and their taste leads them, to plant with little regard to profit; and there are others, less wealthy, who have such a lively feeling of the native beauty of these scenes, they are laudably not unwilling to make some sacrifices to heighten it. Both these classes of persons, I would entreat to inquire of themselves wherein that beauty which they admire consists. They would then see that, after the feeling has been gratified that prompts us to gather round our dwelling a few flowers and shrubs, which from the circumstances of their not being native, may, by their very looks, remind us that they owe their existence to our hands, and their prosperity to our care; they will see that, after this natural desire has been provided for, the course of all beyond has been predetermined by the spirit of the place. Before I proceed, I will remind those who are not satisfied with the restraint thus laid upon them, that they are liable to a charge of inconsistency, when they are so eager to change the face of that country, whose native attractions, by the act of erecting their habitations in it, they have so emphatically acknowledged. And surely there is not a single spot that would not have, if well managed, sufficient dignity to support itself, unaided by the productions of other climates, or by elaborate decorations which might be becoming elsewhere.

Having adverted to the feelings that justify the introduction of a few exotic plants, provided they be confined almost to the doors of the house, we may add, that a transition should be contrived, without abruptness, from these foreigners

to the rest of the shrubs, which ought to be of the kinds scattered by Nature, through the woods—holly, broom, wild-rose, elder, dogberry, white and black thorn, &c.,—either these only, or such as are carefully selected in consequence of their being united in form, and harmonising in colour with them, especially with respect to colour, when the tints are most diversified, as in autumn and spring. The various sorts of fruit-and-blossom-bearing trees usually found in orchards, to which may be added those of the woods,—namely, the wilding, black cherry tree, and wild cluster-cherry (here called heck-berry)—may be happily admitted as an intermediate link between the shrubs and the forest trees, which last ought almost entirely to be such as are natives of the country. Of the birch, one of the most beautiful of the native trees, it may be noticed, that, in dry and rocky situations, it outstrips even the larch, which many persons are tempted to plant merely on account of the speed of its growth. The Scotch fir is less attractive during its youth than any other plant, but, when full grown, if it has had room to spread out its arms, it becomes a noble tree; and, by those who are disinterested enough to plant for posterity, it may be placed along with the sycamore near the house; for, from their massiveness, both these trees unite well with buildings, and in some situations with rocks also; having, in their forms and apparent substances, the effect of something intermediate betwixt the immoveableness and solidity of stone, and the spray and foliage of the lighter trees. If these general rules be just, what shall we say to whole acres of artificial shrubbery and exotic trees among rocks and dashing torrents, with their own wild wood in sight—where we have the whole contents of the nurseryman's catalogue jumbled together—colour at war with colour, and form with form?—among the most peaceful subjects of Nature's kingdom, everywhere discord, distraction, and bewilderment! But this deformity, bad as it

is, is not so obtrusive as the small patches and large tracts of larch-plantations that are overrunning the hill sides. To justify our condemnation of these, let us again recur to Nature. The process by which she forms woods and forests, is as follows:—Seeds are scattered indiscriminately by winds, brought by waters, and dropped by birds. They perish, or produce, according as the soil and situation upon which they fall are suited to them: and under the same dependence, the seedling or the sucker, if not cropped by animals, (which Nature is often careful to prevent by fencing it about with brambles or other prickly shrubs) thrives, and the tree grows, sometimes single, taking its own shape without constraint, but for the most part compelled to conform itself to some law imposed upon it by its neighbours. From low and sheltered places, vegetation travels upwards to the more exposed, and the young plants are protected, and to a certain degree fashioned, by those that have preceded them. The continuous mass of foliage which would be thus produced, is broken by rocks, or by glades or open places, where the browsing of animals has prevented the growth of wood. As vegetation ascends, the winds begin also to bear their part in moulding the forms of the trees; but, thus mutually protected, trees, though not of the hardiest kind, are enabled to climb high up the mountains. Gradually, however, by the quality of the ground, and by increasing exposure, a stop is put to their ascent; the hardy trees only are left. These, also, by little and little, give way—and a wild and irregular boundary is established, graceful in its outline, and never contemplated without some feeling, more or less distinct, of the powers of Nature by which it is imposed.

Contrast the liberty that encourages, and the law that limits, this joint work of Nature and Time, with the disheartening necessities, restrictions, and disadvantages, under which the artificial planter must proceed, even he whom

long observation and fine feeling have best qualified for his task. In the first place his trees, however well chosen and adapted to their several situations, must generally start all at the same time; and this necessity would of itself prevent that fine connection of parts, that sympathy and organisation, if I may so express myself, which pervades the whole of a natural wood, and appears to the eye in its single trees, its masses of foliage and their various colours, when they are held up to view on the side of a mountain, or when, spread over a valley, they are looked down upon from an eminence. It is therefore impossible, under any circumstances, for the artificial planter to rival the beauty of Nature. But a moment's thought will show that, if ten thousand of this spiky tree, the larch, are stuck in at once upon the side of a hill, they can grow up into nothing but deformity; that, while they are suffered to stand, we shall look in vain for any of those appearances which are the chief sources of beauty in a natural wood.

It must be acknowledged that the larch, till it has outgrown the size of a shrub, shows, when looked at singly, some elegance in form and appearance, especially in spring, decorated, as it then is, by the pink tassels of its blossoms, but, as a tree, it is less than any other pleasing: its branches (for *boughs* it has none) have no variety in the youth of the tree, and little dignity, even when it attains its full growth. *leaves* it cannot be said to have, consequently neither affords shade nor shelter. In spring the larch becomes green long before the native trees; and its green is so peculiar and vivid, that, finding nothing to harmonise with it, wherever it comes forth, a disagreeable speck is produced. In summer, when all other trees are in their pride, it is of a dingy, lifeless hue; in autumn of a spiritless unvaried yellow; and in winter it is still more lamentably distinguished from every other deciduous tree of the forest, for they seem only to sleep, but

the larch appears absolutely dead. If an attempt be made to mingle thickets, or a certain proportion of other forest trees, with the larch, its horizontal branches intolerantly cut them down as with a scythe, or force them to spindly up to keep pace with it. The terminating spike renders it impossible that the several trees, where planted in numbers, should even blend together so as to form a mass or masses of wood. Add thousands to tens of thousands, and the appearance is still the same—a collection of separate individual trees, obstinately presenting themselves as such, and which, from whatever point they are looked at, if but seen, may be counted upon the fingers. Sunshine, or shadow, has little power to adorn the surface of such a wood; and the trees not carrying up their heads, the wind raises among them no majestic undulations. It is indeed true, that, in countries where the larch is a native, and where, without interruption, it may sweep from valley to valley, and from hill to hill, a sublime image may be produced by such a forest, in the same manner as by one composed of any other single tree, to the spreading of which no limits can be assigned. For sublimity will never be wanting, where the sense of innumerable multitude is lost in, and alternates with that of intense unity; and to the ready perception of this effect, similarity and almost identity of individual form and monotony of colour contribute. But this feeling is confined to the native immeasurable forest; no artificial plantation can give it.

The foregoing observations will, I hope, (as nothing has been condemned or recommended without a substantial reason) have some influence upon those who plant for ornament merely. To such as plant for profit, I have already spoken. Let me then entreat that the native deciduous trees may be left in complete possession of the lower ground, and that plantations of larch, if introduced at all,

may be confined to the highest and most barren tracts. Interposition of rocks would there break the dreary uniformity of which we have been complaining, and the winds would take hold of the trees, and imprint upon their shapes a wildness congenial to their situation.

Having determined what kinds of trees must be wholly rejected, or at least very sparingly used, by those who are unwilling to disfigure the country; and having shown what kinds ought to be chosen; I should have given, if my limits had not already been overstepped, a few practical rules for the manner in which trees ought to be disposed in planting. But to this subject I should attach little importance, if I could succeed in banishing such trees as introduce deformity, and could prevail upon the proprietor to confine himself, either to those found in the native woods, or to such as accord with them. This is, indeed, the main point, for, much as these scenes have been injured by what has been taken from them—buildings, trees and woods, either through negligence, necessity, avarice, or caprice—it is not the removals, but the harsh *additions* that have been made, which are the worst grievance—a standing and unavoidable annoyance. Often have I felt this distinction, with mingled satisfaction and regret, for, if no positive deformity or discordance be substituted or superinduced, such is the benignity of Nature, that, take away from her beauty after beauty, and ornament after ornament, her appearance cannot be marred—the scars, if any be left, will gradually disappear, before a healing spirit; and what remains will still be soothing and pleasing—

Many hearts deplored
The fate of those old trees; and oft with pain
The traveller at this day will stop and gaze
On wounds which Nature scarcely seems to heal:
For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
And the pure mountains, and the gentle fwood,
And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

There are few ancient woods left in this part of England upon which such indiscriminate ravage as is here 'deplored,' could now be committed. But, out of the numerous copses, fine woods might in time be raised, probably without sacrifice of profit, by leaving, at the periodical fellings, a due proportion of the healthiest trees to grow up into timber—This plan has fortunately, in many instances, been adopted; and they, who have set the example, are entitled to the thanks of all persons of taste. As to the management of planting with reasonable attention to ornament, let the images of Nature be your guide, and the whole secret lurks in a few words; 'thickets, or underwoods—single trees—trees clustered or in groups—groves—unbroken woods, but with varied masses of foliage—glades—invisible or winding boundaries—in rocky districts, a seemly proportion of rock left wholly bare, and other parts half hidden—disagreeable objects concealed, and formal lines broken—trees climbing up to the horizon, and, in some places, ascending from its sharp edge, in which they are rooted, with the whole body of the tree appearing to stand in the clear sky—in other parts, woods surmounted by rocks utterly bare and naked, which add to the sense of height, as if vegetation could not thither be carried, and impress a feeling of duration, power of resistance, and security from change.

The author has been induced to speak thus at length, by a wish to preserve the native beauty of this delightful district, because still further changes in its appearance must inevitably follow, from the change of inhabitants and owners which is rapidly taking place.—About the same time that strangers began to be attracted to the country, and to feel a desire to settle in it, the difficulty that would have stood in the way of their procuring situations, was lessened by an unfortunate alteration in the circumstances of the native peasantry, proceeding from a cause which then began to

operate, and is now felt in every house. The family of each man, whether *estatesman* or farmer, formerly had a twofold support, first, the produce of his lands and flocks; and, secondly, the profit drawn from the employment of the women and children, as manufacturers; spinning their own wool in their own houses (work chiefly done in the winter season), and carrying it to market for sale. Hence, however numerous the children, the income of the family kept pace with its increase. But, by the invention and universal application of machinery, this second resource has been cut off; the gains being so far reduced, as not to be sought after but by a few aged persons disabled from other employment. Doubtless, the invention of machinery has not been to these people a pure loss, for the profits arising from home-manufactures operated as a strong temptation to choose that mode of labour in neglect of husbandry. They also participate in the general benefit which the island has derived from the increased value of the produce of land, brought about by the establishment of manufactories, and in the consequent quickening of agricultural industry. But this is far from making them amends; and now that home-manufactures are nearly done away, though the women and children might, at many seasons of the year, employ themselves with advantage in the fields beyond what they are accustomed to do, yet still all possible exertion in this way cannot be rationally expected from persons whose agricultural knowledge is so confined, and, above all, where there must necessarily be so small a capital. The consequence, then, is—that proprietors and farmers being no longer able to maintain themselves upon small farms, several are united in one, and the buildings go to decay, or are destroyed; and that the lands of the ~~estatesmen~~ being mortgaged, and the owners constrained to part with them, they fall into the hands of wealthy purchasers, who in like manner unite and consoli-

date; and, if they wish to become residents, erect new mansions out of the ruins of the ancient cottages, whose little enclosures, with all the wild graces that grew out of them, disappear. The feudal tenure under which the estates are held has indeed done something towards checking this influx of new settlers; but so strong is the inclination, that these galling restraints are endured; and it is probable, that in a few years the country on the margin of the Lakes will fall almost entirely into the possession of gentry, either strangers or natives. It is then much to be wished, that a better taste should prevail among these new proprietors, and, as they cannot be expected to leave things to themselves, that skill and knowledge should prevent unnecessary deviations from that path of simplicity and beauty along which, without design and unconsciously, their humble predecessors have moved. In this wish the author will be joined by persons of pure taste throughout the whole island, who, by their visits (often repeated) to the Lakes in the North of England, testify that they deem the district a sort of national property, in which every man has a right and interest who has an eye to perceive and a heart to enjoy

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS

Mr West, in his well-known Guide to the Lakes, recommends, as the best season for visiting this country, the interval from the beginning of June to the end of August; and the two latter months being a time of vacation and leisure, it is almost exclusively in these that strangers resort hither. But that season is by no means the best: the colouring of the mountains and woods, unless where

they are diversified by rocks, is of too unvaried a green, and, as a large portion of the vallies is allotted to hay-grass, some want of variety is found there also. The meadows, however, are sufficiently enlivened after hay-making begins, which is much later than in the southern part of the island. A stronger objection is rainy weather, setting in sometimes at this period with a rigour, and continuing with a perseverance, that may remind the disappointed and dejected traveller of those deluges of rain which fall among the Abyssinian mountains, for the annual supply of the Nile. The months of September and October (particularly October) are generally attended with much finer weather, and the scenery is then, beyond comparison, more diversified, more splendid, and beautiful; but, on the other hand, short days prevent long excursions, and sharp and chill gales are unfavourable to parties of pleasure out of doors. Nevertheless, to the sincere admirer of Nature, who is in good health and spirits, and at liberty to make a choice, the six weeks following the 1st of September may be recommended in preference to July and August. For there is no inconvenience arising from the season which, to such a person, would not be amply compensated by the *eternal* appearance of any of the more retired vallies, into which discordant plantations and unsuitable buildings have not yet found entrance.—In such spots, at this season, there is an admirable compass and proportion of natural harmony in colour, through the whole scale of objects; in the tender green of the after-grass upon the meadows, interspersed with islands of grey or mossy rock, crowned by shrubs and trees, in the irregular inclosures of standing corn, or stubble-fields, in the manner broken, in the mountain-sides glowing with fern, or diverse colours; in the calm blue lakes and river-pools; and in the foliage of the trees, through all the tints of autumn,—from the pale and brilliant yellow of the

birch and ash, to the deep greens of the unfaded oak and alder, and of the ivy upon the rocks, upon the trees, and the cottages. For as most travellers are either stunted, or stint themselves for time, the space between the middle or last week in May, and the middle or last week of June, may be pointed out as affording the best combination of long days, fine weather, and variety of impressions. Few of the native trees are then in full leaf; but, for whatever may be wanting in depth of shade, more than an equivalent will be found in the diversity of foliage, in the blossoms of the fruit and berry-bearing trees, which abound in the woods, and in the golden flowers of the broom and other shrubs, with which many of the copses are interveined. In those woods, also, and on those mountain-sides which have a northern aspect, and in the deep dells, many of the spring-flowers still linger; while the open and sunny places are streaked with the flowers of the approaching summer. And, besides, is not an exquisite pleasure still untasted by him who has not heard the choir of linnets and thrushes chanting their love-songs in the copses, woods, and hedge-rows of a mountainous country; safe from the birds of prey, which build in the inaccessible crags, and are at all hours seen or heard wheeling about in the air? The number of these formidable creatures is probably the cause, why, in the narrow valleys, there are no skylarks, as the destroyer would be enabled to dart upon them from the near and surrounding crags, before they could descend to their ground-nests for protection. It is not, either, that the nightingale resorts to these places, but almost all the sweet voices of our English warblers are numerous, and their notes, when listened to by the side of lakes, still waters, or when heard in union with the murmuring of mountain brooks, have the compass of their power enlarged accordingly. There is also an imaginative influence in the voice of the cuckoo, when that

voice has taken possession of a deep mountain valley, very different from any thing which can be excited by the same sound in a flat country. Nor must a circumstance be omitted, which here renders the close of spring especially interesting; I mean the practice of bringing down the ewes from the mountains to yearn in the valleys and enclosed grounds. The herbage being thus cropped as it springs, *their* first tender emerald green of the season, which would otherwise have lasted little more than a fortnight, is prolonged in the pastures and meadows for many weeks; while they are further enlivened by the multitude of lambs bleating and skipping about. These sportive creatures, as they gather strength, are turned out upon the open mountains, and with their slender limbs, their snow-white colour, and their wild and light motions, beautifully accord or contrast with the rocks and lawns, upon which they must now begin to seek their food. And last, but not least, at this time the traveller will be sure of room and comfortable accommodation, even in the smaller inns. I am aware that few of those who may be inclined to profit by this recommendation will be able to do so, as the time and manner of an excursion of this kind are mostly regulated by circumstances which prevent an entire freedom of choice. It will therefore be more pleasant to observe, that, though the months of July and August are liable to many objections, yet it often happens that the weather, at this time, is not more wet and stormy than they, who are really capable of enjoying the sublime forms of Nature in their utmost sublimity, would desire. For no traveller, provided he be in good health, and with any command of time, would have a just privilege to visit such scenes if he could grudge the price of a little confinement, among them, or interruption in his journey, for the sight or sound of a storm coming on or clearing away. Insensible must he be who would not congratulate himself

upon the bold bursts of sunshine, the descending vapours, wandering lights and shadows, and the invigorated torrents and water-falls, with which broken weather, in a mountainous region, is accompanied. At such a time there is no cause to complain, either of the monotony of midsummer colouring, or the glaring atmosphere of long, cloudless, and hot days.

Thus far concerning the respective advantages and disadvantages of the different seasons for visiting this country. As to the order in which objects are best seen—a lake being composed of water flowing from higher grounds, and expanding itself till its receptacle is filled to the brim,—it follows, that it will appear to most advantage when approached from its outlet, especially if the lake be in a mountainous country, for, by this way of approach, the traveller faces the grander features of the scene, and is gradually conducted into its most sublime recesses. Now, every one knows, that from amenity and beauty the transition to sublimity is easy and favourable; but the reverse is not so, for, after the faculties have been elevated, they are indisposed to humbler excitement*.

It is not likely that a mountain will be ascended without disappointment, if a wide range of prospect be the object, unless either the summit be reached before sun-rise, or the visitant remain there until the time of sun-set, and after-

* The only instances to which the foregoing observations do not apply, are Derwent-water and Lower-water. Derwent is distinguished from all the other Lakes by being surrounded with ambionity, the fantastic mountains of Borrowdale to the south, the solitary majesty of Skiddaw to the north, the bold steep of Walley-crag and Lodore to the east, and to the west the clustering mountains of New-lands. Lower-water is tame at the head, but towards its outlet has a magnificent assemblage of mountains. Yet as far as respects the formation of such prospects, the general observation holds good. neither Derwent nor Lower-water derive any supplies from the streams of those mountains that dignify the landscape towards the outlets.

wards The precipitous sides of the mountain, and the neighbouring summits, may be seen with effect under any atmosphere which allows them to be seen at all; but *he* is the most fortunate adventurer, who chances to be involved in vapours which open and let in an extent of country partially, or, dispersing suddenly, reveal the whole region from centre to circumference

A stranger to a mountainous country may not be aware that his walk in the early morning ought to be taken on the eastern side of the vale, otherwise he will lose the morning light, first touching the tops and thence creeping down the sides of the opposite hills, as the sun ascends, or he may go to some central eminence, commanding both the shadows from the eastern, and the lights upon the western mountains. But, if the horizon line in the east be low, the western side may be taken for the sake of the reflections, upon the water, of light from the rising* sun. In the evening, for like reasons, the contrary course should be taken.

After all, it is upon the *mind* which a traveller brings along with him that his acquisitions, whether of pleasure or profit, must principally depend.—May I be allowed a few words on this subject?

Nothing is more injurious to genuine feeling than the practice of hastily and ungraciously depreciating the face of one country by comparing it with that of another. True it is *Qui bene distinguit bene docet*; yet fastidiousness is a wretched travelling companion and the best guide to which, in matters of taste, we can entrust ourselves, is a disposition to be pleased. For example, if a traveller be among the Alps, let him surrender up his mind to the fury of the gigantic torrensts, and take delight in the contemplation of their almost irresistible violence, without complaining of the monotony of their foaming course, or being disgusted with the muddiness of the water,—apparent even where it is violently

agitated. In Cumberland and Westmoreland, let not the comparative weakness of the streams prevent him from sympathising with such impetuosity as they possess; and making the most of the present objects, let him, as he justly may do, observe with admiration the unrivalled brilliancy of the water, and that variety of motion, mood, and character, that arises out of the want of those resources by which the power of the streams in the Alps is supported — Again, with respect to the mountains; though these are comparatively of diminutive size, though there is little of perpetual snow, and no voice of summer avalanches is heard among them: and though traces left by the ravage of the elements are here comparatively rare and unimpressive, yet out of this very deficiency proceeds a sense of stability and permanence that is, to many minds, more grateful —

While the hoarse rushes to the sweeping breeze
Sigh forth their ancient melodies.

Among the Alps are few places that do not preclude this feeling of tranquil sublimity. Decay, and ruin, and desolation, and encroachment, are everywhere more or less obtruded, and it is difficult, notwithstanding the naked loftiness of the piles, and the snow-capped summits of the *mounts*, to escape from the depressing sensation, that the whole are in a rapid process of dissolution; and, were it not that the destructive agency must abate as the heights diminish, would, in time to come, be levelled with the plains. Nevertheless, I would rather witness the demonstrations of every species of power at work to effect such changes.

From these general views let us descend a moment to detail. A stranger to mountain scenery naturally, at his first arrival, looks out for sublimity in every object that admits of it; and is almost always disappointed. For this disappointment there exists, I believe, no general preventive;

nor is it desirable that there should. But with regard to one class of objects, there is a point in which injurious expectations may be easily corrected. It is generally supposed that waterfalls are scarcely worth being looked at, except after much rain, and that, the more swollen the stream the more fortunate the spectator; but this however is true only of large cataracts with sublime accompaniments, and not even of these without some drawbacks. In other instances, what becomes, at such a time, of that sense of refreshing coolness which can only be felt in dry and sunny weather, when the rocks, herbs, and flowers glisten with moisture diffused by the breath of the precipitous waters? But, considering these things as objects of sight only, it may be observed, that the principal charm of the smaller waterfalls or cascades consists in certain proportions of form and shades of colour, among the component parts of the scene, and in the contrast maintained between the falling water and that which is apparently at rest, or rather settling gradually into quiet in the pool below. The beauty of such a scene, where there is naturally so much agitation, is also heightened, in a peculiar manner, by the *glimmering*, and towards the verge of the pool, by the *steady*, reflection of the surrounding images. Now, all those delicate distinctions are destroyed by heavy floods, and the whole stream rushes along in foam and tumultuous confusion. A happy proportion of component parts is indeed noticeable among the landscapes of the North of England, and, in this characteristic essential to a perfect picture, they surpass the scenes of Scotland, and, in a still greater degree, those of Switzerland.

As a resident among the Lakes, I frequently hear the scenery of this country compared with that of the Alps; and therefore a few words shall be added to what has been incidentally said upon that subject.

If we could recall, to this region of lakes, the native pine-

forests, with which many hundred years ago a large portion of the heights was covered, then, during spring and autumn, it might frequently, with much propriety, be compared to Switzerland,—the elements of the landscape would be the same—one country representing the other in miniature. Towns, villages, churches, rural seats, bridges and roads: green meadows and arable grounds, with their various produce, and deciduous woods of diversified foliage which occupy the vales and lower regions of the mountains, would, as in Switzerland, be divided by dark forests from ridges and round-topped heights covered with snow, and from pikes and sharp declivities imperfectly arrayed in the same glittering mantle: and the resemblance would be still more perfect on those days when vapours, resting upon, and floating around the summits, leave the elevation of the mountains less dependent upon the eye than on the imagination. But the pine-forests have wholly disappeared; and only during late spring and early autumn is realised here that assemblage of the imagery of different seasons, which is exhibited through the whole summer among the Alps,—winter in the distance,—and warmth leafy woods, verdure and fertility at hand, and widely diffused.

Striking, then, from among the permanent materials of the landscape, that stage of vegetation which is occupied by pine-forests, and, above that, the perennial snows, we have mountains, the highest of which little exceed 3000 feet, while some of the Alps do not fall short of 14,000 or 15,000, and 8000 or 10,000 is not an uncommon elevation. Our tracts of wood and water are almost diminutive in comparison; therefore, as far as sublimity is dependent upon absolute bulk and height, and atmospherical influences in connection with these, it is obvious, that there can be no rivalry. But a short residence among the British Mountains will furnish abundant proof, that, after a certain point

of elevation, viz that which allows of compact and fleecy clouds settling upon, or sweeping over, the summits, the sense of sublimity depends more upon form and relation of objects to each other than upon their actual magnitude, and that an elevation of 3000 feet is sufficient to call forth in a most impressive degree the creative, and magnifying, and softening powers of the atmosphere. Hence, on the score even of sublimity, the superiority of the Alps is by no means so great as might hastily be inferred,—and, as to the *beauty* of the lower regions of the Swiss Mountains, it is noticeable—that, as they are all regularly mown, then surface has nothing of that mellow tone and variety of hues by which mountain turf, that is never touched by the scythe, is distinguished. On the smooth and steep slopes of the Swiss hills, these plots of verdure do indeed agreeably unite their colour with ~~the~~ of the deciduous trees, or make a lively contrast with the dark green pine-groves that define them, and, among which they run in endless variety of shapes; but this is most pleasing *at first sight*, the permanent gratification of the eye requires finer gradations of tone, and a more delicate blending of hues into each other. Besides, it is only in spring and late autumn that cattle animate by their presence the Swiss lawns; and, though the pastures of the higher regions where they feed during the summer are left in their natural state of flowery herbage, those pastures are so remote, that their texture and colour are of no consequence in the composition of any picture in which a lake of the Vales is a feature. Yet in those lofty regions, how vegetation is invigorated by the genial climate of that country! Among the luxuriant flowers there met with; groves, or forests, if I may so call them, of Monks-hood are frequently seen; the plant of deep, rich blue, and as tall as in our gardens; and this at an elevation where, in Cumberland, ~~Islandic~~ moss would only be found, or the stony summits be utterly bare.

We have, then, for the colouring of Switzerland, *principally* a vivid green herbage, black woods, and dazzling snows, presented fit masses with a grandeur to which no one can be insensible, but not often graduated by Nature into soothing harmony, and so ill suited to the pencil, that though abundance of good subjects may be there found, they are not such as can be deemed *characteristic* of the country, nor is this unfitness confined to colour: the forms of the mountains, though many of them in some points of view the noblest that can be conceived, are apt to run into spikes and needles, and present a jagged outline which has a mean effect, transferred to canvass. This must have been felt by the ancient masters; for, if I am not mistaken, they have not left a single landscape, the materials of which are taken from the *peculiar* features of the Alps; yet Titian passed his life almost in their neighbourhood; the Poussins and Claude must have been well acquainted with their aspects; and several admirable painters, as Tibaldi and Laine, were born among the Italian Alps. A few experiments have lately been made by Englishmen, but they only prove that courage, skill, and judgment, may surmount any obstacles, and it may be safely affirmed, that they who have done best in this bold adventure, will be the least likely to repeat the attempt. But, though our scenes are better suited to painting than those of the Alps, I should be sorry to contemplate either country in reference to that art, further than as its fitness or unfitness for the pencil renders it more or less pleasing to the eye of the spectator, who has learned to observe and feel, chiefly from Nature herself.

Deeming the points in which Alpine imagery is superior to British too obvious to be insisted upon, I will observe that the deciduous woods, though in many places unapproachable by the axe, and triumphing in the pomp and

prodigality of Nature, have, in general,* neither the variety nor beauty which would exist in those of the mountains of Britain, if left to themselves. Magnificent walnut-trees grow upon the plains of Switzerland, and fine trees, of that species, are found scattered over the hill-sides; birches also grow here and there in luxuriant beauty; but neither these, nor oaks, are ever a prevailing tree, nor can even be said to be common; and the oaks, as far as I had an opportunity of observing, are greatly inferior to those of Britain. Among the interior valleys the proportion of beeches and pines is so great that other trees are scarcely noticeable; and rarely such woods are at all seasons much less agreeable than that rich and harmonious distribution of oak, ash, elm, birch, and alder, that formerly clothed the sides of Snowdon and Helvellyn, and of which no mean remains still survive at the head of Ulswater. On the Italian side of the Alps, chestnut and walnut-trees grow at a considerable height on the mountains, but, even there, the foliage is not equal in beauty to the 'natural product' of this climate. In fact the sunshine of the South of Europe, so envied when heard of at a distance, is in many respects injurious to rural beauty, particularly as it incites to the cultivation of spots of ground which in colder climates would be left in the hands of Nature, favouring at the same time the culture of plants that are more valuable on account of the fruit they produce to gratify the palate, than for affording pleasure to the eye, as materials of landscape. Take, for instance, the Promontory of Bellagio, so fortunate in its command of the three branches of the Lake of Como, yet the ridge of the Promontory itself, being for the most part covered with vines interspersed with olive-trees, accords but ill with the vastness of the green map-proportioned mountains, and derogates not a little from the

* The greatest variety of trees is found in the Valais.

sublimity of those finely contrasted pictures to which it is a fore-ground. The vine, when cultivated upon a large scale, notwithstanding all that may be said of it in poetry,* makes but a dull formal appearance in landscape, and the olive-tree (though one is loth to say so) is not more grateful to the eye than our common willow, which it much resembles, but the hoariness of hue, common to both, has in the aquatic plant an appropriate delicacy, harmonising with the situation in which it most delights. The same may no doubt be said of the olive among the dry rocks of Attica, but I am speaking of it as found in gardens and vineyards in the North of Italy. At Bellagio, what Englishman can resist the temptation of substituting, in his fancy, for these formal treasures of cultivation, the natural variety of one of our parks—its pastured lawns, coverts of hawthorn, of wild-rose, and honeysuckle, and the majesty of forest trees?—such wild graces as the banks of Derwent-water shewed in the time of the Ratcliffes, and Gowbarrow Park, Lowther, and Rydal do at this day.

As my object is to reconcile a Briton to the scenery of his own country, though not at the expense of truth, I am not afraid of asserting that in many points of view our LAKES, also, are much more interesting than those of the Alps, first, as is implied above, from being more happily proportioned to the other features of the landscape; and next, both as being infinitely more pellucid, and less subject to agitation

* Lucretius has charmingly described a scene of this kind

Inque dies magis in montem succedere sylvas
 Cogebant, infra locum concedere vultis;
 Prata, loca, rivos, segetes, vineque, lacte
 Collibus et campis et habere, atque olearum
 Per tumulos, et convallibus, campisque profusa
 Ut nunc esse vides vario distinctis lapore
 Omnia, quae pomis intersita dulcibus ornant,
 Arbustisque tenent felicibus oberta creant.

"from the winds" Como, (which may perhaps be styled the King of Lakes, as Lugano is certainly the Queen) is disturbed by a periodical wind blowing *from* the head in the morning, and *towards* it in the afternoon. The magnificent Lake of the four Cantons, especially its noblest division, called the Lake of Uri, is not only much agitated by winds, but in the night time is disturbed from the bottom, as I was told, and indeed as I witnessed, without any apparent commotion in the air, and when at rest, the water is not pure to the eye; but of a heavy green hue—as is that of all the other lakes, apparently according to the degree in which they are fed by melted snows. If the Lake of Geneva furnish an exception, this is probably owing to its vast extent, which allows the water to deposit its impurities. The water of the English lakes, on the contrary, being of a crystalline clearness, the reflections of the surrounding hills are frequently so lively, that it is scarcely possible to distinguish the point where the real object terminates, and its unsubstantial duplicate begins. The lower part of the Lake of Geneva, from its narrowness, must be much less subject to agitation than the higher divisions, and, as the water is clearer than that of the other Swiss Lakes, it will frequently exhibit this appearance, though it is scarcely possible in an equal degree. During two comprehensive tours among the Alps, I did not observe, except on one of the smaller lakes

* It is remarkable that Como (as is probably the case with other Italian Lakes) is more troubled by storms in summer than in winter. Hence the propriety of the following verses:

Lari l'origine ubiquè confragoso
 Nulli coelestium uagas sacellum
 Pictæ pariet. saxæque tecto ;
 Hinc miracula multa navitarum
 Audis, nec placido refellis ore,
 Sed nova usque paras, Noto vel Euro
 Acutius quatitibus cavernas,

Cæco grandinis irabræ provoluto.

LANDOR.

between Lugano and Ponte Tresa, a single instance of those beautiful repetitions of surrounding objects on the bosom of the water, which are so frequently seen here: not to speak of the fine dazzling trembling net-work, breezy motions, and streaks and circles of intermingled smooth and rippled water, which make the surface of our lakes a field of endless variety. But among the Alps, where every thing tends to the grand and the sublime, in surfaces as well as in forms, if the lakes do not court the placid reflections of land objects those of first-rate magnitude make compensation, in some degree, by exhibiting those ever-changing fields of green, blue, and purple shadows or lights, (one scarcely knows which to name them) that call to mind a sea-prospect contemplated from a lofty cliff.

The subject of torrents and water-falls has already been touched upon; but it may be added that in Switzerland, the perpetual accompaniment of snow upon the higher regions takes much from the effect of foaming white streams; while, from their frequency, they obstruct each other's influence upon the mind of the spectator; and, in all cases, the effect of an individual cataract, excepting the great Fall of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, is diminished by the general fury of the stream of which it is a part.

Resuming to the reflections from still water, I will describe a singular phenomenon of this kind of which I was an eye-witness.

Walking by the side of Ulazwater upon a calm September morning, I saw deep within the bosom of the lake, a magnificent Castle, with towers and battlements; nothing could be more distinct than the whole edifice. After gazing with delight upon it for some time, as upon a work of enchantment, I could not but regret that my previous knowledge of the place enabled me to account for the appearance. It was in fact the reflection of a pleasure-house called Elysiph's

Tower—the towers and battlements magnified and so much changed in shape as not to be immediately recognised. In the meanwhile, the pleasure-house itself was altogether hidden from my view by a body of vapour stretching over it and along the hill-side on which it stands, but not so as to have intercepted its communication with the lake; and hence this novel and most impressive object, which, if I had been a stranger to the spot, would, from its being inexplicable, have long detained the mind in a state of pleasing astonishment.

Appearances of this kind, acting upon the credulity of early ages, may have given birth to, and favoured the belief in, stories of sub-aqueous palaces, gardens, and pleasure-grounds—the brilliant ornaments of Romance.

With this *inverted scene* I will couple a much more extraordinary phenomenon, which will show how other elegant fancies may have had their origin less in invention than in the actual processes of Nature.

About eleven o'clock on the forenoon of a winter's day, coming suddenly, in company of a friend, into view of the Lake of Grasmere, we were alarmed by the sight of a newly-created Island; the transitory thought of the moment was, that it had been produced by an earthquake or some other convulsion of Nature. Recovering from the alarm, which was greater than the reader can possibly sympathise with, but which was shared to its full extent by my companion, we proceeded to examine the object before us. The elevation of this new island exceeded considerably that of the old one, its neighbour; it was likewise larger in circumference, comprehending a space of about five acres; its surface rocky, speckled with snow, and sprinkled over with birch-trees. It was divided towards the south from the other island by a narrow frith, and in like manner from the northern shore of the lake; on the east and west it was separated from the shore by a much larger space of smooth water.

Marvellous was the illusion! Comparing the new with the old Island, the surface of which is soft, green, and unvaried, I do not scruple to say that, as an object of sight, it was much the more distinct. 'How little faith,' we exclaimed, 'is due to one sense, unless its evidence be confirmed by some of its fellows! What Stranger could possibly be persuaded that this, which we know to be an unsubstantial mockery, is *really* so; and that there exists only a single Island on this beautiful lake?' At length the appearance underwent a gradual transmutation; it lost its prominence and passed into a glittering and dim *inversion*, and then totally disappeared, leaving behind it a clear open area of ice of the same dimensions. We now perceived that this bed of ice, which was thinly suffused with water, had produced the illusion, by reflecting and refracting (as persons skilled in optics would no doubt easily explain) a rocky and woody section of the opposite mountain named Silver-how.

Having dwelt so much upon the beauty of pure and still water, and pointed out the advantage which the Lakes of the North of England have in this particular over those of the Alps, it would be injustice not to advert to the sublimity that must often be given to Alpine scenes, by the agitations to which those vast bodies of diffused water are there subject. I have witnessed many tremendous thunder-storms among the Alps, and the most glorious effects of light and shadow, but I never happened to be present when any Lake was agitated by those hurricanes which I imagine must often torment them. If the commotions be at all proportionable to the expanse and depth of the waters, and the height of the surrounding mountains, then, as I may judge from what is frequently seen here, the exhibition must be awful and astonishing. On this day, March 30, 1822, the winds have been acting upon the small Lake of Rydal, as if they had received command to carry its waters from their

bed into the sky; the white billows in different quarters disappeared under clouds, or rather drifts, of spray, that were whirled along, and up into the air by scouring winds, charging each other in squadrons in every direction, upon the Lake. The spray, having been hurried aloft till it lost its consistency and whiteness, was driven along the mountain tops like flying showers that vanish in the distance. Frequently an eddying wind scooped the waters out of the basin, and forced them upwards in the very shape of an Icelandic Geyser, or boiling fountain, to the height of several hundred feet.

This small Mere of Rydal, from its position, is subject in a peculiar degree to these commotions. The present season, however, is unusually stormy;—great numbers of fish, two of them not less than twelve pounds weight, were a few days ago cast on the shores of Derwent-water by the force of the waves.

Lest, in the foregoing comparative estimate, I should be suspected of partiality to my native mountains, I will support my general opinion by the authority of Mr West, whose Guide to the Lakes has been eminently serviceable to the Tourist for nearly fifty years. The Author, a Roman Catholic Clergyman, had passed much time abroad, and was well acquainted with the scenery of the Continent. He thus expresses himself: 'They who intend to make the continental tour should begin here; as it will give, in miniature, an idea of what they are to meet with there, in traversing the Alps and Appennines; to which our northern mountains are not inferior in beauty of line, or variety of summit, number of lakes, and transparency of water, not in colouring of rock, or softness of turf, but in height and extent only. The mountains here are all accessible to the summit, and furnish prospects no less surprising, and with more variety, than the Alps themselves. The tops of the

highest Alps are inaccessible, being covered with everlasting snow, which commencing at regular heights, above the cultivated tracts, or wooded and verdant sides, form indeed the highest contrast in Nature. For there may be seen all the variety of climate in one view. To this, however, we oppose the sight of the ocean, from the summits of all the higher mountains, as it appears intersected with promontories, decorated with islands, and animated with navigation.' —*West's Guide*, p. 5.

EXCURSIONS TO THE TOP OF SCAWFELL AND ON THE BANKS OF ULSWATER.

It was my intention, several years ago, to describe a regular tour through this country, taking the different scenes in the most favourable order, but after some progress had been made in the work it was abandoned from a conviction, that if well executed it would lessen the pleasure of the Traveller by anticipation, and, if the contrary, it would mislead him. The Reader, may not, however, be displeased with the following extract from a letter to a Friend, giving an account of a visit to a summit of one of the highest of these mountains, of which I am reminded by the observations of Mr West, and by reviewing what has been said of this district in comparison with the Alps.

Having left Rasthwaite in Borrowdale, on a bright morning in the first week of October, we ascended from Seathwaite to the top of the ridge, called Ash-course, and thence beheld three distinct views;—on one side, the continuous Vale of Borrowdale, Keswick, and Bassenthwaite,—with Skiddaw, Helvellyn, Saddle-back, and numerous other mountains—and, in the distance, the Solway Frith and the Moun-

tains of Scotland,—on the other side, and below us, the Langdale Pikes—their own vale below *them*;—Windermere,—and, far beyond Windermere, Ingleborough in Yorkshire. But how shall I speak of the deliciousness of the third prospect! At this time, *that* was most favoured by sunshine and shade. The green Vale of Esk—deep and green with its glittering serpent stream, lay below us. and, on we looked to the Mountains near the Sea,—Black-Comb pre-eminent,—and, still beyond, to the Sea itself, in dazzling brightness. Turning round we saw the Mountains of Wasdale in tumult, to our right, Great Gavel, the loftiest, a distinct and *huge* form, though the middle of the mountain was, to our eyes, as its base.

We had attained the object of this journey, but our ambition now mounted higher. We saw the summit of Scawfell apparently very near to us, and we shaped our course towards it, but discovering that it could not be reached without first making a considerable descent, we resolved, instead, to aim at another point of the same mountain, called the *Pikes*, which I have since found has been estimated as higher than the summit bearing the name of Scawfell Head where the Stone Man is built.

The sun had never once been overshadowed by a cloud during the whole of our progress from the centre of Borrowdale. On the summit of the Pike, which we gained after much toil, though without difficulty, there was not a breath of air to stir even the papers containing our refreshment, as they lay spread out upon a rock. The stillness seemed to be not of this world—we paused, and kept silence to listen; and no sound could be heard: the Scawfell Cataracts were voiceless to us; and there was not an insect to hum in the air. The vales which we had seen from Ash-course lay yet in view; and, side by side with Eskdale, we now saw the sister Vale of Donnerdale terminated by the Duddon Sands.

But the majesty of the mountains below, and close to us, is not to be conceived. We now beheld the whole mass of Great Gavel from its base,—the Den of Wastdale at our feet—a gulf unmeasurable; Grassmere and the other mountains of Crummock—Ennerdale and its mountains; and the Sea beyond! We sat down to our repast, and gladly would we have tempered our beverage (for there was no spring or well near us) with such a supply of delicious water as we might have procured, had we been on the rival summit of Great Gavel; for on its highest point is a small triangular receptacle in the native rock, which, the shepherds say, is never dry. There we might have slaked our thirst plenteously with a pure and celestial liquid, for the cup or basin, it appears, has no other feeder than the dews of heaven, the showers, the vapours, the hoar frost, and the spotless snow.

While we were gazing around, 'Look,' I exclaimed, 'at yon ship upon the glittering sea!' 'Is it a ship?' replied our shepherd-guide. 'It can be nothing else,' interposed my companion; 'I cannot be mistaken, I am so accustomed to the appearance of ships at sea.' The Guide dropped the argument; but, before a minute was gone, he quietly said, 'Now look at your ship; it is changed into a horse.' So indeed it was,—a horse with a gallant neck and head. We laughed heartily; and, I hope, when again inclined to be positive, I may remember the ship and the horse upon the glittering sea; and the calm confidence, yet, submissiveness of our wise Man of the Mountains, who certainly had more knowledge of clouds than we, whatever might be our knowledge of ships.

I know not how long we might have remained on the summit of the Pike, without a thought of moving, had not our Guide warned us that we must not linger; for a storm was coming. We looked in vain to espy the signs of it. Mountains, vales, and sea were touched with the clear light of

the sun. 'It is there,' said he, pointing to the sea beyond Whitehaven, and there we perceived a light vapour unnoticeable but by a shepherd accustomed to watch all mountain bodings. We gazed around again, and yet again, unwilling to lose the remembrance of what lay before us in that lofty solitude, and then prepared to depart. Meanwhile the air changed to cold, and we saw that tiny vapour swelled into mighty masses of cloud which came boiling over the mountains. Great Gavel, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw, were wrapt in storm, yet Langdale and the mountains in that quarter, remained all bright in sunshine. Soon the storm reached us, we sheltered under a crag; and almost as rapidly as it had come it passed away, and left us free to observe the struggles of gloom and sunshine in other quarters. Langdale had now its share, and the Pikes of Langdale were decorated by two splendid rainbows. Skiddaw also had his own rainbows. Before we again reached Ash-course every cloud had vanished from every summit.

I ought to have mentioned that round the top of Scawfell-PIKE not a blade of grass is to be seen. Cushions or tufts of moss, parched and brown, appear between the huge blocks and stones that lie in heaps on all sides to a great distance, like skeletons or bones of the earth not needed at the creation, and there left to be covered with never-dying lichens, which the clouds and dews nourish; and adorn with colours of vivid and exquisite beauty. Flowers, the most brilliant feathers, and even gems, scarcely surpass in colouring some of those masses of stone, which no human eye beholds, except the shepherd or traveller be led thither by curiosity and how seldom must this happen! For the other eminence is the one visited by the adventurous stranger; and the shepherd has no inducement to ascend the PIKE in quest of his sheep; no food being there to tempt them.

We certainly were singularly favoured in the weather

for when we were seated on the summit, our conductor, turning his eyes thoughtfully round, said, 'I do not know that in my whole life, I was ever, at any season of the year, so high upon the mountains on so *calm* a day' (It was the 7th of October.) Afterwards we had a spectacle of the grandeur of earth and heaven commingled, yet without terror. We knew that the storm would pass away, — for so our prophetic Guide had assured us

Before we reached Seathwaite in Borrowdale, a few stars had appeared, and we pursued our way down the Vale, to Rothwaite, by moonlight.

Scawfell and Helvellyn being the two Mountains of this region which will best repay the fatigue of ascending them, the following Verses may be here introduced with propriety. They are from the Author's Miscellaneous Poems.

To ———,

ON HER FIRST ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF HELVELLYN

INMATE of a Mountain Dwelling,
Thou hast clomb aloft, and gazed,
From the watch-towers of Helvellyn.
Awed, delighted, and amazed!

Potent was the spell that bound thee
Not unwilling to obey;
For blue Ether's arms, flung round thee,
Stilled the pantings of dismay.

Lo! the dwindled woods and meadows!
What a vast abyss is there!
Lo! the clouds, the solemn shadows,
And the glisterings—heavenly fair!

And a record of commotion
Which a thousand ridges yield,
Ridge, and gulf, and distant ocean
Gleaming like a silver shield!

—Take thy flight;—possess, inherit
Aips or Andes—they are thine!
With the morning's roseate Spirit,
Sweep their length of snowy line,

Or survey the bright dominions
 In the gorgeous colours drest
 Flung from off the purple pinnons,
 Evening spreads throughout the west !

Thine are all the coral fountains
 Warbling in each sparry vault,
 Of the untrodden lunar mountains ;
 Listen to their songs !—or halt,

To Niphate's top invited,
 Whither spiteful Satan steered ;
 Or descend where the ark alighted,
 When the green earth re-appeared .

For the power of hills is on thee,
 As was witnessed through thine eye
 Then, when old Helvellyn won thee
 To confess their majesty !

Having said so much of *points of view* to which few are likely to ascend, I am induced to subjoin an account of a short excursion through more accessible parts of the country, made at a *time* when it is seldom seen but by the inhabitants. As the journal was written for one acquainted with the general features of the country, only those effects and appearances are dwelt upon, which are produced by the changeableness of the atmosphere, or belong to the season when the excursion was made.

A.D. 1805.—On the 7th of November, on a damp and gloomy morning, we left Grasmere Vale, intending to pass a few days on the banks of Ulswater. A mild and dry autumn had been unusually favourable to the preservation and beauty of foliage, and, far advanced as the season was, the trees, on the larger Island of Rydal-mere retained a splendour which did not need the heightening of sunshine. We noticed, as we passed, that the line of the grey rocky shore of that island, shaggy with variegated bushes and shrubs, and spotted and striped with purplish brown heath, indistinguishably blending with its image reflected in the still water, produced a curious resemblance, both in form and

colour, to a rich-coated caterpillar, as it might appear through a magnifying glass of extraordinary power. The mists gathered as we went along: but, when we reached the top of Kirkstone, we were glad we had not been discouraged by the apprehension of bad weather. Though not able to see a hundred yards before us, we were more than contented. At such a time, and in such a place, every scattered stone the size of one's head becomes a companion. Near the top of the Pass is the remnant of an old wall, which (magnified, though obscured, by the vapour) might have been taken for a fragment of some monument of ancient grandeur,—yet that same pile of stones we had never before even observed. This situation, it must be allowed, is not favourable to gaiety, but a pleasing harry of spirits accompanies the surprise occasioned by objects transformed, dilated, or distorted, as they are when seen through such a medium. Many of the fragments of rock on the top and slopes of Kirkstone, and of similar places, are fantastic enough in themselves; but the full effect of such impressions can only be had in a state of weather when they are not likely to be sought for. It was not till we had descended considerably that the fields of Hartshope were seen, like a lake tinged by the reflection of sunny clouds: I mistook them for Brotherswater, but, soon after, we saw that lake gleaming faintly with a steely brightness,—then, as we continued to descend, appeared the brown oaks, and the birches of lively yellow—and the cottages—and the lowly Hall of Hartshope, with its long roof and ancient chimneys. During great part of our way to Patterdale, we had rain, or rather drizzling vapour; for there was never a drop upon our hair or clothes larger than the smallest pearls upon a lady's ring.

The following morning incessant rain till 11 o'clock, when the sky began to clear, and we walked along the eastern shore of Ullswater towards the farm of Blowick.

The wind blew strong, and drove the clouds forward, on the side of the mountain above our heads;—two storm-stiffened black yew-trees fixed our notice, seen through, or under the edge of, the flying mists;—four or five goats were bounding among the rocks;—the sheep moved about more quietly, or cowered beneath their sheltering places. This is the only part of the country where goats are now found,* but this morning, before we had seen these, I was reminded of that picturesque animal by two rams of mountain breed, both with Ammonian horns, and with beards majestic as that which Michael Angelo has given to his statue of Moses.—But to return; when our path had brought us to that part of the naked common which overlooks the woods and bushesprinkled fields of Blowick, the lake, clouds, and mists were all in motion to the sound of sweeping winds;—the church and cottages of Patterdale scarcely visible, or seen only by fits between the shifting vapours. To the northward the scene was less visionary;—Place Fell steady and bold,—the whole lake driving onward like a great river—waves dancing round the small islands. The house at Blowick was the boundary of our walk; and we returned, lamenting to see a decaying and uncomfortable dwelling in a place where sublimity and beauty seemed to contend with each other. But these regrets were dispelled by a glance on the woods that clothe the opposite steep of the lake. How exquisite was the mixture of sober and splendid hues! The general colouring of the trees was brown—rather that of ripe hazel nuts; but towards the water, there were yet beds of green, and in the highest parts of the wood, was abundance of yellow foliage, which, gleaming through a vapoury lustre, reminded us of masses of clouds, as you see them gathered together in the west, and touched with the golden light of the setting sun.

* A.D. 1836. These also have disappeared.

After dinner we walked up the Vale; I had never had an idea of its extent and width in passing along the public road on the other side. We followed the path that leads from house to house; two or three times it took us through some of those copses of groves that cover the little hillocks in the middle of the vale, making an intricate and pleasing intermixture of lawn and wood. Our fancies could not resist the temptation; and we fixed upon a spot for a cottage, which we began to build: and finished as easily as castles are raised in the air.—Visited the same spot in the evening. I shall say nothing of the moonlight aspect of the situation which had charmed us so much in the afternoon, but I wish you had been with us when, in returning to our friend's house, we espied his lady's large white dog, lying in the moonshine upon the round knoll under the old yew-tree in the garden, a romantic image—the dark tree and its dark shadow—and the elegant creature, as fair as a spirit! The torrents murmured softly: the mountains down which they were falling did not, to my sight, furnish a back-ground for this Ossianic picture, but I had a consciousness of the depth of the seclusion, and that mountains were embracing us on all sides; 'I saw not, but I *felt* that they were there'

Friday, November 9th.—Rain, as yesterday, till 10 o'clock, when we took a boat to row down the lake. The day improved, —clouds and sunny gleams on the mountains. In the large bay under Place Fell, three fishermen were dragging a net,—a picturesque group beneath the high and bare crags! A raven was seen aloft; not hovering like the kite, for that is not the habit of the bird; but passing on with a straight-forward perseverance, and timing the motion of its wings to its own croaking. The water was agitated, and the iron tone of the raven's voice, which strikes upon the ear at all times as the more dolorous from its regularity, was in fine keeping

with the wild scene before our eyes. This carnivorous fowl is a great enemy to the lambs of these solitudes; I recollect frequently seeing, when a boy, bunches of unfledged ravens* suspended from the church-yard gates of H——; for which a reward of so much a head was given to the adventurous destroyer.—The Fishermen drew their net ashore, and hundreds of fish were leaping in their prison. They were all of the kind called skellies, a sort of fresh-water herring, shoals of which may sometimes be seen dimpling or rippling the surface of the lake in calm weather. This species is not found, I believe, in any other of these lakes; nor, as far as I know, is the chevin, that *spiritless* fish, (though I am loth to call it so, for it was a prime favourite with Isaac Walton,) which must frequent Ulswater, as I have seen a large shoal passing into the lake from the river Eamont. *Here* are no pike, and the charr are smaller than those of the other lakes, and of inferior quality, but the grey trout attains a very large size, sometimes weighing above twenty pounds. This lordly creature seems to know that ‘retiredness is a piece of majesty,’ for it is scarcely ever caught, or even seen, except when it quits the depths of the lake in the spawning season, and runs up into the streams, where it is too often destroyed in disregard of the law of the land and of Nature.

Quitted the boat in the bay of Sandwyke, and pursued our way towards Martindale along a pleasant path—at first through a coppice, bordering the lake, then through green fields—and came to the village, (if village it may be called, for the houses are few, and separated from each other,) a sequestered spot, shut out from the view of the lake. Crossed the one-arched bridge, below the chapel, with its ‘bare ring of mossy wall,’ and single yew-tree. At the last house in the dale we were greeted by the master, who was sitting at his door, with a flock of sheep collected round

him, for the purpose of smearing them with tar (according to the custom of the season) for protection against the winter's cold. He invited us to enter, and view a room built by Mr Hasell for the accommodation of his friends at the annual chase of red deer in his forests at the head of these dales. The room is fitted up in the sportsman's style, with a cupboard for bottles and glasses, with strong chairs, and a dining-table; and ornamented with the horns of the stags caught at these hunts for a succession of years—the length of the last race each had run being recorded under his spreading antlers. The good woman treated us with oaten cake, new and crisp, and after this welcome refreshment and rest, we proceeded on our return to Patterdale by a short cut over the mountains. On leaving the fields of Sandwyke, while ascending by a gentle slope along the valley of Martindale, we had occasion to observe that in thinly-peopled glens of this character the general want of wood gives a peculiar interest to the scattered cottages embowered in sycamores. Towards its head, this valley splits into two parts; and in one of these (that to the left) there is no house, nor any building to be seen but a cattle-shed on the side of a hill, which is sprinkled over with trees, evidently the remains of an extensive forest. Near the entrance of the other division stands the house where we were entertained, and beyond the enclosures of that farm there are no other. A few old trees remain, relics of the forest; a little stream hastens, though with serpentine windings, through the uncultivated hollow, where many cattle were pasturing. The cattle of this country are generally white, or light-coloured; but these were dark brown, or ~~black~~, which heightened the resemblance this scene bears to many parts of the Highlands of Scotland. While we passed to rest upon the hillside, though well contented with the quiet every-day sounds—the lowing of cattle, bleating of sheep,

and the very gentle murmuring of the valley stream, we could not but think what a grand effect the music of the bugle-horn would have among these mountains. It is still heard once every year, at the chase I have spoken of; a day of festivity for the inhabitants of this district except the poor deer, the most ancient of them all. Our ascent even to the top was very easy; when it was accomplished we had exceedingly fine views, some of the lofty Fells being resplendent with sunshine, and others partly shrouded by clouds. Ulswater, bordered by black steeps, was of dazzling brightness, the plain beyond Penrith smooth and bright, or rather gleamy, as the sea or sea sands. Looked down into Boar-dale, which, like Stybarrow, has been named from the wild swine that formerly abounded here; but it has now no sylvan covert, being smooth and bare, a long, narrow, deep, cradle-shaped glen, lying so sheltered that one would be pleased to see it planted by human hands, there being a sufficiency of soil; and the trees would be sheltered almost like shrubs in a green-house.—After having walked some way along the top of the hill, came in view of Glenriddin and the mountains at the head of Grisdale.—Before we began to descend turned aside to a small ruin, called at this day the chapel, where it is said the inhabitants of Martindale and Patterdale were accustomed to assemble for worship. There are now no traces from which you could infer for what use the building had been erected; the loose stones and the few which yet continue piled up resemble those which lie elsewhere on the mountain; but the shape of the building having been oblong, its remains differ from those of a common sheep-fold; and it has stood east and west. Scarcely did the Druids, when they fled to these fastnesses, perform their rites in any situation more exposed to disturbance from the elements. One cannot pass by without being reminded that the rustic palinode must have had

the accompaniment of many a wildly-whistling blast; and what dismal storms must have often drowned the voice of the preacher! As we descend, Patterdale opens upon the eye in grand simplicity, screened by mountains, and proceeding from two heads, Deepdale and Hartshope, where lies the little lake of Brotherswater, named in old maps Broaderwater, and probably rightly so, for Bassenthwaite-inere at this day is familiarly called Broadwater; but the change in the appellation of this small lake or pool (if it be a corruption) may have been assisted by some melancholy accident similar to what happened about twenty years ago, when two brothers were drowned there, having gone out to take their holiday pleasure upon the ice, on a new-year's day.

A rough and precipitous peat track brought us down to our friend's house.—Another fine moonlight night; but a thick fog rising from the neighbouring river, enveloped the rocky and wood-crested knoll on which our fancy cottage had been erected, and, under the damp cast upon my feelings, I consoled myself with moralizing on the folly of hasty decisions in matters of importance, and the necessity of having at least one year's knowledge of a place before you realise any suggestions in solid stone.

Saturday, November 10th.—At the breakfast-table tidings reached us of the death of Lord Nelson, and of the victory at Trafalgar. Sequestered as we were from the sympathy of a crowd, we were shocked to hear that the bells had been ringing joyously at Penrith to celebrate the triumph. In the rebellion of the year 1745 people fled with their valuables from the open country to Patterdale, as a place of refuge secure from the incursions of strangers. At that time news such as we had heard might have been long in penetrating so far into the recesses of the mountains, but now, as you know, the approach is easy, and the com-

munication in summer time, almost hourly. nor is this strange, for travellers after pleasure are become not less active, and more numerous than those who formerly left their homes for purposes of gam. The priest on the banks of the remotest stream of Lapland will talk familiarly of Buonaparte's last conquests, and discuss the progress of the French revolution, having acquired much of his information from adventurers impelled by curiosity alone.

The morning was clear and cheerful after a night of sharp frost. At 10 o'clock we took our way on foot towards Pooley Bridge, on the same side of the lake we had coasted in a boat the day before.—Looked backwards to the south from our favourite station above Blunwick. The dazzling sunbeams striking upon the church and village, while the earth was steaming with exhalations not traceable in other quarters, rendered their forms even more indistinct than the partial and fitting veil of unillumined vapour had done two days before. The grass on which we trod, and the trees in every thicket, were dripping with melted hoar-frost. We observed the lemon-coloured leaves of the birches, as the breeze turned them to the sun, sparkle, or rather *flash*, like diamonds, and the leafless purple twigs were tipped with globes of shining crystal.

The day continued delightful, and unclouded to the end. I will not describe the country which we slowly travelled through, nor relate our adventures; and will only add, that on the afternoon of the 13th we returned along the banks of Ulswater by the usual road. The lake lay in deep repose after the agitations of a wet and stormy morning. The trees in Gowbarrow park were in that state when what is gained by the disclosure of their bark and branches compensates, almost, for the loss of foliage, exhibiting the variety which characterises the point of time between autumn and winter. The hawthorns were leafless; their round

heads covered with rich scarlet berries, and adorned with arches of green hrambles, and eglantines hung with glossy hips ; and the grey trunks of some of the ancient oaks, which in the summer season might have been regarded only for their venerable majesty, now attracted notice by a pretty embellishment of green mosses and fern intermixed with russet leaves retained by those slender outstarting twigs which the veteran tree would not have tolerated in his strength. The smooth silver branches of the ashes were bare , most of the alders as green as the Devonshire cottage-myrtle that weathers the snows of Christmas — Will you accept it as some apology for my having dwelt so long on the woodland ornaments of these scenes—that artists speak of the trees on the banks of Ulswater, and especially along the bays of Stybarrow crags, as having a peculiar character of picturesque intricacy in their stems and branches, which their rocky stations and the mountain winds have combined to give them ?

At the end of Gowbarrow park a large herd of deer were either moving slowly or standing still among the fern. I was sorry when a chance-companion, who had joined us by the way, startled them with a whistle, disturbing an image of grave simplicity and thoughtful enjoyment ; for I could have fancied that those natives of this wild and beautiful region were partaking with us a sensation of the solemnity of the closing day. The sun had been set some time , and we could perceive that the light was fading away from the coves of Halvellyn, but the lake under a luminous sky, was more brilliant than before.

After tea at Patterdale, set out again :—a fine evening ; the seven stars close to the mountain-top ; all the stars seemed brighter than usual. The steepy were reflected in Brotherswater, and, above the lake, appeared like enormous black perpendicular walls. The Kirkstone torrents had been

swollen by the rains, and now filled the mountain pass with their roaring, which added greatly to the solemnity of our walk. Behind us, when we had climbed to a great height, we saw one light, very distant, in the vale, like a large red star—a solitary one in the gloomy region. The cheerfulness of the scene was in the sky above us.

Reached home a little before midnight.

KENDAL AND WINDERMERE RAILWAY

TWO LETTERS

RE PRINTED FROM THE *MORNING POST*.

REVISED, WITH ADDITIONS.

These *Two Letters* on the "Kendal and Windermere Railway," were published in *The Morning Post*, in 1844

They were afterwards republished at Kendal, in a small pamphlet, and subsequently at London, by Whittaker & Co., Ave Maria Lane, and Edward Moxon, Doyer Street, "revised, with additions," but without date. ED

KENDAL AND WINDERMERE RAILWAY

No. I

To the Editor of the 'Morning Post'

SIR,

Some little time ago you did me the favour of inserting a sonnet expressive of the regret and indignation which, in common with others all over these Islands, I felt at the proposal of a railway to extend from Kendal to Low Wood, near the head of Windermere. The project was so offensive to a large majority of the proprietors through whose lands the line, after it came in view of the Lake, was to pass, that, for this reason, and the avowed one of the heavy expense without which the difficulties in the way could not be overcome, it has been partially abandoned, and the terminus is now announced to be at a spot within a mile of Bowness. But as no guarantee can be given that the project will not hereafter be revived, and an attempt made to carry the line forward through the vales of Ambleside and Grasmere, and as in one main particular the case remains essentially the same, allow me to address you upon certain points which merit more consideration than the favourers of the scheme have yet given them. The matter, though seemingly local, is really one in which all persons of taste must be interested, and, therefore, I hope to be excused if I venture to treat it at some length.

I shall barely touch upon the statistics of the question, leaving these to the two adverse parties, who will lay their

several statements before the Board of Trade, which may possibly be induced to refer the matter to the House of Commons, and, contemplating that possibility, I hope that the observations I have to make may not be altogether without influence upon the public, and upon individuals whose duty it may be to decide in their place whether the proposed measure shall be referred to a Committee of the House. Were the case before us an ordinary one, I should reject such an attempt as presumptuous and futile, but it is not only different from all others, but, in truth, peculiar.

In this district the manufactures are trifling; mines it has none, and its quarries are either wrought out or superseded, the soil is light, and the cultivateable parts of the country are very limited; so that it has little to send out, and little has it also to receive. Summer Tourists, (and the very word precludes the notion of a railway) it has in abundance, but the inhabitants are so few and their intercourse with other places so infrequent, that one daily coach, which could not be kept going but through its connection with the Post-office, suffices for three-fourths of the year along the line of country as far as Keswick. The staple of the district is, in fact, its beauty and its character of seclusion and retirement, and to these topics and to others connected with them my remarks shall be confined.

The projectors have induced many to favour their schemes by declaring that one of their main objects is to place the beauties of the Lake district within easier reach of those who cannot afford to pay for ordinary conveyances. Look at the facts. Railways are completed, which, joined with others in rapid progress, will bring travellers who prefer approaching by Ulswater to within four miles of that lake. The Lancaster and Carlisle Railway will approach the town of Kendal, about eight or nine miles from eminences that command the whole vale of Windermere. The Lakes are

therefore at present of very easy access for *all* persons, but if they be not made still more so, the poor, it is said, will be wronged. Before this be admitted let the question be fairly looked into, and its different bearings examined. No one can assert that, if this intended mode of approach be not effected, anything will be taken away that is actually possessed. The wrong, if any, must be in the unwarrantable obstruction of an attainable benefit. First, then, let us consider the probable amount of that benefit.

Elaborate gardens, with topiary works, were in high request, even among our remote ancestors, but the relish for choice and picturesque natural *scenery* (a poor and mean word which requires an apology, but will be generally understood), is quite of recent origin. Our earlier travellers—Ray, the naturalist, one of the first men of his age—Bishop Burnet, and others who had crossed the Alps, or lived some time in Switzerland, are silent upon the sublimity and beauty of those regions, and Burnet even uses these words, speaking of the Grisons—‘When they have made up estates elsewhere they are glad to leave Italy and the best parts of Germany, and to come and live among those mountains of which the very sight is enough to fill a man with horror.’ The accomplished Evelyn, giving an account of his journey from Italy through the Alps, dilates upon the terrible, the melancholy, and the uncomfortable, but, till he comes to the fruitful country in the neighbourhood of Geneva, not a syllable of delight or praise. In the *Sacra Telluris Theoria* of the other Burnet there is a passage—omitted, however, in his own English translation of the work—in which he gives utterance to his sensations, when, from a particular spot he beheld a tract of the Alps rising before him on the one hand, and on the other the Mediterranean Sea spread beneath him. Nothing can be worthier of the magnificent appearances he describes than his language. In a noble strain also does the Poet Gray address, in a Latin Ode, the *Religio*,

loci at the Grande*Chartruse' But before his time, with the exception of the passage from Thomas Burnet just alluded to, there is not, I believe, a single English traveller whose published writings would disprove the assertion, that, where precipitous rocks and mountains are mentioned at all, they are spoken of as objects of dislike and fear and not of admiration. Even Gray himself, describing in his Journal the steepes at the entrance of Borrowdale, expresses his terror in the language of Dante — 'Let us not speak of them, but look and pass on' In my youth, I lived some time in the vale of Keswick, under the roof of a shrewd and sensible woman who more than once exclaimed in my hearing 'Bless me ! folk are always talking about prospects, when I was young there was never such a thing dreamed' In fact our ancestors as everywhere appears, in choosing the site of their houses, looked only at shelter and convenience especially of water, and often would place a barn or any other out-house directly in front of their habitations however beautiful the landscape which their windows might otherwise have commanded The first house that was built in the Lake district for the sake of the beauty of the country was the work of a Mr English who had travelled in Italy, and chose for his site, some eighty years ago the great island of Windermere, but it was sold before his building was finished, and he showed how little he was capable of appreciating the character of the situation by setting up a length of high garden-wall, as exclusive as it was ugly, almost close to the house The nuisance was swept away when the late Mr Curwen became the owner of this favoured spot Mr English was followed by Mr Pocklington, a native of Nottinghamshire, who played strange pranks by his buildings and plantations upon Vicar's Island, in Derwentwater, which his admiration, such as it was, of the country, and probably a wish to be a leader in a new fashion, had tempted him to

purchase. But what has all this to do with the subject?—Why, to show that a vivid perception of romantic scenery is neither inherent in mankind, nor a necessary consequence of even a comprehensive education. It is benignly ordained that green fields, clear blue skies, running streams of pure water, rich groves and woods, orchards, and all the ordinary varieties of rural Nature should find an easy way to the affections of all men, and more or less so from early childhood till the senses are impaired by old age and the sources of intellectual enjoyment have in a great measure failed. But a taste beyond this, however desirable it may be that every one should possess it, is not to be unplanted at once, it must be gradually developed both in nations and individuals. Rocks and mountains, torrents and wide-spread waters, and all those features of Nature which go to the composition of such scenes as this part of England is distinguished for, cannot, in their finer relations to the human mind be comprehended, or even very imperfectly conceived without processes of culture or opportunities of observation in some degree cultivated. In the eye of thousands and tens of thousands—rich meadow with fat cattle grazing upon it, or the soil of what they would call a heavy crop of corn is worth all that the Alps and Pyrenees in their utmost grandeur and beauty could show to them, and notwithstanding the grateful influence, as we have observed of ordinary Nature and the productions of the fields, it is noticeable what trifling conventional prepossessions will in common minds, not only preclude pleasure from the sight of natural beauty, but will even turn it into an object of disgust. ‘If I had to do with this garden,’ said a respectable person, one of my neighbours, ‘I would sweep away all the black and dirty stuff from that wall.’ The wall was backed by a bank of earth, and was exquisitely decorated with ivy, flowers, moss, and ferns, such as grow of themselves in like

places; but the mere notion of fitness-associated with a trim garden-wall, prevented, in this instance, all sense of the spontaneous bounty and delicate care of Nature. In the midst of a small pleasure-ground, immediately below my house, rises a detached rock, equally remarkable for the beauty of its form, the ancient oaks that grew out of it, and the flowers and shrubs which adorn it. 'What a nice place would this be,' said a Manchester tradesman, pointing to the rock, 'if that ugly lump were but out of the way.' Men as little advanced in the pleasure which such objects give to others are so far from being rare, that they may be said fairly to represent a large majority of mankind. This is a fact, and none but the deceiver and the willingly deceived can be offended by its being stated. But as a more susceptible taste is undoubtedly a great acquisition, and has been spreading among us for some years, the question is, what means are most likely to be beneficial in extending its operation? Surely that good is not to be obtained by transferring at once uneducated persons in large bodies to particular spots, where the combinations of natural objects are such as would afford the greatest pleasure to those who have been in the habit of observing and studying the peculiar character of such scenes, and how they differ one from another. Instead of tempting artisans and labourers, and the humbler classes of shopkeepers, to ramble to a distance, let us rather look with lively sympathy upon persons in that condition, when, upon a holiday, or on the Sunday, after having attended divine worship, they make little excursions with their wives and children among neighbouring fields, whether the whole of each family might stroll, or be conveyed at much less cost than would be required to take a single individual of the number to the shores of Windermere by the cheapest conveyance. It is in some such way as this only, that persons who must labour daily

with their hands for bread in large towns, or are subject to confinement through the week, can be trained to a profitable intercourse with Nature where she is the most distinguished by the majesty and sublimity of her forms.

For further illustration of the subject, turn to what we know of a man of extraordinary genius, who was bred to hard labour in agricultural employments, Burns, the poet. When he had become distinguished by the publication of a volume of verses, and was enabled to travel by the profit his poems brought him, he made a tour, in the course of which, as his companion, Dr Adair, tells us, he visited scenes inferior to none in Scotland in beauty, sublimity, and romantic interest; and the Doctor having noticed, with other companions, that he seemed little moved upon one occasion by the sight of such a scene, says—'I doubt if he had much taste for the picturesque.' The personal testimony, however, upon this point is conflicting, but when Dr Currie refers to several local poems as decisive proofs that Burns' fellow-traveller was mistaken, the biographer is surely unfortunate. How vague and tame are the poet's expressions in those few local poems, compared with his language when he is describing objects with which his position in life allowed him to be familiar! It appears, both from what his works contain, and from what is not to be found in them, that, sensitive as they abundantly prove his mind to have been in its intercourse with common rural images, and with the general powers of Nature exhibited in storm and in stillness, in light or in darkness, and in the various aspects of the seasons, he was little affected by the sight of one spot in preference to another, unless where it derived an interest from history, tradition, or local associations. He lived many years in Nithsdale, where he was in daily sight of Skiddaw, yet he never crossed the Solway for a better acquaintance with that mountain; and I am persuaded that,

citements and recreations, most of which might too easily be had elsewhere. The injury which would thus be done to morals, both among this influx of strangers and the lower class of inhabitants, is obvious, and, supposing such extraordinary temptations not to be held out, there cannot be a doubt that the Sabbath day in the towns of Bowness and Ambleside, and other parts of the district, would be subject to much additional desecration.

Whatever comes of the scheme which we have endeavoured to discountenance, the charge against its opponents of being selfishly regardless of the poor, ought to cease. The cry has been raised and kept up by three classes of persons—they who wish to bring into discredit all such as stand in the way of their gains or gambling speculations, they who are dazzled by the application of physical science to the useful arts, and indiscriminately applaud what they call the spirit of the age as manifested in this way, and, lastly, those persons who are ever ready to step forward in what appears to them to be the cause of the poor, but not always with becoming attention to particulars. I am well aware that upon the first class what has been said will be of no avail, but upon the two latter some impression will, I trust, be made.

To conclude. The railway power, we know well, will not admit of being materially counteracted by sentiment, and who would wish it where large towns are connected, and the interests of trade and agriculture are substantially promoted, by such mode of intercommunication? But be it remembered, that this case is, as has been said before, a peculiar one, and that the staple of the country is its beauty and its character of retirement. Let then the beauty be undisfigured and the retirement unviolated, unless there be reason for believing that rights and interests of a higher kind and more apparent than those which have been urged in behalf of the projected intrusion

will compensate the sacrifice. Thanking you for the judicious observations that have appeared in your paper upon the subject of railways,

I remain, Sir,

Your obliged,

WM. WORDSWORTH

Rydal Mount, Dec. 9, 1844.

NOTE.—To the instances named in this letter of the indifference even of men of genius to the sublime forms of Nature in mountainous districts, the author of the interesting *Essays*, in the *Morning Post*, entitled *Table Talk* has justly added Goldsmith, and I give the passage in his own words

'The simple and gentle-hearted Goldsmith, who had an exquisite sense of rural beauty in the familiar forms of hill and dale, and meadows with their hawthorn-scented hedges, does not seem to have dreamt of any such thing as beauty in the Swiss Alps, though he traversed them on foot, and had therefore the best opportunities of observing them. In his poem "The Traveller," he describes the Swiss as loving their mountain homes, not by reason of the romantic beauty of the situation, but in spite of the miserable character of the soil and the stormy horrors of their mountain steeps—

Turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
No produce here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May ;
No Zephyr fondly sies the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare and stormy glooms invest
Yet still, *even here*, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.'

In the same *Essay*, (December 18th, 1844,) are many observations judiciously bearing upon the true character of this and similar projects

No II.

To the Editor of the 'Morning Post'

SIR,

As you obligingly found space in your journal for observations of mine upon the intended Kendal and Windermere Railway, I venture to send you some further remarks upon the same subject. The scope of the main argument, it will be recollected, was to prove that the perception of what has acquired the name of picturesque and romantic scenery is so far from being intuitive, that it can be produced only by a slow and gradual process of culture, and to show, as a consequence, that the humbler ranks of society are not, and cannot be, in a state to gain material benefit from a more speedy access than they now have to this beautiful region. Some of our opponents dissent from this latter proposition, though the most judicious of them readily admit the former, but then, overlooking not only positive assertions, but reasons carefully given, they say, 'As you allow that a more comprehensive taste is desirable, you ought to side with us,' and they illustrate their position, by reference to the British Museum and National Picture Gallery. 'There,' they add, 'thanks to the easy entrance now granted, numbers are seen, indicating by their dress and appearance their humble condition, who, when admitted for the first time, stare vacantly around them, so that one is inclined to ask what brought them hither? But an impression is made, something gained which may induce them to repeat the visit until light breaks in upon them, and they take an intelligent interest in what they behold.' Persons who talk thus forget that, to produce such an improvement, frequent access, at small cost of time and labour is indispensable. Manchester lies; perhaps, within eight hours' rail-

way distance of London but surely no one would advise that Manchester operatives should contract a habit of running to and fro between that town and London, for the sake of forming an intimacy with the British Museum and National Gallery? No, no, little would all but a very few gain from the opportunities which, consistently with common sense, could be afforded them for such expeditions. Nor would it fare better with them in respect of trips to the lake district, an assertion, the truth of which no one can doubt, who has learned by experience how many men of the same or higher rank, living from their birth in this very region, are indifferent to those objects around them in which a cultivated taste takes so much pleasure. I should not have detained the reader so long upon this point, had I not heard (glad tidings for the directors and traffickers in shares!) that among the affluent and benevolent manufacturers of Yorkshire and Lancashire are some who already entertain the thought of sending, at their own expense, large bodies of their workmen, by railway, to the banks of Windermere. Surely these gentlemen will think a little more before they put such a scheme into practice. The rich man cannot benefit the poor, nor the superior the inferior, by anything that degrades him. Packing oil men after this fashion, for holiday entertainment is, in fact, treating them like children. They go at the will of their master, and must return at the same, or they will be dealt with as transgressors.

A poor man, speaking of his son, whose time of service in the army was expired, once said to me, (the reader will be startled by the expression, and I, indeed, was greatly shocked by it), 'I am glad he has done with that *mean* way of life.' But I soon gathered what was at the bottom of the feeling. The father overlooked all the glory that attaches to the character of a British soldier, in the consciousness that his son's will must have been in so great a degree

subject to that of others. The poor man felt where the true dignity of his species lay, namely, in a just proportion between actions governed by a man's own inclinations and those of other men, but, according to the father's notion, that proportion did not exist in the course of life from which his son had been released. Had the old man known from experience the degree of liberty allowed to the common soldier, and the moral effect of the obedience required, he would have thought differently, and had he been capable of extending his views, he would have felt how much of the best and noblest part of our civic spirit was owing to our military and naval institutions, and that perhaps our very existence as a free people had by them been maintained. This extreme instance has been adduced to show how deeply eaten in the minds of Englishmen is their sense of personal independence. Master-manufacturers ought never to lose sight of this truth. Let them consent to a 'Ten Hours' Bill, with little, or, if possible, no diminution of wages, and the necessaries of life being more easily procured, the mind will develope itself accordingly, and each individual would be more at liberty to make, at his own cost, excursions in any direction which might be most inviting to him. There would then be no need for their masters sending them in droves scores of miles from their homes and families to the borders of Windermere, or anywhere else. Consider also the state of the Lake District, and look, in the first place, at the little town of Bowness, in the event of such railway inundations. What would become of it in this, not the Retreat, but the Advance of the Ten Thousand! Leeds, I am told, has sent as many at once to Scarborough. We should have the whole of Lancashire, and no small part of Yorkshire, pouring in upon us to meet the men of Durham and the borderers from Cumberland and Northumberland.

Alas, alas, if the Lakes are to pay this penalty for their own attractions !

Vine could tell what ills from beauty spring,
And Siodlov cursed the form that pleased a king

The fear of adding to the length of my last long letter prevented me from entering into details upon private and personal feelings among the residents, who have cause to lament the threatened intrusion. These are not matters to be brought before a Board of Trade, though I trust there will always be of that board members who know well that as we do 'not live by bread alone,' so neither do we live by political economy alone. Of the present Board I would gladly believe there is not one who, if his duty allowed it would not be influenced by considerations of what may be felt by a gallant officer now serving on the coast of South America, when he shall learn that the nuisance, though not intended actually to enter his property, will send its omnibuses as fast as they can drive, within a few yards of his modest abode, which he built upon a small domain purchased at a price greatly enhanced by the privacy and beauty of the situation. Professor Wilson (him I take the liberty to name), though a native of Scotland, and familiar with the grandeur of his own country, could not resist the temptation of settling long ago among our mountains. The place which his public duties have compelled him to quit as a residence, and may compel him to part with, is probably dearer to him than any spot upon earth. The reader should be informed with what respect he has been treated. Engineer agents to his astonishment, came and intruded with their measuring instruments, upon his garden. He saw them, and who will not admire the patience that kept his hands from their shoulders ? I must stop.

But with the fear before me of the hue being carried, at

a day not distant,* through the whole breadth of the district, I could dwell, with much concern for other residents, upon the condition which they would be in, if that outrage should be committed, nor ought it to be deemed unpertinent were I to recommend this point to the especial regard of Members of Parliament, who may have to decide upon the question. The two Houses of Legislature have frequently shown themselves not unmindful of private feeling in these matters. They have, in some cases, been induced to spare parks and pleasure grounds. But along the great railway lines these are of rare occurrence. They are but a part, and a small part, here it is far otherwise. Among the ancient inheritances of the yeomen, surely worthy of high respect, are interspersed through the entire district villas, most of them with such small domains attached that the occupants would be hardly less annoyed by a railway passing through their neighbour's ground than through their own. And it would be unpardonable not to advert to the effect of this measure on the interests of the very poor in this locality. With the town of Bowness I have no *minute* acquaintance, but of Ambleside, Grasmere, and the neighbourhood, I can testify from long experience, that they have been favoured by the residence of a gentry whose love of retirement has been a blessing to these vales, for their families have ministered, and still minister, to the temporal and spiritual necessities of the poor, and have personally superintended the education of the children in a degree which does those benefactors the highest honour, and which is, I trust, gratefully acknowledged in the hearts of all whom they have relieved, employed, and taught. Many of those friends of our poor would quit this country if the apprehended change were realised, and would be succeeded by strangers not linked to the neighbourhood, but flitting to and fro between their fancy villas and the homes where their

wealth was accumulated and accumulating by trade and manufactures. It is obvious that persons, so unsettled, whatever might be then good wishes and readiness to part with money for charitable purposes, would ill supply the loss of the inhabitants who had been driven away.

It will be felt by those who think with me upon this occasion that I have been writing on behalf of a social condition which no one who is competent to judge of it will be willing to subvert, and that I have been endeavouring to support moral sentiments and intellectual pleasures of a high order against an enmity which seems growing more and more formidable every day; I mean "Utilitarianism," serving as a mask for cupidity and gambling speculations. My business with this evil lies in its reckless mode of action by Railways, now its favourite instruments. Upon good authority I have been told that there was lately an intention of driving one of these pests, as they are likely too often to prove, through a part of the magnificent ruins of Furness Abbey—an outrage which was prevented* by some one pointing out how easily a deviation might be made, and the hint produced its due effect upon the engineer.

Sacred as that relic of the devotion of our ancestors deserves to be kept, there are temples of Nature, temples built by the Almighty, which have a still higher claim to be left unviolated. Almost every reach of the winding vales in this district might once have presented itself to a man of imagination and feeling under that aspect, or, as the Vale of Grassmere appeared to the Poet Gray more than seventy years ago. 'No flaring gentleman's-house,' says he, 'nor garden-walls break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected *paradise*, but all is peace,' &c., &c. Were the Poet now living, how would he have lamented the probable

* Alas! only for a time.—Ed.

intrusion of a railway with its scarifications, its intersections, its noisy machinery, its smoke, and swarms of pleasure-hunters, most of them thinking that they do not fly fast enough through the country which they have come to see. Even a broad highway may in some places greatly impair the characteristic beauty of the country, as will be readily acknowledged by those who remember what the Lake of Grasmere was before the new road that runs along its eastern margin had been constructed.

Quanto præstantias esset
Numen aquae viridi si marginæ clauderet, undæ
Hic -

As it once was, and fringed with wood, instead of the breast-work of bare wall that now confines it. In the same manner has the beauty, and still more the sublimity of many Passes in the Alps been injuriously affected. Will the reader excuse a quotation from a MS poem in which I attempted to describe the impression made upon my mind by the descent towards Italy along the Simplon before the new military road had taken the place of the old muleteer track with its primitive simplicities?

Brook and road
Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy Pass,
And with them did we journey, several hours
At a slow step. The unmeasurable height
Of woods decaying never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent, at every turn,
Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-side
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the heaven,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light,
Were all like workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,

Characters of the great Apocalypse,
 The types and symbols of Eternity,
 Of first, and last, and midst, and without end

1799

Thirty years afterwards I crossed the Alps by the same Pass, and what had become of the forms and powers to which I had been indebted for those emotions? Many of them remained of course undestroyed and indestructible. But, though the road and torrent continued to run parallel to each other, then fellowship was put an end to. The stream had dwindled into comparative insignificance, so much had Art interfered with and taken the lead of Nature, and, although the utility of the new work, as facilitating the intercourse of great nations, was readily acquiesced in, and the workmanship, in some places, could not but excite admiration it was impossible to suppress regret for what had vanished for ever. The oratories heretofore not unfrequently met with, on a road still somewhat perilous, were gone, the simple and rude bridges swept away, and instead of travellers proceeding, with leisure to observe and feel, were pilgrims of fashion hurried along in their carriages, not a few of them perhaps discussing the merits of 'the last new Novel,' or poring over their Guide books, or fast asleep. Similar remarks might be applied to the mountainous country of Wales, but there too, the plea of utility, especially as expediting the communication between England and Ireland, more than justifies the labours of the Engineer. Not so would it be with the Lake District. A railroad is already planned along the sea coast, and another from Lancaster to Carlisle is in great forwardness: an intermediate one is therefore, to say the least of it, superfluous. Once for all let me declare that it is not against Railways but against the abuse of them that I am contending.

How far I am from undervaluing the benefit to be expected from railways in their legitimate application will appear from

the following lines published in 1837,* and composed some years earlier

STEAMBOATS AND RAILWAYS

Motions and Means, on sea, on land at war
 With old poetic feeling, not for this
 Shall ye, by poets even, be judged amiss !
 Nor shall your presence, howsoever it mar
 The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar
 To the mind's gaining that prophetic sense
 Of future good, that point of vision, whence
 May be discovered what in soul ye are
 In spite of all that Beauty must disown
 In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace
 Her lawful offspring in man's Art, and Time,
 Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother Space,
 Accepts from your bold hold the proffered crown
 Of hope, and welcomes you with cheer sublime

I have now done with the subject. The time of life at which I have arrived may, I trust, if nothing else will guard me from the imputation of having written from any selfish interests, or from fear of disturbance which a railway might cause to myself. It gratitude for what repose and quiet in a district hitherto, for the most part, not disfigured but beautified by human hands, have done for me through the course of a long life, and hope that others might hereafter be benefited in the same manner and in the same country, be selfishness, then indeed, but not otherwise, I plead guilty to the charge. Nor have I opposed this undertaking on account of the inhabitants of the district *merely*, but, as hath been intimated, for the sake of every one, however humble his condition, who coming hither shall bring with him an eye to perceive, and a heart to feel and worthily enjoy. And as for holiday pastimes, if a scene is to be chosen suitable to them for persons thronging from a distance, it may be found elsewhere at less cost of every kind. But, in fact, we have too much hurrying about in these islands; much for idle pleasure and more from

* They were published in 1835, and composed in 1833 —Ed

over activity in the pursuit of wealth, without regard to the good or happiness of others

Proud were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old,
Your patriot -ons, to stem invasive war,
Intrenched your brows, ye gloried in each scar
Now, for your shame, a Power, the Thirst of Gold,
That rules o'er Britain like a baneful star,
Wills that your peace, your beauty, shall be sold,
And clear way made for her triumphal car
Through the beloved retreats your arms unfold !
Heard ye that Whistle ? As her long-linked Train
Swept onwards, did the vision cross your view ?
Yes, ye were startled,—and, in balance true,
Weighing the mischief with the promised gain,
Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I call on you
To share the passion of a just disdain.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

A LIST OF WORDSWORTH'S POEMS
ARRANGED IN
CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

A LIST of WORDSWORTH'S POEMS arranged in
Chronological Order, so far as can be determined
from accessible data.*

1785 to 1797.

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1785	Written as a School Exercise at Hawkshead, anno ætatis 14 And has the Sun his flaming chariot driven	1850
1786	Extract from the Conclusion of a Poem com- posed in anticipation of leaving School Dear native regions, I foretell	1815
1786 (probably)	Written in very early Youth, (this is all nature is a resting wheel)	1807
1787-89	An Evening Walk Addressed to a Young Lady Far from my dearest friend, 'tis mine to rove	1793
1789	Lines written while sailing in a Boat at Evening. How richly glows the water's breast	1798*
1789	Remembrance of Collins, composed upon the Thames near Richmond Glide gently, thus for ever glide	1798
1793	Descriptive Sketches taken during a Pede- strian Tour among the Alps Were there, below, a spot of holy ground.	1793

* In every instance of a Poem published during Wordsworth's lifetime the title is that which he adopted in his final edition. The first line of the Poem follows in smaller print. When no title was given—as in the case of many of the Sonnets, etc,—the first line alone is printed.

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1793-94	Guilt and Sorrow, or, Incidents upon Salisbury Plain. [One-third of this poem was published under the title of "The Female Vagrant" in 1798] A Traveller on the skirt of Sarum's Plain	1842
1795	Lines left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree, which stands near the Lake of Esthwaite, on a desolate part of the Shore, commanding a beautiful Prospect Nay, Traveller! rest This lonely Yew tree stands	1798
1795-96	The Borderers. A Tragedy, The troop march impatient let us live	1842
1797	The Reverie of Poor Susan, At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears	1800
1795	The Birth of Love, translated from some French stanzas by Francis Wingham When Love was born of heavenly line	1842
1798		
1798	A Night-piece, * — The sky is overcast	1815
1798	We are Seven, — A simple Child	1798
1798	Anecdote for Fathers, I have a boy of five years old.	1798
1798.	The Thorn, There is a Thorn—it looks so old,	1798
1798.	Goody Blake and Harry Gill. A true story, Oh! what's the matter? what's the matter.	1798
1798	Her Eyes are Wild, Her eyes are wild, her head is bare	1798
1798	Simon Lee, the old Huntsman with an in- cident in which he was concerned In the sweet shire of Carlisle	1798

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1798	Lines written in Early Spring, I heard a thousand blended notes	1798
1798	To my Sister, It is the first mild day of March	1798
1798	A whirl blast from behind the hill,	1800
1798	Expostulation and Reply, "Why, William, on that old grey stone	1798
1798	The Tables Turned. An evening Scene on the same Subject Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books	1798
1798	The Complaint of a Forsaken Indian Woman, Before I see another day	1798
1798	The Last of the Flock, In distant countries have I been	1798
1798	The Idiot Boy, His eight o'clock, a clear March night	1798
1798	Lines, composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a Tour, July 13, 1798 Five years have past, five summers, with the length	1798
1798	The Old Cumberland Beggar, I saw an aged Beggar in my walk	1800
1798	Animal Tranquillity and Decay, The little hedgeow birds	1798
1798.	Peter Bell A Tale, There's something in a flying horse	1819
1799		
1799	The Simplon Pass, — Brook and road	1845
1799	Influence of Natural Objects in calling forth and strengthening the imagination in Boy- hood and early Youth [<i>published in "The Friend"</i>]. Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!	1809

<i>Composed,</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1799	There was a Boy, . There was a Boy, ye knew him well, ye cliffs	1800
1799	Nutting, — It seems a day,	1800
1799	Strange fits of passion have I known,	1800
1799	She dwelt among the untroddeu ways	1800
1799	I travelled among unknown men,	1807
1799	Three years she grew in sun and shower	1800
1799	A slumber did my spirit seal,	1800
1799	A Poet's Epitaph, Art thou a Statist in the van	1800
1799	Address to the Scholars of the Village School of ———, I come, ye little noisy crew	1845
1799.	Matthew, If Nature, for a favourite child	1800
1799	The two April Mornings, We walked along, while bright and red	1800
1799	The Fountain A Conversation, We talked with open heart, and tongue	1800
1799	To a Sexton, Let thy wheel-burrow alone	1800
1799	The Danish Boy A Fragment, Between two sister moorland hills	1800
1799	Lucy Gray, or, Solitude, Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray	1800
1799	Ruth, When Ruth was left half-dead	1800
1799	Written in Germany, on one of the coldest days in the Century. A plague on your languages, German and Norse	1800

1800

*Composed**First
Published*

1800	On Nature's invitation do I come,	1850
1800	Bleak Season was it, turbulent and wild,	1850
1800	The Brothers,	1800
	These Tourists, heaven preserve us! needs must live	
1800	Michael A Pastoral Poem,	1800
	If from the public way you turn your steps	
1800	The Idle Shepherd boys, or, Dungeon-Ghyll	1800
	Force A Pastoral	
	The valleys ring with mirth and joy	
1800	The Pet-lamb A Pastoral,	1800
	The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink	

Poems on the Naming of Places—

1800	It was an April morning fresh and clear	1800
1800	To Joanna,	1800
	Amid the smoke of cities did you pass	
1800	There is an Eminence, of these our hills	1800
1800	A narrow girdle of rough stones and crags	1800
1800	To M H	1800
	Our walk was far among the ancient trees	
1800	The Waterfall and the Eglantine,	1800
	"Begone thou fond presumptuous Lill	
1800	The Oak and the Broom. A Pastoral,	1800
	His simple truths did Andrew glean	
1800	Hart leap Well,	1800
	The Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor	
1800	Tis sad, that some have died for love,	1800
1800	The Childless Father.	1800
	"Up, Timothy, up with your staff and away!	
1800	Song for the Wandering Jew,	1800
	Though the torrents from their fountains	

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1800	Rural Architecture, There's George Fisher, Charles Fleming, and Reginald Shore	1800
1800	Ellen Irwin; or, The Braes of Kirtle, Fair Ellen Irwin, when she sets	1800
1800	Andrew Jones, I hate that Andrew Jones he'll breed	1800
1800	The Two Thieves, or, The Last Stage of Avarice O now that the genius of Bewick were mine	1800
1800	A Character, I marvel how Nature could ever find a place	1800
1800	Inscription for the Spot where the Hermitage stood on St. Herbert's Island, Derwent-water If thou in the dear love of some one Friend	1800
1800	Written with a Pencil upon a Stone in the Wall of the House (an Out-house) on the Island at Gra-mere Rude is this I think, and then hast seen	1800
1800	Written with a Slate Pencil upon a Stone, the largest of a Heap lying near a deserted Quarry, upon one of the Islands at Rydal Stranger! this hillock of raw sharpened stones	1800
* 1801.		
1801	The Sparrow's Nest, Behold, within the leafy shade	1807
1801	Pelion and Ossa bound side by side,	1815
1807 Dec 5	The Proceß's Tale (from Chaucer), "O Lord, our Lord! how wonderfully!" (quoth she)	1820
1801 Dec 2	The Cuckoo and the Nightingale (from Chaucer), The God of Love—ah, & need we?	1842

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1801	Troilus and Cressida (from Chaucer), Next morning Troilus began to rear +	1842

1802

[*Miss Wordsworth's MS. Journal enables us to fix the dates of the composition of the poems of 1802 more accurately than those of any other year, and also to correct several of the dates given by the poet himself to Miss Fenwick in 1845*]

1802 March	The Sailor's Mother, One morn'g (now it was and wet)	1807
1802 March	Alice Fell, or, Poverty, The post boy drove with fierie career	1807
1802 March	Beggars, She had a tall man's height or more	1807
1802 March	To a Butterfly (first poem), Stay near me do not take thy flight!	1807
1802 March	The Emigrant Mother, Once in a lonely hamlet I sojourned	1807
1802 March 20	My heart leaps up when I behold,	1807
1802 April 12	Among all lovely things my Love had been,	1807
1802 April 16	Written, in March, while resting on the Bridge at the foot of Brothers Water The Cuck is crowing	1807
1802 April 18	The Redbreast chasing the Butterfly, Art thou the bird whom Man loves best	1807
1802. April 20	To a Butterfly (second poem), I've watched you now a full half hour	1807

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1802 April 28	Foresight, That as work of waste and ruin,	1807
1802 April '90	To the Small Celandine (first poem), Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies	1807
1802 May 1	To the same Flower (second poem), Pleasures newly found are sweet	1807
1802 May 7	Resolution and Independence, There was a roaring in the wind all night	1807
1802 May 21	I grieved for Buonaparte, with a vain,	1807
1802 May 29	A Farewell Farewell, thou little Nook of mountain ground	1815
1802 June 6	The sun has long been set,	1807
1802 July 20	Composed upon Westminster Bridge, Sept 3, 1802 Earth has not any thing to show more fair	1807
1802. August	Composed by the Sea side, near Calais, August 1802 Faint Star of evening, Splendour of the west	1807
1802 August	Calais, August 1802 Is it a reed that's shaken by the wind	1807
1802 Aug 7	Composed near Calais, on the Road leading to Airdes, August 7, 1802 Jones! as from Calais southward you and I,	1807
1802 Aug 15	Calais, August 15, 1802, Festivals have I seen that were not names	1807
1802. August	It is a beautiful evening, calm and free,	1807

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1802 August	On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic, Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee	1807
1802 August	The King of Sweden, The Voice of song from distant lands shall call	1807
1802 August	To Toussaint L'Ouverture, Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men!	1807
1802 Aug. 30	Composed in the Valley, near Dover, on the day of landing Here, on our native soil, we met the once more,	1807
1802 Sept. 1	September 1, 1802, We had a female Passenger who came	1807
1802 Sept	September 1802 Near Dover, Inland, within a hollow vale, I stood	1807
1802 Sept	Written in London, September 1802, O Friend! I know not which way I must look	1807
1802 Sept	London, 1802, Villou! thou should'st be living at this hour	1807
1802 Sept	Great men have been among us hands that panned,	1807
1802 Sept.	It is not to be thought of that the Flood,	1807
1802 Sept	When I have borne in memory what has tamed,	1807
1802 Oct 4	Composed after a Journey across the Hamble- ton Hills, Yorkshire Dark and more dark the shades of evening fell	1807
1802	Stanzas written in my Pocket-copy of Thomson's Castle of Indolence. Within our happy Castle there dwelt One	1815
1802	To H. C. Six years old, O Thou! whose fancies from afar are brought	1807

<i>Composed.</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1802	To the Daisy (first poem), In youth from rock to rock I went	1807
1802	To the Same Flower (second poem), With little here to do or see	1807
1802	To the Daisy (third poem), Bright Flower! whose home is every where	1807

1803.

1803	The Green Linnet, Beneath those fruit tree boughs that shed	1807
1803	Yew-trees, There is a Yew-tree, pride of Iorton Vale	1815
1803	Who fancied what a pretty sight,	1807
1803	It is no Spirit who from heaven hath flown,	1807

Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803—

1803	I Departure from the Vale of Grasmere, August, 1803 The gentlest Shade that walked Ffynian plains	1827
1803	II At the Grave of Burns, 1803 Seven Years after his death I shiver, Spirit fierce and bold	1845
1803.	III Thoughts suggested the Day following, on the Banks of Nith, near the Poet's Residence Too small to keep the lofty vow	1845
1803	IV. To the Sons of Burns, after visiting the Grave of their Father. Mid crowded obelisks and urns.	1807

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
	[Memorials of a Tour in Scotland—continued]	
1803	V To a Highland Girl, Sweet Highland Girl & very shaver	1807
1803	VI Glen Alnun, or the Narrow Glen, In the still place, remote from men	1807
1803	VII. Stepping Westward, 'What, you are stepping westward?'—'Yea'	1807
1803	VIII The Solitary Reaper, Behold her, single in the field	1807
1803	IX Address to Kilmun Castle, upon Loch Awe 'Child of loud throated War! the mountain stream	1827
1803	X. Rob Roy's Grave, A famous man is Robin Hood	1807
1803 Sept. 15	XI Sonnet. Composed at —— Castle, Degenerate Douglas! oh, the unworthy Foul!	1807
1803	XII Yarrow Unvisited, From Stirling Castle we had seen	1807
1803	XIII. The Matron of Jedborough and her Husband, Age! twine thy brows with fresh spring flowers	1807
1803	XIV. Fly, some kind Harbinger, to Glasgow dill!	1815
1803	XV. The Blind Highland Boy, Now we are tired of boisterous joy	1807
1803 October	October, 1803, One might believe that natural miseries	1807
1803 October	There is a bondage worse far worse, to hear	1807
1803 October	October, 1803, These times touch monied worldlings with dismay	1807
1803 October	England! the time is come when thou should'st ween,	1807
1803 October,	October, 1803, When, looking on the present face of things	1807

*Composed.**First
Published*

1803 October	To the Men of Kent October, 1803, Vanguard of Liberty, ye men of Kent	1807
1803 October	In the Pass of Killcranky, an invasion being expected, October, 1803. Six thousand veterans, practised in War's game	1807
1803 October	Anticipation October, 1803, Shout for a mighty Victory is won	1807
1803	Lines on the expected Invasion, Come ye—who, if (which Heaven avert!) the Land	1845
1803	The Farmer of Tisbury Vale, 'Tis not for the unfeeling, the falsely refined	1815

1804.

1804	To the Cuckoo, O blithe New comer! I have heard	1807
1804	She was a Phantom of delight	1807
1804	I wandered lonely as a cloud,	1807
1804	The Affliction of Margaret ——— Where art thou, my beloved son	1807
1804	The Forsaken, The peace which others seek they find	1845
1804	Repentance. A Pastoral Ballad, The fields which with covetous spirit we sold	1820
1804	The Seven Sisters; or, The Solitude of Binnorie, Seven Daughters had Lord Archibald	1807
1804 Sept. 16.	Address to my Infant Daughter, Dora, on being reminded that she was a Month old, that Day, September 16 — Hast thou then survived—	1815
1804	The Kitten and Falling Leaves, That way look, my Infant, lo!	1807

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1804.	To the Spade of a Friend (an Agriculturist). Composed while we were labouring together in his Pleasure-ground <i>Spade! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his lands</i>	1807
1804	The Small Celandine (third poem), <i>There is a Flower, the lesser Celandine</i>	1807
1804	At Applethwaite, near Keswick, 1804, <i>Beaumont! it was thy wish that I should read</i>	1845
1804.	From the Italian of Michael Angelo. To the Supreme Being <i>The play is I make will then be sweet indeed</i>	1807

1805

1805	Ode to Duty, <i>Stem Daughter of the Voice of God!</i>	1807
1805	To a Sky-Lark, <i>Up with me! up with me into the Clouds!</i>	1807
1805	Fidelity, <i>A barking sound the Shepherd hears</i>	1807*
1805	Incident characteristic of a favourite Dog, <i>On his morning rounds the Master</i>	1807
1805	Tribute to the Memory of the same Dog, <i>No here, without a record of thy worth</i>	1807
1805	To the Daisy (fourth poem), <i>Sweet I lower! belike one day to have</i>	1815
1805	Elegiac Stanzas, suggested by a Picture of Peel Castle in a storm, painted by Sir George Beaumont <i>I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile</i>	1807

*Composed**First
Published*

1805. Elegiac Verses, in memory of my Brother, John Wordsworth, Commander of the E I Company's Ship the Earl of Abergavenny, in which he perished by Calamitous Shipwreck, February 6, 1805 Composed near the mountain track, that leads from Crasmore through Gristdale Hawes, where it descends towards Paterdale 1845
The sheep boy whistled loud, and he
- 1805 When, to the attractions of the busy world, 1815
- 1805 Lousa After accompanying her on a Mountain Excursion 1807
I met Lousa in the shade
- 1805 To a Young Lady, who had been reproached for taking long Walks in the Country 1807
Be a Child of Nature, let them rail
- 1805 Vaudracour and Julia, 1820
O happy time of youthful lovers (thus
- 1805 The Cotrager to her infant, by my Sister, 1815
The days are cold, the nights are long,
- 1805 The Waggoner, 1819
'Tis spent--this burning day of June.
- 1805 French Revolution as it appeared to Enthusiasts at its Commencement *First published in "The Friend," 1810]* 1810
Oh! pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
- 1799-1805 The Prelude, 1850
(O there is blessing in this gentle breeze

1806.

- 1806 Character of the Happy Warrior, 1807
Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
- 1806 The Horn of Egremont Castle, 1807
Are the Brothers through the gateway

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1806	A Complaint, There is a change—and I am poor	1807
1806	Stray Pleasures, By their floating mill	1807
1806	Power of Music, An Orpheus ! an Orpheus ! yes, Faith may grow bold	1807
1806	Star gazer, What crowd is this ! what have we here ! we must not pass it by	1807
1806	Yes, it was the mountain Echo,	1807
1806	Nuns fret not at their convents narrow room,	1807
1806	Personal Talk, I am not One who much or oft delight	1807
1806	Admonition, Well may'st thou halt—and gaze with lightening eye !	1807
1806	Beloved Val ! I said, "when I shall con,	1807
1806	How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks,	1807
1806	Those words were uttered as in pensive mood,	1807
1806	Composed by the Side of Grasmere Lake (clouds, lingering yet, extend in solid bars,	1820
1806,	With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climbst the sky,	1807
1806	The world is too much with us, late and soon,	1807
1806	With Ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh	1807
1806	The River Duddon, O mountain Stream ! the Shepherd and his Cot	1807
1806	Where has the Land to which yon Ship must go ?	1807
1806.	To Sleep, O gentle Sleep ! do they belong to thee	1807

*Composed**First
Published.*

- | | | |
|--------------|--|------|
| 1806 | To Sleep,
A flock of sheep that frisketh pass by | 1807 |
| 1806 | To Sleep,
Fond words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep! | 1807 |
| | Michael Angelo in reply to the passage upon
his Statue on night sleeping
Grateful is Sleep, my life in stone bound fast | |
| 1806 | From the Italian of Michael Angelo,
Yes! hope in I, with my strong desire keep pace | 1807 |
| 1806 | From the Same,
No mortal object hid these eyes behold | 1807 |
| 1806 | To the Memory of Ransky Calvert,
Calvert! it must not be unheard by them | 1807 |
| 1806 | We thought I saw the footsteps of a throne, | 1807 |
| 1806 | Lines composed at Glasmere, during a walk
one evening, after a stormy day, the Author
having just read in a Newspaper that the
dissolution of Mr Fox was hourly expected
I could see the Vale! the Voice is up | 1807 |
| 1806.
Nov | November, 1806,
Another year! — in other deadly blow! | 1807 |
| 1806 | Address to a Child, during a boisterous winter
Evening, by my Sister
What way does the wind come? What way does he go? | 1815 |
| 1803-6 | Ode Intimations of Immortality from Recol-
lections of Early Childhood
There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream | 1807 |
| 1807. | | |
| 1807.
Feb | A Prophecy. February, 1807,
High heels, O Germans, are to come from you! | 1807 |

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1807	Thought of a Barton on the Subjugation of Switzerland Two Voices are there, one in of the sea	1807
1807 March	To Thomas Clarkson, on the Final Passing of the Bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade Clarkson! it was an obstinate hill to climb	1807
1807 Spring	The Mother's Return, by my Sister, A month sweet Little ones is past	1815
1807	Gipsies, Yet are they here the same unbroken knot	1807
1807	O Nightingale! thou surely art	1807 *
1807	To Lady Beaumont, I duly the songs of Spring were to the grove	1807
1807	Though narrow be that old Man's cares, and he is,	1807
1807	Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, upon the Restoration of Lord Clifford, the Shepherd, to the Estates and Honours of his Ancestors High in the breathless Hall the Minstrel sat	1807
1807	The White Doe of Rylstone, or, The Fate of the Nortons From Boston's old monastic tower	1815
1807 Sept	The Force of Prayer; or, The Founding of Bolton Priory A tradition "What is good for a bootless bene?"	1815

1808

1808. Composed while the Author was engaged in Writing a Tract occasioned by the Convention of Cintra 1815
Not 'mid the world's vain objects that ensue

*Composed**First
Published*

1808. Composed at the same Time and on the same 1815
Occasion
I dropped my pen, and listened to the Wind.
- 1808 George and Sarah Green, 1839
Who wept for Strangers? Many wept
- 1808 In the Grounds of Coleorton, the Seat of Sir 1815
George Beaumont, Bart, Leicestershire
The rainbowing rose, the reacia, and the pine
- 1808 Written at the Request of Sir George Beaumont, 1815
Bart, and in his Name, for an Urn, placed
by him at the Termination of a newly planted
Avenue in the same Grounds
Ye lime trees, ranged before this hallowed Urn

1809

- 1809 Hoffer, 1815
Of mortal parents is the Hero born
- 1809 Advance—come forth from thy Tyrolean ground 1815
- 1809 Feelings of the Tyrolese, 1815
The Land we from our fathers had in trust
- 1809 Alas! what haunts the long laborious quest, 1815
- 1809 And is it among rude untutored Dales, 1815
- 1809 O'er the wide earth on mountain and on plain, 1815
- 1809 On the Final Submission of the Tyrolese, 1815
It was a moral end for which they fought
1809. Hail, Zaragoza! If with unweary eye, 1815
- 1809 Say, what is Honour?—'Tis the finest sense 1815
- 1809 The martial courage of a day is vain, 1815
- 1809 Brave Schill! by death delivered, take thy flight, 1815
- 1809 Call not the royal Swede unfortunate 1815

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1809,	Look now on that Adventurer who hath paid,	1815
1809	Is there a power that can sustain and cheer	1815

1810.

1810	At ' where is Pylæus? Not tongue nor pen,	1815
1810.	In due observance of an ancient rite,	1815
1810	Feelings of a Noble Biscayan at one of those Funerals.	1815
	Yet yet, Biscayins! we must meet our Foes	
1810	On a celebrated Event in Ancient History A Roman Master stands on Grecian ground	1815
1810	Upon the same Event,	1815
	When, in an' web, swift as the beams of rain	
1810	The Oak of Guernica,	1815
	Oak of Guernica! Tree of holier power	
1810	Indignation of a high minded Spaniard.	1815
	We can endure that He should waste our funds	
1810	Against all specious pliancy of mind,	1815
1810	Overweening Statesmen have full long ruled,	1815
1810	The French and the Spanish Guerillas,	1815
	Hunger, and sultry heat and mipping blast	
1810	Epitaphs translated from Chiabrera—	
	Weep not, beloved friends! nor let the an,	1837
	Perhaps some needful service of the State [<i>published</i> in " <i>The Friend</i> ," Feb 22]	1810
	O Thou who movest onward with a mind,	1810
	There never breathed a man who, when his life,	1815
	True is it that Ambrosio Galinero,	1837
	Destined to war from very infancy,	1815

Composed

First
Published

1810	[Epitaphs— <i>continued</i>]	
	O flower of all that springs from gentle blood,	1837
	Not without heavy grief of heart did He	1815
	Pause, courteous Spirit! Balbi supplicates	1815
1810	Maternal Grief,	1842
	Departed Child! I could forget thee, once	
*		
1811		
1811	Characteristics of a Child three Years old,	1815
	Loving, she is mild tractable, though a wild	
1811.	Spanish Gullinosis,	1815
	They sick and sought to daily battle had	
1811,	The power of Amnesia is a subtle thing	1815
1811	Here pause the foot of time at least this pause,	1815
1811	Epistle to Sir George Howland Beaumont, Bart From the South-West Coast of Cumberland	1842
	Far from our home by Grasmere's quiet Lake	
1811	Upon perusing the foregoing Epistle thirty years after its Composition	1842
	Soon did the Almighty Giver of all rest	
1811	Upon the sight of a Beautiful Picture, painted by Sir G. H. Beaumont, Bart	1815
	Praised be the Art whose subtle power could stay	
1811	In a Garden of the Same,	1815
	Off is the medal faithful to its trust	
1811	For a Seat in the Groves of Coleorton	1815
	Beneath yon eastern ridge, the craggy bound	

x

1812

1812.	Song for the Spinning-wheel Founded upon a Belief prevalent among the Pastoral Vales of Westmoreland.	1820
	Swiftly turn the murmuring wheel!	

*Composed**First
Published*

- 1812 Composed on the eve of the Marriage of a Friend in the Vale of Grasmere, 1812 1815

What need of clamorous bells or ribands gay

- 1812 Water-Fowl, 1827

Mark how the feathered tenants of the flood

1813

- 1813 View from the top of Black Comb, 1815

Thus Bright and mystic Angel might select

- 1813 Written with a Slate Pencil on a Stone, on the Side of the Mountain of Black Comb, 1835

Stay, bold Adventurer! rest awhile thy limbs

- 1813 November, 1813, 1815

Nov

Now that all hearts are glad all faces bright

1814.

- 1795-1814 The Excursion, 1814

Twice Summer, and the Sun had mounted high

- 1814 Laodamia, 1815

With sacrifice before the rising moon

- 1814 Dion (See Plutarch), 1820

Seize me, and fitted to embrace

Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1814—

- I Suggested by a beautiful ruin upon one 1820

of the Islands of Loch Lomond, a place
chosen for the retreat of a solitary
individual, from whom this habitation
acquired the name of The Browne's Cell.

To barren heath, bleak moon, and quaking fen

- 1814 II Composed at Cora Linn, in sight of Wallace's Tower 1820

Lord of the vale! astonishing Flood,

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
	[Memorials of a Tour in Scotland— <i>continued</i> .]	
1814	III. Effusion, in the Pleasure-ground on the banks of the Bran, near Dunkeld What He— who , 'mid the kindred throng	1827 *
1814	IV Yarrow Visited, September, 1814, And is thus—Yarrow! This the Stream	1820
1814	From the dark chambers of dejection freed,	1815
1814 Nov 13	Lincs written on a Blank Leaf in a Copy of the Author's Poem, "The Excursion," upon hearing of the Death of the late Vicar of Kendal. To public notice, with reluctant ear,	1815

1815.

1815, March	To B. R. Haydon, High is our ceiling, broad—creative Air	1816
1815 April 15	The White Doe of Rylstone, or, The Fate of the Nortons Dedication In trellised shed with clustering roses gay	1815
1815,	Artegal and Eldure, Where be the temples which, in Britain's Isle	1820
1815, Sept	September, 1815, While not a leaf seems faded, while the fields	1816
1815 Nov 1	November 1, How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright	1816

[The following sonnets were originally published in the edition of 1815. It is impossible to determine the precise year of composition, but they fall within the years 1810-1815.]

The fairest, brightest, hues of ether fade,	1815
"Weak is the will of Man, his judgment blind,"	1815
Uail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!	1815
The shepherd, looking eastward, softly said,	1815

*Composed**First
Published*

Even as a dragon's eye that feels the stream,	1815
Mark the concentrated hazels that enclose,	1815
To the Poet, John Dyer,	1815
Bud of the Elms, whose skillful genius made	
Brook ' whose society the Poet seeks,	1815
Surprised by joy - impetuous as the Wind,	1815

1816

1816 Jan. 15	Ode — The Morning of the Day appointed for a General Thanksgiving, January 18, 1816 Hail, great Companion of gloomy Night!	1816
1816	Ode Imagination never before content	1810
1816 Feb	Invocation to the Earth, February, 1816, "Host, rest, perturbed Earth!"	1816
1816 Jan	Ode, Composed in January 1816, When the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch	1816
1816	Ode, Who rises on the banks of Scam	1816
1816 Feb	The French Army in Russia, 1812-13, Humbly, delighting to behold	1816
1816 Feb	On the same occasion, Ye Storms, recount the praises of your King!	1816
1816	By Moscow self devoted to a blaze,	1832
1816	The Germans on the Heights of Hochheim Abruptly paused the strife — the field through out	1827
1816 Feb	Siege of Vienna raised by John Sobieski, O for a kindling touch from that pure flame	1816
1816 Feb	Occasioned by the Battle of Waterloo, February, 1816 Intruded hosts of Albion! not by you	1816
1816. Feb,	Occasioned by the same battle, The Bard — whose song is mock is dawning day	1816

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1816 Feb	Emperors and Kings, how oft have temples rung,	1827
1816	Feelings of a French Royalist, on the Disinterment of the Remains of the Duke D'Enghien <i>Dear Reliques ! from a pit of vilest mould</i>	1816
1816	Translation of part of the First Book of the <i>Æneid</i> <i>But Cytherea, studious to invent</i>	1832
1816	A Fact, and an Imagination, or, Canute and Alfred, on the Sea-shore <i>The Danish Conqueror on his royal chair</i>	1820
1816	To Doña, <i>A little one and bend thy quivering hand</i>	1820
1816	To —, on her First Ascent to the Summit of Helvellyn <i>Inmate of a mountain dwelling</i>	1820
1817		
1817	Vernal Ode, <i>Beneath the concave of an April sky</i>	1820
1817 May	Ode to Lycoris May, 1817, . <i>An age hath been when Earth was proud</i>	1820
1817	To the same, <i>Enough of climbing toil—Ambition treads</i>	1820
1817	The Longest Day Addressed to my Daughter, <i>Let us quit the busy labour</i>	1820
1817	Hunt from the Mountains for certain Political Pretenders <i>Who but hauls the sight with pleasure</i>	1820
1817	The Pass of Kirkstone, <i>With the mind strong Pegasus work</i>	1820

Composed

First
Published

1817. Lament of Mary Queen of Scots, on the Eve of a New Year 1827

Smile of the Moon!—for so I name

- 1817 Sequel to the foregoing [*the poem Begun*] composed many years after 1827

While are they now, those wanton Boys?

1818.

- 1818 The Pilgrim's Dream, or, The Star and the Glow worm 1820

A Pilgrim, when the summer day

- 1818 Inscriptions supposed to be found in and near a Hermit's Cell 1818 1820

I Hopes what are they?—Beads of morning

Inscribed upon a Rock

II Pause, Traveller! whoso'er thou be

III Hast thou seen, with flash incessant

Near the Spring of the Hermitage.

IV Troubled long, with warlike notions

V Not seldom, clad in radiant vest

1818. Composed upon an Evening of extraordinary Splendour and Beauty. 1820

Had this effulgence disappeared

1819

- 1819 Composed during a storm, 1819
Feb One who was suffering tumult in his soul

- 1819 This, and the two following, were suggested by Mr W. Westall's views of the Caves, etc. in Yorkshire 1819

Pure element of waters! whoso'er

1819. Malham Cove, 1819
Was the aim frustrated by force or guile.

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1819	Gordale, At early dawn, or rather when the air	1819
1819	Aerial Rock - whose solitary brow	1819
1819	The Wild Duck's Nest, The imperial Consort of the Fairy King	1819
1819	Written upon a Blank Leaf in "The Complete Angler" While flowing rivers yield a blameless sport	1819
1819	Captivity, - Mary Queen of Scots, "As the cold aspect of a sunless wail"	1819
1819	To a Snow drop, I once flowered hummed in with snows and white as they	1819
1819	On seeing a tuft of Snow drop in a storm, Whose brightly expectations prostrate lie	1820
1819.	To the River Derwent, Among the mountains were we nursed loved Stream!	1819
1819	Composed in one of the Valleys of Westmore- land, on Easter Sunday With each recurrence of this glorious morn	1819
1819.	Grief, thou hast lost an ever ready friend,	1819
1819.	I watch, and long have watched, with calm regret	1819
1819	I heard (alas! 'twas only in a dream),	1819
1819.	The Haunted Tree. To —, Those silver clouds collected round the sun	1820
1819	September, 1819, The sylvan slopes with corn clad fields	1820
1819	Upon the same Occasion, Departing summer hath assumed	1820

1820.

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1820	There is a little unpretending Hill	1820
1820	Composed on the Banks of a Rocky Stream, Dominant Turrets, of the snow white far	1820
1820	On the Death of His Majesty (George the Third) Ward of the Law! dread Shadow of a King	1820
1820	The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand	1820
1820.	To the Lady Mary Lowther, Lady of the rifled Parnassian Cave	1820
1820	On the Detraction which followed the Publi- cation of a certain Poem A Book came forth of late called Peter Bell	1820
1820 May	Oxford May 30, 1820, Ye sacred Nurseries of blooming youth!	1820
1820	Oxford, May 30, 1820, Shrink on this faithless heart! that could allow	1820
1820	June, 1820, Hunc tells of groves - from England far away	1820
1820	Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1820—	1822
	I Dedication (sent with these Poems in MS to —)	
	Dear Fellow travellers! think not that the Muse	
	II Fish-women—On Landing at Calais 'Tis said, fantastic ocean doth enfold	
	III Brugès. Brugès I saw attired with golden light	
	IV. Brugès. The Spirit of Antiquity—unshrined	
	V After visiting the Field of Waterloo A winged Goddess—clothed in vestments wrought	

Composed

First
Published1820 [Memorials of a Tour on the Continent *cont.*] 1822

VI Between Naimm and Luge

What lovelier home could I with Luce choose

VII Aix la Chapelle

Was it to disenchant and to enrich

VIII In the Cathedral at Cologne

O for the light of Angels to compare

IX In a Carriage, upon the Banks of
the Rhine

And thou alone of poets adiest still

X Hymn, for the Germans, as they ap-
proach the Ruins under the Castle
of Heidelberg

Let them be cheerful still

XI The Source of the Danube

Not in the Ocean Compresses in faintly

XII On approaching the Stubbach,
Unterhannover

Faster thy stream, how dense, descend

XIII The Fall of the Aar-Rhodes

From the heights of this tower towering

XIV Monroval, near the outlet of the Lake
of Thun

Around a wild and woody hill

XV Composed in one of the Catholic
Cantons

Down a low mountain-side

XVI After thought

Oh! it is without thy cheered scene

XVII Scene on the Lake of Brientz

What know we of the Best above

XVIII Engelberg the Hill of Angels

For so the Fates oft times Nature takes

Completed

last
of

1820 [Memorials of a Tour on the Continent—cont.] 1822

XIX Our Lady of the Snow

Most Virgin Mother, more benign

XX Effusion, in Presence of the Painted
Power of Tell at Altorf

What thou hast done, thou couldst not have

XXI The Town of Schwytz

By antique fane, & more, the chivalry bind

XXII On hearing the "Ranz des Vaches" on
the Top of the Pass of St Gothard

Thou art a staff, & a staff of more

XXIII Fountains

Dropt on the rock, & by you, night
TheeXXIV The Church of San Saverio—seen from
the Lake of Lugano

Thou art a little, who's functions're

XXV The Italian Itinerant, and the Swiss
Gothard—Part I

No, doth the face all ten's shed

Part II

With nodding pine, & cut brightly, dost

XXVI The Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci,
in the Refectory of the Convent of
Maria della Grazia—Milan

Thou' searching damps, and by in cavern flow

XXVII The Eclipse of the Sun, 1820

Hath on her speculative tower

XXVIII The Three Cottage Gulls,

How blest the Mind whose heart—yet free

XXIX The Column intended by Buonaparte
for a Triumphal Edifice in Milan, now
lying by the way-side in the Simplon
Pass

Ambition—flow—down this turbulent sea

Composed

Final
Published

1820 [Memorials of a Tour on the Continent—cont.] 1822

xxx. Stanzas, composed in the Simplon Pass.

Villombrosa ! I lounged in thy shadiest wood

xxxI Echo, upon the Gemmi

What blast of chuse hath broken from the
coveys

xxxII. Processions Suggested on a Sabbath
Morning in the Vale of Chamouny

To spread the Gods, or public thanks to
yield

xxxIII Elegiac Stanzas

Tull'd by the sound of pastoral bells

xxxIV Sky-prospect—From the Plain of
Fiance

Lo ! in the burning west, the craggy nape

xxxV On being Stranded near the Harbour
of Boulôgne

Why cast ye back upon the Gallic shore

xxxVI After landing—the Valley of Dover,
November 1820.

Where b the noisy followers of the game

xxxVII At Dover

From the Pier's head, musing, and with in
crease

xxxVIII Desultory Stanzas, upon receiving
the preceding Sheets from the
Press.

Is then the final page before me spread

1820. The River Duddon A Series of 1820
Sonnets.

To the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, with the Sonnets 1820
to the River Duddon, and other poems in
this collection, 1820.

The Minstrels played their Christmas tune

Composed.

First
Published.

1820.

[Duddon Sonnets—*continued*]

1820

- I Not envying Latin shades—if yet they throw
 II. Child of the clouds ' remote from every taint
 III. How shall I paint thee?—Be this naked stone
 IV Take, cradled Nursling of the mountain, take
 V Sole listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played
 VI. Flowers
 Ere yet our course was graced with social trees
 VII "Change me, some God, into that breathing rose!"
 VIII What aspect bore the Man who roved or fled
 IX The Stepping-stones
 The struggling Rill insensibly is grown
 X The same Subject
 Not so that Pair whose youthful spirits dance
 XI The Faery Chasm
 No fiction was it of the antique age
 XII Hints for the Fancy
 On, loitering Muse—the swift Stream chides us—on
 XIII Open Prospect
 Hail to the fields—with Dwellings sprinkled o'er
 XIV O mount (in Stream) the Shepherd and his Cot,
 XV From this deep chasm, where quivering sunbeams play,
 XVI American Tradition
 Such fruitless questions may not long beguile
 XVII Return
 A dark plume fetch me from yon blasted yew
 XVIII Seathwaite Chapel,
 Sacred Religion! ' mother of firm and true
 XIX. Tributary Stream.
 My frame hath often trembled with delight.
 XX The Plam of Donnerdale
 The old inventive Poets, had they seen

1807

ComposedFirst
Published*

1820

[Dutton Sonnets—*continued*]

1820

XXI. Whence that low voice?—A whisper from the heart

XXII Tradition.

A love-lorn Maid, at some far distant time

XXIII Sheep-washing

Sad thoughts, 'vaunt' partake we then blithe cheer

XXIV The Resting-place

Mid noon is past, upon the salty mead

XXV Methinks 'twere no unprecedented feat

XXVI Return, Content! for fondly I pursued

XXVII Fallen, and diffused into a shapeless heap

XXVIII Journey renewed

I rose while yet the chill, heat oppress

XXIX No record tells of lance opposed to lance

XXX Who swerves from innocence who shakes divorce

XXXI The Kirk of Ulpha to the pilgrim's eye

XXXII Not hurried precipitous from steep to steep

XXXIII Conclusion

But here no cannon thunders to the gale

XXXIV After-thought

I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide

1820

A Parsonage in Oxfordshire,

1822

Where holy ground begins, 'unhallowed ends

1820

To Enterprise,

1822

Keep for the Young the impassioned smile,

1821.

1821.

Ecclesiastical Sonnets In Series,

1822

PART I—From the Introduction of Christianity into Britain, to the Consummation of the Papal Dominion

I Introduction

I, who accompanied with faithful pace

Composed

First
Published

1827.

[Ecclesiastical Sonnets—*continued*]

1828

II. Conjectures

If there be prophets on whose spirits rest

III. Trepidation of the Druids.

*Screams round the Aïch druid's brow the scream—
white*

IV. Druidical Excommunication.

Mercy and Love have met thee on thy road

V. Uncertainty.

Darkness swirl'd us round, seeking, we are lost

VI Persecution

Lament! for Diocletian's fiery brand

VII Recovery.

As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain

VIII Temptations from Roman Refinements

Watch, and be firm for, soul-subduing vice

IX. Dissensions.

*That heroes should strike (if truth be scanned)*X Struggle of the Britons against the
Barbarians*Rise! they have risen of brave Aneurin ask*

XI Saxon Conquest

Nor wants the cause the panic striking aid

XII Monastery of old Bangor.

The oppression of the tumult—wrath and scorn,—

XIII. Casual Infortement.

A bright haired company of youthful slaves

xiv. Glad Tidings

For ever hallowed be this morning fan

xv. Pauhuus.

But, to sepiote Northumbria's royal Hall

xvi. Persuasion.

"Man, a life is like a Sparrow, mighty King!

*Composed**First
published*

1821

Ecclesiastical Sonnets—*continued*]

1822

XVII. Conversion

Prompt transformation works the novel Lore

XVIII. Apology.

Nor scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend

XIX. Primitive Saxon Clergy.

How beautiful your presence, how benign

XX. Other Influences

Ah, when the Body, round which in love we clung

XXI. Seclusion

Lance, shield, and sword relinquished, at his side

XXII. Continued

Methinks that to some vacant hermitage

XXIII. Reproof

But what if One, through grave or flowery mead

XXIV. Saxon Monasteries, and Lights and
Shades of the Religion

By such examples moved to unthought pains

XXV. Missions and Travels

Not sedentary all these are who roam

XXVI. Alfred

Behold a pupil of the monkish gown

XXVII. His Descendants

When thy great soul was freed from mortal chains

XXVIII. Influence Abused

Urged by Ambition, who with subtlest skill

XXIX. Danish Conquests

Woe to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey!

XXX. Canute

A pleasant music floats along the Mere

XXXI. The Norman Conquest.

The woman hearted Confessor prepares

*(composed)**First
Published*

- 1821 [Ecclesiastical Sonnets—*continued*,] 1822
 XXXII. Coldly we spake The Saxons, overpowered, . 1836
 XXXIII. The Council of Clermont
 "And shall," the Pontiff asks, "profaneness flow
 XXXIV. Crusades
 The turbaned Hec are poured in thickening swarms,
 XXXV. Richard I
 Redoubted King, of courage leonine
 XXXVI. An Interbet.
 Realms quake by turns - proud Arbitres of race
 XXXVII. Papal Abuses,
 As with the Stream our voyage we pursue
 XXXVIII. Scene in Venice
 Black Demons hovering o'er his mired head
 XXXIX. Papal Dominion,
 Unless to Peter's Chair the viewless wind
 1821 PART II -- To the close of the Troubles in the 1822
 Reign of Charles I
 I. How soon--alas! did Man, created pure- 1845
 II. From false assumption rose, and, fondly hailed, . 1845
 III. Cistercian Monastery
 "Here Man more purely lives, less oft doth fall
 IV. Deplorable his lot who tills the ground, . 1835
 V. Monks and Schoolmen
 Record we too with just and faithful pen
 VI. Other Benefits
 And, not in vain embodied to the sight.
 VII. Continued
 And what melodious sounds at times prevail
 VIII. Crusaders.
 Pure we the sails, and pure with tardy oars
 IX. As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest, 1845

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1821	[Ecclesiastical Sonnets — <i>continued</i>]	1822
	X. Where long and deeply hath been fixed the root,	1845
	XI. Transubstantiation Enough ' for see, with (thin association	
	XII. The Vaudou's, But whence came they who for the Saviour Lord.	1835
	XIII. Praised be the Rivers, from their mountain springs,	1835
	XIV. Waldenses. Those had given earliest notice, as the lark	
	XV. Archbishop Chicheley to Henry V " What beast in wilderness or cultivated field	
	XVI. Wars of York and Lancaster Thus is the storm abated by the craft	
	XVII. Wicliffe Once more the Church is ecl'ed with sudden sun	
	XVIII. Corruptions of the higher Clergy " Woe to you, Prelates ' noting in ease	
	XIX. Abuse of Monastic Power And what is Penance with her knotted thong	
	XX. Monastic Voluptuousness. Yet more, — round many a Convent's blazing fire	
	XXI. Dissolution of the Monasteries. Threats come which no submission may assuage	
	XXII. The same Subject. The lovely Nun (submissive, but more meek	
	XXIII. Continued. Yet many a Novice of the clostral shade	
	XXIV. Saints. Ye, too, must fly before a chasing hand	
	XXV. The Virgin. Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncoined	
	XXVI. Apology Not utterly unworthy to endure	

Composed

First
Published

1821.

[Ecclesiastical Sonnets—*continued.*]

1822

xxvii Imaginative Regrets.

Deep is the lamentation ! Not alone

xxviii Reflections.

Grant, that by this unsparring humbling

xxix Translation of the Bible

But, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book

xxx The Point at Issue,

For what contend the wise ?—for nothing less

1827

xxxi Edward VI.

' Sweet is the holiness of Youth —so felt

xxxii Edward signing the Warrant for the
Execution of Joan of Kent

The tears of man in various measure gush

xxxiii Revival of Popery,

The saintly Youth has ceased to rule, disowned

1827

xxxiv Latimer and Ridley

How fast the Marian death list is unrolled !

1827

xxxv Cranmer

Outstretching flame-ward his upbraided hand

xxxvi General View of the Troubles of the
Reformation

Aid, glorious Martyrs, from your heights of light

xxxvii English Reformers in Exile.

Scattering, like birds escaped the fowler's net

xxxviii Elizabeth.

Hail, Virgin Queen ! o'er many an envious bar

xxxix Eminent Reformers,

Methinks that I could trip o'er heav'n's soil,

1822

xl The Same.

Holy and heavenly Spirits as they are

xli Distractions

Men, who have ceased to reverence, soon defy,

*Composed.**First
Published*

1821

[Ecclesiastical Sonnets—*continued.*]

1822

XLII Gunpowder Plot.

Fear hath a hundred eyes that all agree

XLIII Illustration The Jung-Frau and the
Fall of the Rhine near Schaff-
hausen

The Virgin Mountain, wearing like a Queen

XLIV Troubles of Charles the First.

Even such the contrast that, where'er we move

XLV. Laud

Prejudged by foes determined not to spare

XLVI Afflictions of England

, Haip ' couldst thou venture, on thy boldest '
 stringPART III—From the Restoration to the
Present Times

I. I saw the figure of a lovely Maid.

II Patriotic Sympathies.

Last night, without a voice, that Vision spoke

III Charles the Second

Who comes—with rapture greeted, and caressed

IV. Latitudinarianism

Yet Truth is keenly sought for, and the wind

V Walton's Book of Lives.

There are no colours in the fairest sky

VI Clerical Integrity.

Nor shall the eternal roll of praise reject.

VII. Persecution of the Scottish Coven- 1827
anters

* When Alpine Vales threw forth a suppliant cry

VIII Acquittal of the Bishops.

A voice, from long expecting thousands sent

IX William the Third

Calm as an under-current, strong to draw

*Composed.**First
Published*

1821	[Ecclesiastical Sonnets— <i>continued.</i>]	1822
	X Obligations of Civil to Religious Liberty, Ungrateful Country, if thou e'er forget	
	XI. Sacheverol, A sudden conduct lines from the swell	1827
	XII Down a swift Stream, thus far, a bold design	
	Aspects of Christianity in America—	
Added in 1842	XIII I. The Pilgrim Fathers, Well worthy to be magnified are they	1845
Do	XIV II Continued, From Rite and Ordinance abused they fled	1845
Do	XV III Concluded — American Episcopacy Patriots informed with Apostolic light	1845
	XVI. Bishops and Priests, blessed are ye, if deep,	1845
	XVII Places of Worship As star that shines dependent upon star	
	XVIII Pastoral Character, A genial hearth, a hospitable board	
	XIX The Liturgy. Yes, if the intensities of hope and fear,	
	XX Baptism Dear be the Church, that, watching o'er the needs	
	XXI Sponsors. Father!—to God himself we cannot give	
	XXII. Catechising From Little down to Least, in due degree.	
	XXIII. Confirmation. The Young-ones gathered in from hill and dale	
	XXIV Confirmation—Continued I saw a Mother's eye intensely bent	

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1821	[Ecclesiastical Sonnets— <i>continued</i>]	1822
	XXV Sacrament,	1827
	By chain yet stronger must the Soul be tied	
	XXVI The Marriage Ceremony,	1845
	The Vested Priest before the Altar stands	
	XXVII Thanksgiving after Childbirth,	1845
	Woman! the Power who left his throne on high	
	XXVIII Visitation of the Sick,	1845
	The Sabbath bells renew the inviting peal	
	XXIX The Communion Service, . . .	1845
	Shun not this Rite neglected yea abhorred	
	XXX Forms of Prayer at Sea, . . .	1845
	To kneeling Worshipers no earthly floor	
	XXXI Funeral Service,	1845
	From the Baptismal hour, thro' weal and woe	
	XXXII Rural Ceremony.	
	Closing the sacred Book which long has fed	
	XXXIII Regrets,	1822
	Would that our scrupulous Sires had dared to leave	
	XXXIV Mutability	
	From low to high doth dissolution climb	
	XXXV Old Abbeys	
	Monastic Traces! following my downward way	
	XXXVI Emigrant French Clergy,	1827
	Even while I speak, the sacred roofs of France	
	XXXVII Congratulation	
	* Thus all things lead to Charity, secured	
	XXXVIII New Churches.	
	But liberty, and triumphs on the Main,	
	XXXIX Church to be Erected.	
	Be this the chosen site, the virgin sod	
	XL Continued.	
	While ear has rung, my spirit sank subdued.	

*Composed.**First
Published*

1821	[Ecclesiastical Sonnets— <i>continued</i>]	1822
	XLII. New Church-yard.	
	The encircling ground, in native turf arrayed	
	XLIII. Cathedrals, &c	
	Open your gates, ye everlasting Pile's	
	XLIII. Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge	
	Fix not the royal Saut with vain expense.	
	XLIV. The Same	
	What awful prospects! el' while from our sight	
	XLV. Continued	
	They dreamt not of a perishable home	
	XLVI. Ejaculation	
	Glor' to God! and to the Power who came	
	XLVII. Conclusion	
	Why sleeps the future, as a snake coiled	

1823

1823	Memory,	1827
	A pen—to register, a key—	
1823	To the Lady Fleming, on seeing the Foundation preparing for the Erection of Rydal Chapel, Westmoreland	1827
	Blest is this Isle—our native Land	
1823	On the same Occasion,	1827
	When in the antique age of bow and spear	
1823	A volant Tribe of Bards on earth are found	1827
1823	Not Love, nor War, nor the tumultuous swell,	1827

1824

1824.	To	1827
	Let other bards of angels sing.	

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1824	To ———, O dearest !at than light and life are dear	1827
1824	How rich that forehead's calm expanse !	1827
1824	To ———, I look at the fite of summer flowers	1827
1824	A Flower Garden, at Coleorton Hall, Leicester- shire Tell me, ye Zephyrs ! that unfold	1827
1824 <i>Supl</i>	To the Lady E B and the Hon Miss P Composed in the Grounds of Plass Newydd, near Llangollen, 1824 A hint to mingle with your favourite Dee	1827
1824	To the Torrent at the Devil's Bridge, North Wales, 1824 How art thou named ? In search of what strange land	1827
1824	Composed among the Ruins of a Castle in North Wales Through shattered galleries, 'mid roofless halls	1827
1824	Elegiac Stanzas, (Addressed to Sir G H B, upon the death of his sister-in-law,) 1824 O for a dirge ! But why complain ?	1827
1824	Cenotaph, By vain affections unenthralled	1842
1824	Epitaph in the Chapel-yard of Langdale, Westmoreland. By playful smiles, (alas ! too oft	1842

1825.

1825	The Contrast The Parrot and the Wren, With her gilded cage confined.	1827
1825	To a Sky-lark, Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !	1827

1826.

<i>Composed,</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1826	Ere with cold beads of midnight dew,	1827
1826	Ode, composed on May Morning, While from the purpling east de parts	1835
1826-34.	To May, Though many suns have risen and set	1835
1826	Once I could nail (how ex serene the sky,	1827
1826	The massy Ways, carried across these heights,	1835
1826	The Pillar of Trajan, Where towers are crushed, and unforbidden woods	1827

1827.

1827	On seeing a Needlecase in the Form of a Harp. The work of E M S Frowns are on every Muse's face	1827
1827	Dedication. To ———, Happy the feeling from the bosom thrown	1827
1827	Her only pilot the soft breeze, the boat,	1827
1827	"Why, Minstrel, these untuneful murmurings—,	1827
1827.	To S H, Excuse is needless when with love sincere	1827
1827	Decay of Piety, Oft have I seen, ere time had ploughed my cheek	1827

PART II

1827	Scorn not the Sonnet, Critic, you have frowned,	1827
1827	Fair Prime of life! were it enough to gild,	1827

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1827	Retirement, If the whole weight of what we think and feel	1827
1827	There is a pleasure in poetic pains,	1827

PART III.

1827	Recollection of the Portrait of King Henry Eighth, Trinity Lodge, Cambridge The imperial Stature, the colossal stride.	1827
1827	When Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle,	1827
1827	While Anna's peers and early playmates tread,	1827
1827	To the Cuckoo, Not the whole warbling grove in concert heard	1827
1827	The Infant M—— M——, Unquiet Childhood here by special grace	1827
1827	To Rotha Q——, Rotha my spiritual Child! this head was grey	1827
1827	To ———, in her seventieth year, Such age how beautiful! O Lady bright	1827
1827	In my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud,	1827
1827	Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes,	1827
1827	In the Woods of Rydal, Wild Redbreast! had'st thou at Jonhanna's lip	1827
1827	Conclusion, To ———, If these brief Records, by the Muses' art	1827

1828.

1828	A Morning Exercise, Fancy, who leads the pastimes of the glad	1832
1828,	The Triad [in "The Keepsake," 1829, and in 1832 in the Poems]. Show me the noblest youth of present time	1829

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1828	The Wishing-gate [in " <i>The Keepsake</i> ," 1829, and in 1832 in the <i>Poems</i>] Hope rules a land for ever green	1829
1828	The Wishing-gate destroyed, His gone—with old belief and dream	1842
1828	A Jewish Family, (in a small valley opposite St Goar, upon the Rhine) 'Genius of Raphael' if thy wings	1835
1828	The Gleaner, suggested by a picture [in " <i>The Keepsake</i> ," 1829, under the title of " <i>The Country Girl</i> " published in 1832 in the <i>Poems</i>] That happy gleam of vernal eyes	1829
1828 Dei	On the Power of Sound, Thy functions are ethereal	1835
1828	Incident at Bruges, In Bruges's town is many a street.	1835

1829.

1829	Gold and Silver Fishes in a Vase, The soaring lark is blast as proud	1835
1829.	Liberty, (Sequel to the above,) Those breathing Tokens of your kind regard	1835
1829	Humanity, What though the Accused, upon his own appeal	1835
1829.	This Lawn, a carpet all alive,	1835
1829	Thought on the Seasons, Flattered with promise of escape	1835
1829	A Grave-stone upon the Floor in the Cloisters of Worcester Cathedral [in " <i>The Keepsake</i> ," 1829, and in 1832 in the <i>Poems</i>] "Miscellaneous!" and neither name nor date	1829
1829.	A Tradition of Oker-Hill in Darley Dale, Derby- shire [in " <i>The Keepsake</i> ," 1829, and in 1832 in the <i>Poems</i>]. 'Tis said that to the brow of you fair hill	1829

1830.

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1830	The Airmen's Lady's Love, You have heard 'a Spanish Lady,	1835
1830	The Russian Fugitive, Enough of rose bud lips, and eyes	1835
1830	The Egyptian Maid, or, The Romance of the Water Lily While Merlin paced the Cornish sands	1835
1830	The Post and the Caged Turtle dove, As often as I murmur here	1835
1830	Presentiments, Presentiments! they judge not right	1835
1830	In these fair vales hath many a Tree, *	1835
1830 Nov	Elegiac Musings in the grounds of Coleorton Hall, the seat of the late Sir G. H. Beaumont, Bart., With copious allegory in prose or rhyme	1835
1830 Nov	Chatsworth! thy stately mansion, and the pride,	1835
1830	To the author's portrait, (O faithful Portrait! and when long hath knelt	1835

1831.

1831	The Primrose of the Rock, A Rock there is whose homely front	1835
1831	Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems, composed (two excepted) during a Tour in Scotland, and on the English Border, in the Autumn of 1831. [The "two excepted" are, probably, Nos. xvi and xxvii]	1835

I Yarrow Revisited

The gallant Youth, who may have gained

Composed

First
Published

1831

[Yarrow Revisited—*continued*.]

1835

II On the Departure of Sir Walter
Scott from Abbotsford, for Naples.

A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain

III A Place of Burial in the South of
Scotland;

Part fenced by in ui, part by a rugged steep.

IV On the Sight of a Manse in the South
of Scotland

Say, ye fat-travelled clouds, far seeing hills

V Composed in Roslin Chapel, during
a Storm

The wind is now thy organist - a clank

VI The Trosachs.

There 's not a nook within this solemn Pass

VII The pibroch's note, discontinued or mute

VIII Composed in the Glen of Loch
Etive

"This Land of Rainbows spanning glens
whose walls

IX Eagles Composed at Dunolhie Castle
in the Bay of Oban.

Dishonoured Rock and Run! that, by law

X In the Sound of Mull.

Tradition, be thou mute! Obbvion, throw

XI Suggested at Tyndrum in a Storm.

Enough of garlands, of the Arcadian crook

XII. The Earl of Breadalbane's Ruined
Mansion, and Family Burial-place,
near Killin.

Well sang the Bard who called the grave,
in strains,

composed,

First
Published

1831. [Yarrow Revisited—*continued*]
 XIII 'Rest and be Thankful!' At the
 Head of Glencroes.
 Doubling and doubling with laborious walk
- XIV Highland Hut
 See what gay wild flowers deck this earth built Cot
- XV. The Brownie
 'How disappeared he?' Ask the newt and toad.
- XVI To the Planet Venus, an Evening
 Star Composed at Loch Lomond.
 Though joy attend The orient at the birth
- XVII. Bothwell Castle. (Passed unseen,
 on account of stormy Weather)
 Immured in Bothwell's towers, at times the Brave
- XVIII Picture of Daniel in the Lions' Den,
 at Hamilton Palace
 Amid a fertile region given with wood
- XIX. The Avon. A Feedel of the Annan
 Avon—a precious, an immortal name!
- XX. Suggested by a View from an Eminence
 in Inglewood Forest
 The forest huge of ancient Caledon
- XXI Hart's-horn Tree, near Penrith
 Here stood an Oak, that long had borne affixed
- XXII. Fancy and Tradition.
 The Lovers took within this ancient grove.
- XXIII. Countess' Pillar.
 While the Poor gather round, till the end of time
- XXIV. Roman Antiquities. (From the Roman
 Station at Old Penrith.)
 How profitless the relics that we eul

1835

Composed

*First
Published*

1831. [Yarrow Revisited—*continued*,] 1835

XXV Apology, for the foregoing Poems

No more the end is sudden and abrupt

XXVI. The Highland Broach

If so Tradition faith be due

1832

1832 Devotional Incitements, 1835

Where will they stop, those breathing Powers

1832 Calm is the fragrant air, and loth to lose 1835

1832 * Rural Illusions, 1835

Sylph was it? or a bird more bright

1832 Loving and Liking Irregular Verses, ad 1835

dressed to a child (By my Sister)

There's more in words than I can teach

1832 Upon the late General East March, 1832, 1832

Reluctant call it was, the rite delayed,

1832 Filial Piety (On the wayside between Preston
and Liverpool), 1832

* Unfetched through all severity of cold

1832 To B R Haydon, on seeing his Picture of
Napoleon Buonaparte in the Island of St
Helena, 1832

Haydon! let worthier judges praise the skill

1832 If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven, 1836

1833

1833 A Wren's Nest, 1835

Among the dwellings framed by birds

1833 To —, on the birth of her First-born Child, 1835

March

March, 1833.

Like a shipwrecked sailor lost

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1833.	The Warning A Sequel to the foregoing, Ist, the winds of March are blowing	1835
1833	If this great world of joy and pain,	1835
1833 April 7.	On a high Part of the Coast of Cumberland, Easter Sunday, April 7, the Author's sixty- third Birthday, The Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire	1835
1833	By the Sea-side, The sun is couch'd, the sea fowl gone to rest.	1835
1833.	Poems, Composed or suggested during a Tour in the Summer of 1833,	1835
	I. Adieu, Rydall on Laurels that have grown	
	II. Why should the Enthusiast journeying through this Isle	
	III. They called Thec Mispri Escolano, in old time	
	IV To the River Greta, near Keswick Greta what kartin listening! when huge stones	
	V. To the River Derwent, Among the mountains were we nursed, loved Strain	1819
	VI In sight of the Town of Cockermouth (Where the Author was born, and his Father's remains are laid) A point of life between my Parent's dust	
	VII. Address from the Spirit of Cocker- mouth Castle. "Thou look'st upon me, and dost fondly think	
	VIII Nim's Well, Brigham. The cattle are eding, round this beverage clear	

Composed

First
Published.

1833.

[Poems—continued]

1835

IX To a Friend. (On the Banks of the
Derwent.)

Pastor and Patriot!—at whose bidding rise

X Mary (Queen of Scots. (Landing at the
Mouth of the Derwent, Workington.)

Dear to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed,

XI Stanzas suggested in a Stearn-boat off
Saint Bees' Heads, on the coast of
Cumberland

If Life were slumber on a bed of down

XII In the Channel, between the Coast of
Cumberland and the Isle of Man

Ranging the heights of Scawfell or Black-cough

XIII At Sea off the Isle of Man.

Bold words assumed, in days when faith was strong

XIV Dislodge past illusions to recall?

XV On entering Douglas Bay, Isle of Man

The ferdal Keep, the bastions of Cohorn

XVI By the Sea-shore, Isle of Man

Wilt stand we gazing on the sparkling Brine

XVII Isle of Man

A Youth too certain of his power to wade

XVIII. Isle of Man.

Did pangs of grief for lent at time too keen

XIX By a Retired Mariner, H. H

From early youth I ploughed the restless Main

XX. At Bala-Sala, Isle of Man

Broken in fortune, but in mind entire.

XXI Tynwald Hill

Quea on the top of Tynwald a formal mound,

Composed

First
Published

1833. [Poems—continued]

1835

XXII Despond who will—I heard a voice exclaim

XXIII. In the Frith of Clyde, Ailsa Crag
During an Eclpse of the Sun,
July 17.

Shine risen from ocean, ocean to delight

XXIV On the Frith of Clyde. (In a Steam
boat)

A sail! a single-masted Tenebris

XXV. On revisiting Dunolly Castle

The captive Bird was gone, —to cliff or mountain

XXVI The Dunolly Eagle.

Not to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew

XXVII Written in a Blank Leaf of Macpherson's Ossian 1827

Oft have I caught, upon a fitful breeze

XXVIII Cave of Staffa.

We saw, but swiftly, in the motley crowd

XXIX Cave of Staffa. After the Crowd had
departed

Thanks for the lessons of this spot —fit school

XXX Cave of Staffa.

The shadowy Beings, that have rights and claims

XXXI. Flowers on the Top of the Pillars at
the Entrance of the Cave

Flores smiled when your nativity was cast

XXXII. Iona.

On to Iona! —What can she afford

XXXIII. Iona. (Upon landing.)

How, sad a welcome! To each voyager

XXXIV The Black stones of Iona

Here on their knees men swore. the stones
were black

Composed

First
Published

1833

[Poems—*continued*]

1835

XXXV. Homeward we turn, Isle of Columba's Cell

XXXVI. Greenock

*We have not passed into a doleful City*XXXVII. "There!" said a Stripling pointing with meek
pride

XXXVIII. The River Eden, Cumberland.

*Eden! till now thy beauty had I viewed*XXXIX. Monument 'of Mrs. Howard (by Nol-
lekens) in Wetheral Church, near
Corby, on the Banks of the Eden
Stretched on the dying Mother's lap, lies dead

XL. Suggested by the foregoing

To tranquillize the sovereign and vent thou

XLI. Nunnery

The floods are roused, and will not soon be weary

XLII. Steamboats, Viaducts, and Railways

*Motions and Means, on land and sea at war*XLIII. The Monument commonly called
Long Meg and her Daughters,
near the River Eden.*A weight of awe, not easy to be borne*

XLIV. Lowther

Lowther! in thy majestic Pile are seen

XLV. To the Earl of Lonsdale,

Lonsdale! it were unworthy of a Guest

XLVI. The Somnambulist

*Last, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower*XLVII. To Cordelia M——, Hallsteads, Ulls-
water.*Not in the mines beyond the western main*

XLVIII. Most sweet it is with unquelled eyes.

1833

What mischief cleaves to unsubdued regret,

1845

1834.

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published.</i>
1834	Not in the lucid intervals of life, ,	1835
1834	(By the Side of Rydal Mere,) The linnets warble, sinking towards a close	1835
1834	Soft as a cloud is yon blue Ridge—the Mere,	1835
1834	The leaves that rustled on this oak crowned hill	1835
1834	The Labourer's Noon-day Hymn, Up to the throne of God is borne	1835
1834	The Redbreast (Suggested in a Westmore- land Cottage) Driven in by Autumn's sharpening win	1835
1834	Lines suggested by a Portrait from the Pencil of F. Stone Beguiled into forgetfulness of care	1835
1834	The foregoing Subject resumed Among a grave fraternity of Monks	1835
1834	To a Child. Written in her Album, Small service is true service while it lasts	1835
1834 Nov. 5	Lines written in the Album of the Countess of Lonsdale, November 5, 1834 Lady! a Pen (perhaps with thy regard	1835

1835.

1835	Evening Voluntaries, To the Moon (Composed by the Sea side,—on the Coast of Cumber- land.) Wanderer! that group'st so low, and com'st so near,	1836
1835	To the Moon. (Rydal.) Queen of the stars! so gentle, so benign	1836

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published,</i>
1835	Written after the Death of Charles Lamb, To a good Man of most dear memory	1836
1835	Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg When first descending from the moorlands	1836
1835 June 23	Upon seeing a coloured Drawing of a Bird of Paradise in an Album. ' Who rashly strove thy Image to portray '	1836
1835	Composed after reading a Newspaper of the Day " People ! your chains are severing link by link	1835
1835	By a blest Husband guided, Mary came	1835

[The following sonnets appear in the volume "Yarrow Visited, and other Poems" (1835), and must therefore belong to that or to a previous year]

1835.	I Desponding Father ! mark this altered bough,	1835
	II Roman Antiquities discovered at Bishop- stone, Herefordshire While poking Antiquarians search the ground	
	III. St Catherine of Ledbury When human touch (as monkish books attest)	
	IV Why art thou silent ! Is thy love a plant	
	V Four fiery steeds impatient of the rein	
	VI To —— " Wait, prithee, wait ! " this answer Ledbury thine	
	VII Said Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud,	

1836.

1836. Nov	November 1836, Even so for me a Vision sanctified	1837
1836	Six months to six years added he remained,	1836

1837.

Composed

First
Published

- 1837 Memorials of a Tour in Italy, 1837, 1842
- I. To Henry (Cabb) Robinson
Companion! by whose buoyant Spirit cheered
- II Musings near Aquapendente April,
1837.
Ye Apennines! with all your fertile vales
- III The Pine of Monte Mario at Rome
I saw far off the dark top of a Pine
- IV At Rome
Is this, ye Gods, the Capitollan Hill?
- V At Rome—Regrets—In allusion to
Niebuhr and other modern Historians
Those old credulities, to nature dear.
- VI Continued
Complacent Fictions were they, yet the same
- VII. Plea for the Historian
Forbear to deem the Chronicle, a unwise
- VIII. At Rome
They who have seen the noble Roman's storn
- IX. Near Rome, in sight of St Peter's.
Long has the dew been diled on tree and lawn.
- X. At Albano
Days passed—and Monte Cilio would not clear
- XI Near Anio's stream, I spied a gentle Dove,
- XII. From the Alban Hills, looking towards
Rome.
Forgive, illustrious Country! these deep sighs
- XIII Near the Lake of Thrasymene.
When hap with Carthage Rome to conflict came

Composed.

*First
Published*

1837

[*Memorials of a Tour in Italy—continued.*]

1842

XIV Near the same Lake.

For action born, existing to be tiled,

XV The Cuckoo at Laverna. May 25,

1837

List—'twas the Cuckoo O with what delight

XVI. At the Convent of Camaldoli

Grieves for the Man who hither came bereft

XVII Continued

The world forsaken, all its busy race

XVIII At the Eremita or Upper Convent of
Camaldoli.

What aim had they, the Pair of Monks, in size

XIX At Vallombrosa

"Vallombrosa I longed in thy shadiest wood

XX At Florence.

Under the shadow of a stately Pile,

XXI Before the Picture of the Baptist, by
Raphael, in the Gallery at Florence

The Baptist might have been ordained to cry.

XXII At Florence.—From Michael Angelo

Rapt above earth by power of one fair face

XXIII. At Florence.—From M. Angelo.

Eternal Lord! eased of a cumbrous load

XXIV Among the Ruins of a Convent in the
Apennines.

Ye Trees! whose slender roots entwine,

XXV. In Lombardy

See, where his difficult way that Old Man wins.

XXVI. After leaving Italy.

Fair Land! Thee all view a great with'joy, how few

XXVII. Continued.

As indignation mastered grief, my tongue

<i>Composed.</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1837.	[Memorials of a Tour in Italy—continued] At Bologna, in Remembrance of the late Insurrections, 1837.	1842
1837	I. Ah, why deceive ourselves! by no mere fit	1842
	II. Hard task! to claim the undisciplined, to learn,	1842
	III. As leaves are to the tree whereon they grow	1842
1837	What if our numbers barely could defr,	1837
1837	A Night Thought, I o! where the Moon along the sl	1842
1838		
1838	To the Planet Venus Upon its approxi- mation (as an Evening Star) to the Earth, January, 1838. What strong attraction draws what spirit guides	1838
1838	Composed at Rydal on May morning, 1838 If with old love of you, dear Hills! I share	1838
1838	Composed on a May Morning, 1838, Late with you Lambs, like day, is just begun	1838
1838	Hark! by the Thrush, undaunted, undirect,	1838
1838	'Tis He whose yester-evening's high disdain	1838
1838.	Oh what a wick! how changed in voice and speech!	1838
1838 May	A Plea for Authors, May, 1838, Falling impartial measure to dispense	1838
1838 May 28	A Poet to his Grandchild (Sequel to the foregoing.) "Son of my blessed son, while thus thy hand	1838
1838	Blest Statesman He, whose Mind a unselfish will,	1838
1838.	Valedictory Sonnet. Closing the Volume of Sonnets published in 1838. Serving no haughty Muse, my hands have here	1838
1838	Sonnet, "Protest against the Ballot," Forth rushed, from Early spring and Self-conceit	1838

1839.

Composed

First
Published,

1839 Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death. 1841

In Series [First published in the "Quarterly
Review"]I Suggested by the View of Lancaster
Castle (on the Road from the South)

This Spot—at once unfolding sight so fair

II Tenderly do we feel by Nature's law

III The Roman Consul doomed his sons to die

IV Is Death, when evil against good has fought

V Not to the object specially designed

VI Ye blood of conscience—Specters! that frequent

VII Before the world had past her time of youth

VIII Fit retribution, by the moral code

IX Though to give timely warning and deter

X Our bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine

XI Ah, think how one compelled for life to abide

XII. See the condemned alone, within his cell

XIII Conclusion

Yes, though He will may trouble at the sound

XIV Apology.

The formal World relays her cold chain.

1840

1840 Sonnet on a Portrait of I. F., painted by 1850
Jan 1 Margaret Gilhes

We gaze—nor grieve to think that we must die

1840. Sonnet, to I. F., 1850
Feb 1 The star which comes at close of day to shine1840 Poor Robin, 1842
March Now when the primrose makes a splendid show1840. On a Portrait of the Duke of Wellington upon 1842
Aug. \$1 the Field of Waterloo, by Haydon.

By Art's bold privilege Warrior and War horse stand

1841.

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1841.	To a Painter, All praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed	1842
1841	On the same Subject, Though I beheld at first with blank surprise	1842

1842.

1842	When Scythia's sweeping flood had overthrown,	1842
Jan 23		
1842	Intent on gathering wool from hedge and brake,	1842
March 3		
1842	Prelude, prefixed to the Volume entitled	1842
March 26	"The History of the French Revolution"	
	In desultory walk through orchard grounds	
1842	Floating Island,	1842
	Harmonious Powers with Nature work	
1842.	The Crescent moon, the Star of Love,	1842
1842	To a Redbreast—(in Sickness),	1842
	Stay little cheerful Robin! stay	
1842	Miscellaneous Sonnets—	
	A Poet—He hath put his heart to school,	1842
	The most alluring clouds that mount the sky,	1842
	Feel for the wrongs to universal len,	1842
	In allusion to various recent Histories and	1842
	Notices of the French Revolution.	
	Portentous change when History can appear	
	Continued,	1842
	Who ponders National events shall find.	
	Concluded,	1842
	Long favoured England! be not thou misled	
	Max of the Western World.) In Fife's dark book,	1842
	Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance,	1842
1842	The Norman Boy,	1842
	High on a broad unfertile tract of forest-skirted Down	

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1842,	The Poet's Dream, Sequel to the Norman Boy, Just as these final words were penned, the sun broke out in power	1842
1842	The Widow on Windermere Side, How beautiful when up a lofty height.	1842
1842	Farewell Lines, 'High bliss is only for a higher state	1842
1842	Airey-Force Valley, . . . — Not a breath of air	1842
1842	Lyre! though such power do in thy magic live, . . .	1842
1842	To the Clouds, Army of Clouds! ye wing'd Host in troops	1842
1842. Dec. 24	Waufrill! this Household has a favoured lot,	1845
1842	The Eagle and the Dove [<i>published in "La petite Chouannerie"</i>] Shade of Caractacus, if spirits love	1842

1843

1843	Grace Darling, Among the dwellers in the silent fields	1845
1843 Jan. 1	While beams of orient light shoot wide and high,	1845
1843 Dec. 11	To the Rev Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Master of Harrow School After the per- usal of his <i>Theophilus Anglicanus</i> , recently published. Enlightened Teacher, gladly from thy hand	1845
1843 Dec. 1	Inscription for a Monument in Crosthwaite Church, in the Vale of Keswick, Ye vales and hills whose beauty hither drew	1845

1844

1844. Oct. 12	On the projected Kendal and Windermere Railway. Is there no rock of English ground secure.	1845
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<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1844	Proud were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old,	1845
1844	At Furness Abbey, Here, where, of havoc tried and rash undoing	1845
1845		
1845	Forth from a jutting ridge, around whose base,	1845
1845 June 6	The Westmoreland Girl To my grandchildren, I Seek who will delight in fable II Now, to a Mature Audience	1845
1845 June 21	At Furness Abbey, Well have you Railway Labourers to this ground	1845
1845.	Yes! thou art fair, yet be not moved,	1845
1845.	What heavenly smiles! O Lady mine,	1845
1845	To a Lady, in answer to a request that I would write her a Poem upon some Drawings that she had made of flowers in the Island of Madeira Fair Lady! can I sing of flowers	1845
1845	Glad sight wherever new with old,	1845
1845.	Love lies Bleeding, You call it, "Love lies bleeding,"—so you may	1845
1845.	Companion to the foregoing, Never enlightened with the liveliest ray	1845
1845	The Cuckoo-Clock, Wouldst thou be taught, when sleep has taken flight	1845
1845.	So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,	1845
1845.	To the Pennsylvanians, Days undeluded by luxury or sloth.	1845
1845.	Young England—what is then become of Old,	1845
1845.	Though the bold wings of Poesy affect,	1845
1845	Suggested by a Picture of the Bird of Paradise, The gentlest Poet, with true thoughts endowed.	1845

1846.

<i>Composed</i>		<i>First Published</i>
1846	Sonnet, Why should we weep or mourn, Angelia boy Where lies the truth? has Man, in wisdom's creed,	1850
1846	I know an aged Man constrained to dwell,	1850
1846	How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high,	1850
1846	Evening Voluntaries — To Lucca Giordano, Giordano, verily thy Pencil's skill Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high,	1850
1846	Illustrated Books and Newspapers, Discourse was deemed Man's noblest attribute	1850
1846	The unrelenting voice of nightly streams,	1850
1846	Sonnet (To an Octogenarian), Afflictions lose their objects, Time brings forth Composed on the Banks of a Rocky Stream Dogmatic Teachers, of the snow-white fur!	1850

1847

1847	Ode, on the Installation of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, July, 1847 For thirst of power that Heaven disowns	1847
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APPENDIX.

NOTE A

(See p 1.)

The J Q referred to in the Fenwick Note to the *Lines suggested by a Portrait from the pencil of F Stone*, was Miss Jemima Quillman, the eldest daughter of Mr Edward Quillman, Wordsworth's future son-in-law. This portrait is now, and has been for many years, in Miss Quillman's house, Loughugg Holme. It was taken when she was a school girl, while her father resided at Oporto.

NOTE B

(See p 33)

Sarah Hutchinson—Mrs Wordsworth's sister—died at Rydal on the 23d June 1836. It was after her that the poet named one of the two "heath clad rocks" referred to in the "Poems on the naming of Places," and which he called respectively "Mary-Point" and "Sarah-Point." In 1827 he inscribed to her the sonnet beginning—

"Excuse is needless when with love sincere,"

and the lines she wrote *To a Redbreast*, beginning—

* "Stay, little cheerful Robin ! stay,"

were published among Wordsworth's own poems.

The sonnet written in 1806, beginning—

"Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne,"

was, Wordsworth tells us, a great favourite with his sister-in-law. He adds, "when I saw her lying in death I could not resist the impulse to compose the sonnet that follows it" (See Vol. IV p 41.)

In a letter to Southey (unpublished), Wordsworth refers to her death, and adds—"I saw her within an hour after her decease, in the silence and peace of death, with as heavenly an expression on her countenance as ever human creature had. Surely there is food for faith in these appearances. For myself, I can say that I have passed a wakeful night, more in joy than in sorrow, with that blessed face before my eyes perpetually as I lay in bed."

NOTE C

(See p 36)

The following is the Itinerary of the Italian Tour of 1837, supplied by Mr Henry Chubb Robinson (See *Memours of Wordsworth*, Vol II p 316.) The spelling of the names of places is Robinson's.

March, 1837

- 19 By steam to Calais
- 20 Posting to Sainer
- 21 Posting to Granvillers
- 22 Through Beauvais to Paris
- 26 To Fontainebleau
- 27 Through Nemours to Cosne
- 28 To Montlins.
- 29 To Tanare
- 30 To Lyons.
- 31 Through Vienne to Tain

April

- 1 Through Valence to Orange
- 2 To Avignon, to Vaucluse and back
- 3, 4. By Pont du Gard to Nismes
- 5, 6 By St Remi to Marseilles
- 7. To Toulon
- 8 To Luc
- 9. By Frejus to Cannes.
- 10, 11 To Nice
- 12 Through Mentone to St Remo
- 13 Through Finale to Savone
- 14-16 To Genoa.
- 17 To Chiavari.
- 18 To Spezia.
- 19. By Carrara to Massa.
- 20 To Lucca.
- 21. To Pisa.
- 22 To Volterra.
- 23 By Castiglione and Siena.
- 24. To Radicefani.
- 25. By Aquapendente to Viterbo.
- 26 To Rome

May

- 13 Excursion to Tivoli with Dr Carlyle.
- 17 21 Excursion to Albano, &c, &c, with Miss Mackenzie.
- 23 To Terni
- 24 After seeing the Falls, to Spoleto
- 25 To Cortona and Perugia
- 26 To Arezzo
- 27 To Bibiena and Laverna
- 28 To Camaldoli
- 29 From Muscia to Ponte Sieve
- 30 From Ponte Sieve to Val Ombrosa and Florence

June

- 6, 7. To Bologna.
- 8 Parma.
- 9 Through Piacenza to Milan
- 11 To the Certosa and back
- 12 To the Lake of Como and back.
- 13 To Bergamo
- 14 To Pallanua and Isco
- 15 Excursion to Rivetti and back
- 16 To Brescia and Desenzano
- 17. On Lake of Garda to Riva
- 19 To Verona
- 20 Vicenza.
- 21. Padua.
- 22. Venice
- 28 To Logerone.
- 29 To Sillian
- 30. Spittal (in Carinthia)

July

- 1 Over Kauenberg to Tweng
- 2 Through Weifen to Hallen
- 3 Excursion to Königssee.
- 4, 5 To Salzburg
- 6 To Ischl A week's stay in the Salzkammer Gut, viz —
- 8 Gmund
- 9 Travenfalls and back
- 10 Aussee
- 11 Excursion to lakes, then to Hallstadt
- 13 Through Ischl to St Gilgm.
- 14 Through Salzburg to Traunstein
- 15 To Miesbach
- 16 To Tegernsee and Holzkirchen
- 17 To Munich

- 21, To Augsburg.
- 22 To Ulm.
23. To Stuttgart
24. To Besigbam
- 25 To Heidelberg
- 28 Through Worms to Mayence
- 29 To Coblenz
- 30 To Bonn.
- 31 Through Cologne to Aix-la-Chapelle

August.

1. To Louvam
- 2 To Brussels
- 3 To Antwerp
- 4 To Liege
5. Through Lille to Cassell
- 6 Calais
- 7 London.

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